OLD WEST

Spring, 1966 OW/K
50¢

Published by TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

. . ALL STORIES TRUE!

$125.00 RARE BOOK
REPRINTED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
THREE MONTHS WITH WILD INDIANS
By Ole T. Nystel

"TEX" BANTA
MOUNTAIN MAN of the 1880's

FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT OF THE EXPERIENCES OF ONE OF THE FIRST WHITE MEN TO ENTER THE MENACING OLYMPICS

J. FRANK DOBIE'S WASH BARKER and the ROCK PENS

●

THE SADIE BLOOMER AFFAIR

●

RAILROADING BY SMOKE

●

WARRIOR'S PLEDGE

●

SECRET SORROWS OF A SHEEPHERDER

●

BEHIND THE DONNER MONUMENT

●

I STILL DIG FOR BURIED TREASURE

THIS IS NOT AN "EASTERN" WESTERN!

OLD WEST

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

SPRING, 1966
VOL. 2, NO. 3
WHOLE NO. 7

BOOK BONUS!

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THREE MONTHS WITH WILD INDIANS...

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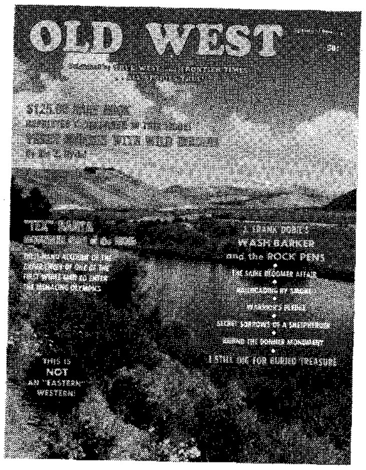
...Page 87

SPECIAL FEATURE!
"TEX" BANTA—MOUNTAIN MAN OF THE 1880s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The Big Hole River
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Also, In This Issue

"TEX" BANTA, MOUNTAIN MAN OF THE 1880s . . *By O. W. Banta* 2
SILVER CREEK REMINISCENCES . . . . *By Jean-Michael Moore* 16
THE SADIE BLOOMER AFFAIR . . . . *By Gene D. Matlock* 28
THE MAYOR OF OLD LOS ANGELES . . . . . . *By William B. Secrest* 30
WARRIOR'S PLEDGE . . . . *By Norman B. Wiltsey* 33
RAILROADING BY SMOKE . . . . *By Fay Emory Smith* 34
SECRET SORROWS OF A SHEEPHERDER . . . . *By Maurice Kildare* 38
BEHIND THE DONNER MONUMENT . . . . *By Ethel Bangert* 40
I STILL DIG FOR BURIED TREASURE . . . . *By Josh Drake, Jr.* 42
DEVIL'S GRIN . . . . *By John T. Lynch* 44
WASH BARKER AND THE ROCK PENS . . . . *By J. Frank Dobie* 47
BEEF ON THE MOVE . . . . *By Bill Huntington* 48
THEY STOLE THE PARSON'S PANTS . . . . *By Stan Zamo* 49
BUFFALO ROUNDUP AT SEA . . . . *By Douglas Nelson Rhodes* 50
HEAP GOOD MEDICINE . . . . *By Bill Huntington* 51
DOUGHBELLY'S DOIN'S . . . . *By Doughbelly Price* 52
HELL-FOR-LEATHER PIKE . . . . *By Ross Phares* 53
HE DIDN'T WANT TO SMOKE . . . . *By Robert E. Pike* 55
THE BRONC-BUSTER FROM TEXAS . . . . . . *By Milburn C. Harper* 56
ROUGH-AND-READY'S 100 YEAR WAR . . . . *By Douglas Nelson Rhodes* 58
OUTLAWS NEVER DIE . . . . *By J. Charles Davis* 60
GENTLEMAN JACKASS . . . . *By A. M. Hartung* 63
PROFILES . . . . *By L. L. LeBaron* 65
ON THIS DAY . . . . *By W. C. Carter* 66
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 83
LETTER RIP! 85

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OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704, 50c per copy. Application to mail at second-class postage is pending at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1965 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

I'LL BE DAD-BLAMED IF I KNOW!

WHAT ON EARTH is happening, that is. We have an overflowing vote (and it hasn't failed yet) on OLD WEST as having even a more perfect format than TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES—yet one issue sells fine and another drops for some unknown reason. If they kept going up or kept going down, we'd know exactly what was happening, but this way dizzies us up like a tumblebug on a hot plate!

I just wrote something about this in TRUE WEST so won't go into it in detail, but we are surprised to find that some of you scalawags who read this magazine don't read TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES—seems like this one just sort of suits you good enough by itself. Naturally, as a hole-in-the-pockets publisher, I've got to tell you that you are missing something if you don't read our companion magazines, but right now I'd like to leave that for you to find out on your own.

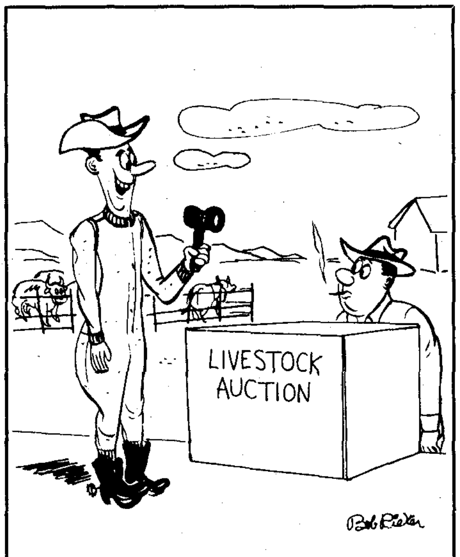
Dwelling on the up and down situation for just a moment more, you folks always ask us what you can do if things aren't going just right. Naturally, I am talking to the folks who like OLD WEST and want it to continue and not to folks who think, "Well, if they're in trouble, I'll just drop out!" They are not the kind of fans we care to have anyhow and I'd honestly rather stop this magazine with the next issue than have that type people as our readers. We may be poor but we are independent as the very devil and we ain't begging from nobody!

Again, I am merely stating what you have asked for. In short, you voted almost 100% for OLD WEST in the first place. Then you voted 100% for no advertising. There were two letters for it but after being told this advertising would be the same as is in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES they wrote back, changing their vote. One reader wanted to raise a statue for any publishing company that could put out a popular type magazine these days without advertising!

Now—we can do it with your help. I think this up and down proposition is the fact that many readers miss a copy now and then, can't find it on the newsstands and life is just too fast to go to the trouble to write in for it—although we have an unbelievable amount who do!

In the magazine that carries heavy, bank-filling advertising it doesn't make much difference if one issue has a good sale, another has less, then comes along another good one—but WE ARE DEPENDING ON NEWSSTAND SALES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS COMPLETELY! Therefore, if you are for this cause, buy *every single issue*. Also, it won't hurt to talk to your news dealer. If he doesn't get any (or enough) he can tell you the name of the local wholesaler and that is the man who generally determines how many goes where. If you call him up and tell him real nice what the deal is, he'll see that you are satisfied. They are all nice people but worked silly.

Of course, it hurts nothing to pass the word around. The whole question resolves to the fact that if we want OLD WEST, and we want it without advertising, we've got to work for it—like you have got to do for anything else that is worthwhile. BUY IT EVERY ISSUE—this issue alone has a book worth 250 times what you pay for the complete magazine! Spread the word. Pull them out of newsstands where they are covered. Talk to your newsstand owner. Ask him the name of the local wholesaler. Talk to him. With help from our readers like we've had in the past—we'll guarantee you that every ounce of effort in this organization will be put into bringing out the best magazine on Western Americana in the country!



"Liveliest auction I ever handled!"

NOW ABOUT THIS ISSUE. The old book sells for $125—if you can find one! It is short and was privately published in 1888. Down through the years most all of the few copies printed have disappeared. This is the kind of book most folks could never buy for their own libraries. It's the missing link, though, for the collector who searches for scarce volumes like some people do for a lost mine. For those of you who think such prices are foolishness, we'd like to point out that reading it in OLD WEST will cost you about 5½¢, based on the number of pages it takes up in the magazine.

Our feature story by "Tex" Banta is much longer. It might have eventually become a book, too, if Tex had lived and if there had been someone to urge him on. The manuscript as the old hunter left it is handwritten on long sheets of paper which are falling apart now and fading with age. We hope someday the family will see that they are preserved in some museum. Tex told his story well—certainly nobody else could have told it for him. He and Kit Carson would have made good companions.

Since I am always asking what you readers want, how would you go for an Indian series, one tribe at a time, described by a Captain in the U. S. Cavalry as he knew them—"wild Indians in their natural state"—to quote him. When the series concluded, you would have a small reference work on the characteristics, habits, religion, marriage customs, dances, battles, etc., of the red men of the West.

This may be the last time for awhile that we can print a book in its entirety in one issue. Most of the ones we have on tap for you will have to run in two parts. From our mail, nobody seems to object to that. Along with our policy of skipping around the country, our next book has a California locale. Previous ones have taken place in Kansas, Texas, Alaska and Canada, the Pacific Northwest and Nevada. We will save the title for a surprise, but we will tell you this—it is considered among the rarest and most important old books written about that part of the country in the way of ranching reminiscences.

FERGEENFITTT! In Zambago this expression means "bogowoski—there is news coming!" In OLD WEST it means that you will have a brand new magazine in a couple more issues. You see, we are finishing up the unavailable issues of TRUE WEST which you asked for and we are already working on a brand new magazine (all stories new) that will be the very same OLD WEST you are reading now with the exception of not reprinting old stories from TRUE WEST. By golly, we'll have plenty of space then for the rare old books, the long, complete articles and a whole bunch of new ones, more features, more rare old illustrations and photographs.

So, if you are with us, give a little shove with your good shoulder and we are off on a downhill run!—Hosstail.

Dear Newsstand Patron:

Thank you for purchasing your copy of this magazine from your favorite newsstand which carries a wide variety of magazines for your reading pleasure.

This newsstand is operated by a local businessman. Patronize him often, not only for the magazines with the big 'K', but for the other merchandise he carries. He deserves your business. He helps make your community a good place in which to live. Be sure to purchase your next copy from him.—Joe

"TEX" BANTA MOUNTAIN MAN of the

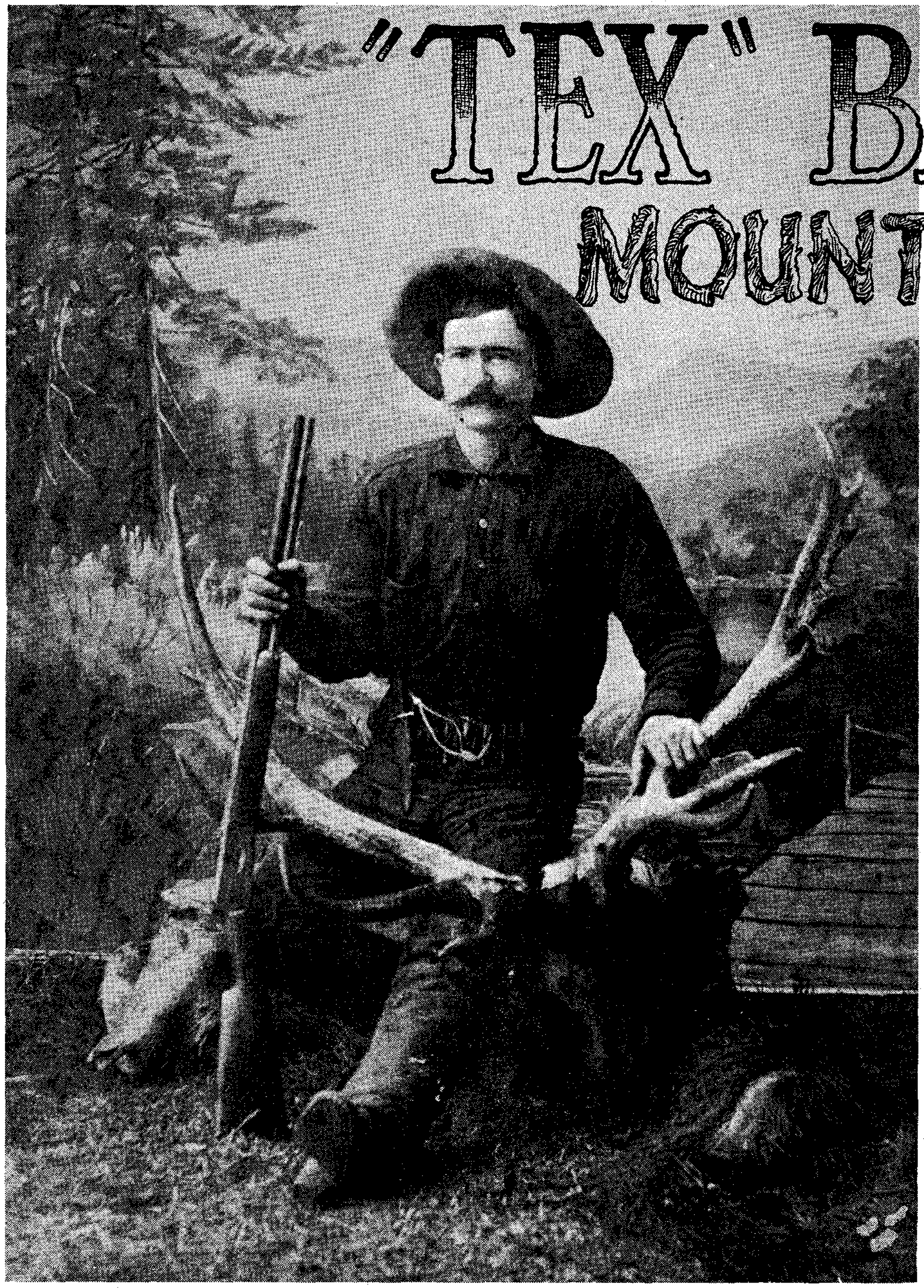


Photo Courtesy Author

Oliver Wilson "Tex" Banta posed in a Montesano, Washington, photographer's studio with the huge elk trophy he took on the Wynoochee River. In commemoration of this exciting kill, he wrote the verse "King Jumbo" on the opposite page.

By O. W. BANTA
as submitted by
WAYNE SPILLER

Explanatory Note: The magnificent Olympic Peninsula in the extreme "upper left-hand" corner of the United States is truly the last frontier of the "Lower 48." While many parts of this rugged country are now easily accessible by automobile, there are also, in the words of Paul A. Zahl, writing in the July 1955 *National Geographic Magazine,* forests "as wild and primeval as any found in the world."

O. W. "Tex" Banta was among the first white men to explore this awesome section of the country, and he was eager to record his experiences for posterity. A manuscript was laboriously prepared in longhand but it was never submitted to a publisher. It was given to me by my late grandmother, Belle (Banta) Liverman, many years ago.

Oliver Wilson Banta, born in Burnet County, Texas, January 16, 1863, was the sixth of eleven children born to his parents, Margaret Jane (Keith) and David Riley Banta. David R., as a child of eleven, had arrived in Texas with his parents from Indiana on December 3, 1840, settling first in Fannin County, migrating later to Hunt County.

David R. and Margaret Jane, following the birth of their first two children in Hunt, had removed to Burnet County between 1855 and 1857, settling (along with other brothers, and perhaps their parents) in a bend of the Colorado River not far above the present location of Buchanan Dam. It was in this area that O. W. spent his childhood.

As the narrative indicates, at least by implication, he was almost fanatical in his love for the great outdoors. Throughout all the days of his life, it was an enduring love, but demanding and possessive.

Other marked traits of this man's character were his penchant for championing, right or wrong, the cause of the underdog, and his love of a fight—physical combat with another man. He never asked odds, and the superior size of an opponent could neither impress nor deter him. Banta, though only slightly above medium height and weight, was a giant in strength and endurance.

The story is told that as a youth he took a watermelon from a field, sat beside the road within sight of a sawmill, and ate the melon. Later, as he approached the mill, a huge red-faced Irishman of more mature years, inquired of him, "Son, did you know that was my melon you stole?"

O. W. replied that he did not, nor did he consider it theft, but would be happy to pay for the melon. The Irishman replied that he would not take money from a thief, but planned to take his pay from Banta's hide.

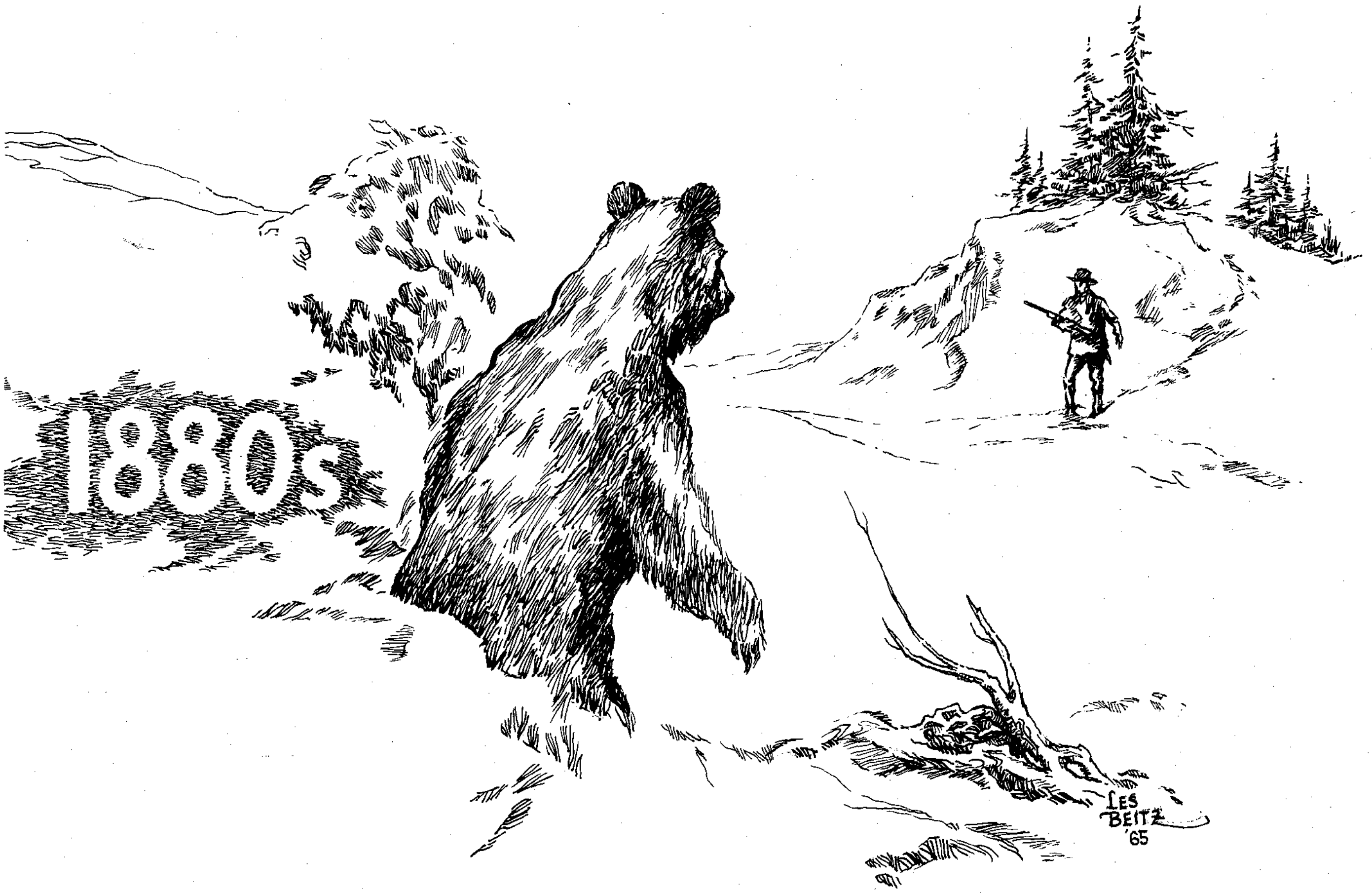
The fight which followed, it seems, was quite lengthy. In the early stages the older man definitely got the best of it, and he dealt out terrific punishment, but he weakened in time and was eventually pinned to the ground. Asked if he were satisfied with the price of the melon, the Irishman agreed that he was.

The combatants got to their feet, bruised and bloody, and as the older man extended his hand in a gesture of reconciliation, he said, "That is the first time any man has done that to me."

Banta, as generous as his opponent, took the extended hand and replied, "No man has *yet* done that to *me.*"

Workers at the mill, who no doubt had had similar, but losing, conflicts with the big Irishman, lifted Banta to their shoulders in modern football fashion, and paraded him around the mill.

Except briefly, during the waning months of his life, I knew Oliver Wilson Banta only through the pages of his manuscript and through the minds and hearts and memories of people whose stories may have been slanted and colored, though quite unconsciously, by family loyalty.



To hunt—to prevail against the elements—to seek a quarry that had never known the scent of man, a forest so deep the timid had stopped at its edges—to climb beyond the timberline of civilization, this was his dream

I was a child when I saw him first, and he had come home to die. Little evidence of the great physical strength which had endured from his youth through his middle years remained. He was worn and tired and ill, and obviously suffering great pain, but as I remember, with a stoic calm and endurance which age and illness had not destroyed. He had always been proud of that strength and endurance.

The exact sequence of events leading to O. W. Banta's departure for points west—matters about which he did not write, but of which he often spoke to a brother-in-law—are now obscured by the passage of eighty years and the unintentional but invariable changes that result in a story twice-told.

Tradition has it that shortly after his marriage to Rosanna Ogle, he unwittingly purchased a stolen horse from a stranger. My grandmother and another sister, it appears, were witnesses to the transaction. Those who have spoken to me of the matter insist he was not guilty of intentional wrong, but it seems that he did serve a brief portion of a longer sentence in prison for the act.

Some accounts indicate he was shortly given a full pardon, but it seems more logical, in view of subsequent events, the pardon may have been conditional.

On being sentenced it is said that he swore to the jurors, whom he considered deeply prejudiced, that he would one day even the score. Being a man of his word, he was eager to keep that promise.

On being released from prison, he did seek out the jurors, one by one, and each had to fight him. Each lost. On finding the

King Jumbo

BY "TEX" BANTA

There was a great and powerful elk
That roamed the Olympic hills.
He'd lived to be monstrous beast
In spite of Nimrod skill.

My comrade, Sam, was quite a sport
And somewhat dark complected;
He'd often chanced to see Jumbo,
But always unexpected.

We'd hear of that huge beast
Wherever we might go;
On account of his great size
We called him King Jumbo.

One day while we were hunting
To one side I chanced to go,
And there I spied a strange hoof print—
The track of King Jumbo.

I told old Sam to stay in camp,
That I would be the hound;
I'd follow that great elk
Until I trailed him down.

I followed him the second day
And found him fast asleep.
With all the skill I had that day
Up near him I did creep.

You may talk of Mount Tacoma,
Mount Helena and Mount Hood,
But none are so attractive
As this monster of the wood.

All I'd been told of this huge beast
I now found to be so.
I guess there's no one in this feast
But Tex and King Jumbo.

Oh, Jumbo, you great beast,
How I have heard of you;
But now I'll give you one blue pill
From my forty-eighty-two.

He gave a stagger and a bound;
Fell dead without groan or bleat;
I felt that I deserved renown
Like Alexander Great.

I thought of General Washington,
His gallant deeds and good,
But still that didn't half compare
With this great king of the wood.

Oh, Jumbo, you great beast,
How came you over here?
You must have prowled these rugged hills
For probably twenty year.

I was born and reared in Texas,
Have roamed the wide cow range,
But I'd rather chase the roaming elk
Than any other game.

They are so large and beautiful
I love to camp on trail,
And when I get an open pull
I seldom ever fail.

I've slaughtered quite a lot of elk
Since I have been out west,
But the chase I had with Jumbo
I sure enjoyed the best.

Now while I have my liberty
I'll surely have my fun;
I'll prowl these rugged mountains
With my trusty rifle gun.

I'll go into some mountain range
Where brightly shines the sun,
And there I'll try to be content
With my charming rifle gun.

What is Tex own right name?
I've seen it on his shanty.
I will not be so very sure,
But think 'tis Wilson Banta.

last, who did not recognize him, Banta told him that he had come to collect a debt. He then carefully explained the nature of the debt, and collected.

Banta's daughter, Rachel Davis of Idaho Falls, Idaho—one of his two surviving children, the other being Dave of Wickenburg, Arizona—wrote in late 1964, "My father left Texas in a hurry with the law after him."

During the years covered by the early portion of his narrative, though he did not write of it, he did return to his home and family on occasion, but no doubt secretly until the trouble had blown over.

He did leave Texas in a hurry following his encounter with the last juror—riding "the rods" of a west-bound freight. The story is his from there.—Wayne Spiller

MY FATHER was a hunter before me, and when I was a child I used to love to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild. My object in writing this story is to give facts, and to write a book that will be welcomed by every family or individual and to add to every library. To make a useful book and to show the rising generation what has been done under wild and crude conditions.

To begin with, I was born on the east bank of the Colorado River in Burnet County, Texas, in 1863. There was plenty of game there at that time and the river was full of fish. The only pastime I had at home was when I was out hunting or fishing. My home was like a prison to me although I had a good home of plenty, good parents and good neighbors. But my only enjoyment was to be out alone with my gun and dog or with a fish hook.

As I grew older and the country settled up, the game grew scarce and the fish caught out for market until there was no satisfaction in living there any longer. By this time I was old enough to make my own living and I went to rambling. I worked on a cow ranch as a cowboy and followed the Old Chisholm Trail through to Honeywell, Kansas. The excitement over the wild plains suited me fine for awhile but I wanted to get out into the mountains with my dog and gun.

About two years after this cowboy life I became homesick and went home to see my folks. I tried to content myself there and settle down with the rest of the family but it was no use; the longer I stayed the worse it got, then I went further west into New Mexico and Colorado. That country looked better to me. I could see snow on capped peaks at a distance. I would gaze and wonder what kind of game could be found up there. It seemed to put new life in me and it made me more anxious to explore the wild region.

It was then in the year of 1886 and I was twenty-three years old and much of a man in strength and endurance. My mind was in the high mountains. It was the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. I could see Pikes Peak and Fisher Peak that stood high up in the air with snow on them in summertime. It made me feel grateful to think I was now in sight of my lifetime dream. It was up to me to find out from some old-timer what was up there in the mountains and how to explore them.

I spent a few days around Denver and found out that the mountains was full of bear, deer, elk and mountain sheep. That made me anxious to go. The next thing in order was to get someone interested to go with me. I found a young fellow who was willing. We talked it over and found out that it was a big undertaking and we had to have a pack horse and other things that we did not have money to buy. So we decided to take our guns and packs on our backs and make a start.

Photo Courtesy Author

O. W. Banta, photographed during the time he was in the Olympic area, possibly during the early 1890s. On the reverse side of the original photo is the inscription, "Wainright and Arland, Over Bacon's Drug Store, Main Street, Montesano, Wash."

We went to Trinidad and started across the Raton Mountains. Everything went well for the first few days. We had no trouble in getting meat, had plenty of matches and wood. We reached the top of the mountain where we could look over on the south. It was a wild rough country and nothing but mountains as far as we could see. We decided we would camp on top of the summit. Wood and water was plentiful. So we made camp and had just got a fire started and my pal said, "Look at that deer," and went for his gun.

On looking I saw a huge buck standing about forty yards away looking at us. At that time he fired, and the buck made a few jumps and was out of sight. I said, "That was not a deer, it must be an elk."

So we walked over to where he was standing, when he shot. We found blood and it was easy to trail him. We followed the trail about 100 yards and found him dead. There he lay, a huge buck of the black-tail type. It was the first black-tail that either of us had ever seen. Then my bosom filled with joy as I realized that there was something to be gained in these lofty mountains.

We butchered the deer and took part of the meat to camp. We felt so good over the kill that we sat up and roasted meat by the fire until midnight. We spread our blankets and turned in but we hardly got to sleep before we began to shiver and shake with cold. Had to get up and make a fire and kept this up the remainder of the night. We was sure glad to see daylight come and the sun rise. We then decided to put in the next day hunting at lower altitude. We hustled around, made some coffee and flapjacks, and soon had breakfast over. It was planned to take only part of our venison—enough to do us two or three days, as we could not carry it all. We went out to where we had left it hanging in a small tree and it had disappeared. We saw at once that some animal had pulled it down and dragged it away. Then we had another guess coming, as to what had done it and what to do about it.

We decided to follow the trail and did, but had not gone far until we found that something had eaten the meat and left us the carcass. Then we was at the end of our ropes. We supposed it was a bear. We went back to camp and packed up and started south—followed a long point south all day and could not see anything but mountains and rougher mountains. It was getting near camping time and we did not want to camp on top another night, so we started down a canyon that looked to be two miles deep. We traveled and slid and rolled until we finally reached the bottom, just before dark.

We just had time enough to get up plenty of wood for the night. There was plenty of water. We cooked, ate supper and went to bed, but it was the same thing over. We was up building fires most of the night. Then we begin to wonder how far it was out of these mountains. The next day was still worse down that rough canyon. All day and a part of the second was spent before we got to an altitude that suited our bedding, as we only had two pair of blankets. By this time we had been out about a week and our supply of provisions was running short. So we headed for the railroad at Raton, New Mexico, south of the Raton Mountains. By the time we got to Raton we was out of everything to eat and about barefooted. Our clothes was torn into rags, and we was short of money.

THE next thing in order was to get a job of some kind and not be particular as to the kind. We sold our guns and fitted ourselves up with clothes. There was an agent in Raton shipping out men over to Durango to work in the mountain canal in the southwest corner of Colorado. So we signed a contract and went over there, a distance of 700 miles.

After we got there and worked a while, we did not like the job. We wanted to go down into Mexico and it was a long way via Raton, and we had no money to pay our fare, so we decided we would take the old Government trail from Fort Lewis to Wingate, New Mexico, a distance of 200 miles across the Navajo Indian Reservation. There was nothing here but a few Indians and water was scarce. At one point from the St. John River to the next water was about forty-five miles. Without water and on a hot, sandy trail in the month of June (1886), you can see we was facing a hard deal.

We picked up an old canteen that someone had thrown away and filled it with water at the river. By carrying it upside down it would hold water that lasted until about noon that day. Then we threw it down and kept on traveling south. Some of the time we had a trail and then nothing but our course. We could see hills south and we headed for them traveling southwest all day until about sundown.

All at once, to our surprise, we saw a bunch of horses coming toward us. When they got nearer we could see that someone was driving them. It was a Navajo Indian. I beckoned to him with my hat and he came up to us. I told him in Spanish what our trouble was and he caught a horse and told us to ride him. We fell in behind the herd and headed for the Indian camp about five miles away. About dark we reached the camp.

Well, we was all in for water. We went to a little spring and there was a squaw. She gave us a cup and told us to help ourselves and the other Indians began to huddle around us. For the first few minutes things went well but the Indians kept coming and crowding closer around until we could see nothing but Indians. After we got all the water we wanted, my pal got nervous and wanted to go. I told him we was safer here than we would be if we went away. But they looked too much for him. The more I tried to quiet him the worse he got, so we started out on our south course and about every ten steps he would look back to see if they was following us.

We traveled until midnight then lay down in the sand to sleep, but just as I would get to sleep he would ask me something about Indians. The next day's travel was not so hard. About four P.M. we got into another Navajo camp. We was about all in traveling all night and two days without food and very little water. By this time he had got over his scare and was willing to camp with the Indians.

After we had got all the water we wanted, we was good and hungry. We started through the village of tepees to locate something to eat. Just as we passed by one tepee, we saw an old squaw butchering some sheep. I told her we was hungry.

She looked up with surprise to see two white men in the village. I could read her thoughts. She said in Spanish, "Poor fellows, away from home and hungry. Yes, you can have some meat."

She then cut off a side of ribs and handed it to me. I offered her some money but she said, "No, keep your money. My boy someday may go away from home and you people must give him something to eat."

I could see that she had the proper human feeling that we all should have. I went out and got some sagebrush and made a fire and cooked the ribs, and the way we cleaned up on them was not slow.

After we had eaten all we had, we began to talk and think over our condition. I told my pal that Navajoes are human, after all.

"Don't you see we are at their mercy and they have treated us like our own people would?" I have a tender feeling for the Navajoes. They are human at heart.

The next morning I asked the way to Fort Wingate. A young buck Indian told me he would take me over a short trail to a certain point—that would save one day's travel. I said if he would that I would pay him well for his time. He got two extra saddle ponies and we started on a gallop. He called this trail the Horse Leap.

"Heap quick, get to Fort Wingate. You know Kit Carson? Him live at Wingate."

We was nine days from Fort Lewis all this time we was among the Navajoes. But I found them to be good Indians. They treated us as well as any people could under the circumstances. We landed in Fort Wingate broke, but got a job the first day and held it for some time. We made money enough to buy clothes and pay our way to Albuquerque, a town on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad located on the Rio Grande River.

We got off at the depot and went up town to a hotel. I overheard two men talking. One was wanting the other to work for him in a livery stable. The other refused and after he had gone away, I told the man that if he needed a good man I would try to fill the place until he could do better. He asked me where I was from. I told him I was from Texas. He said, "All that I have seen from Texas was very good horse men so I will give you a chance."

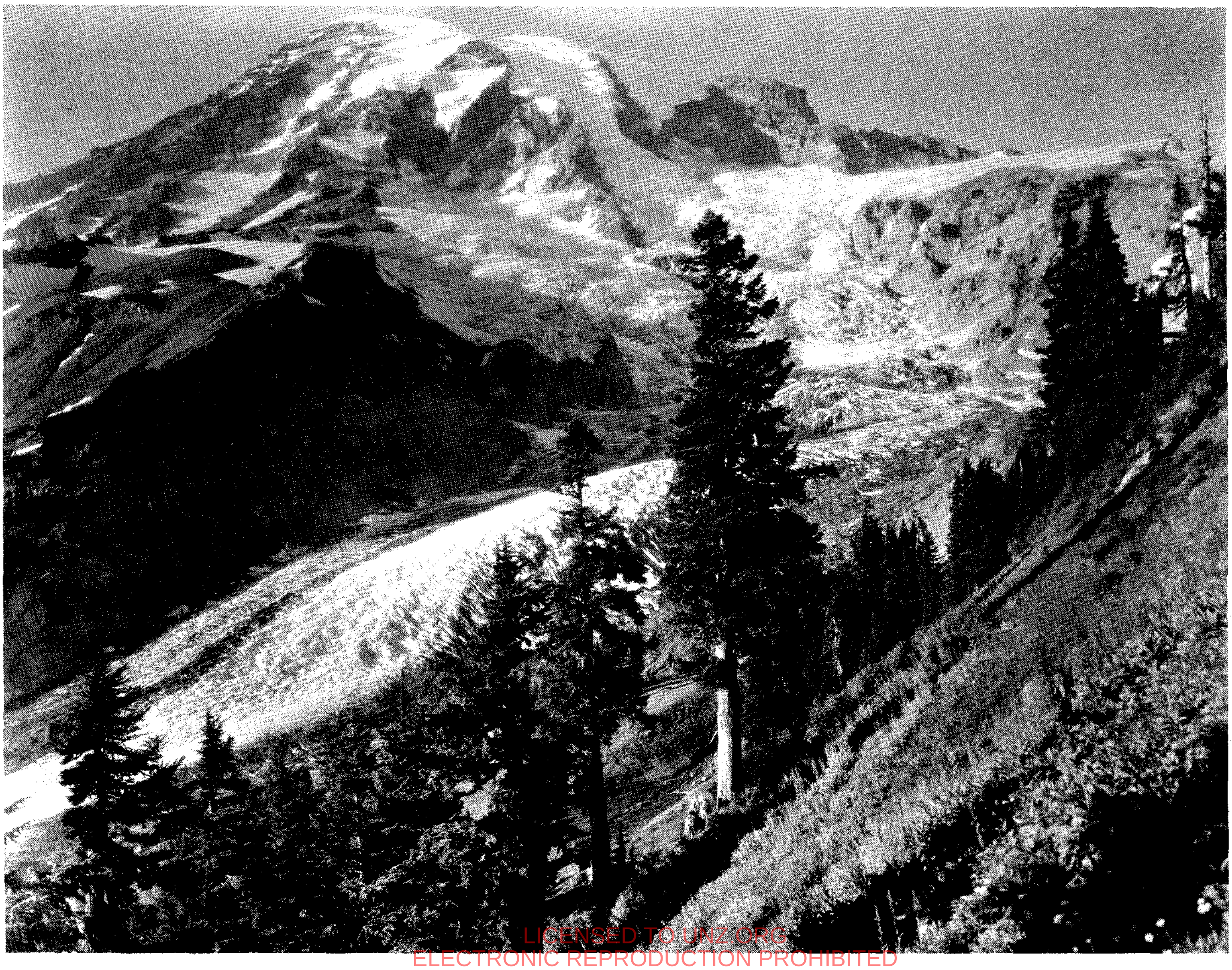
He seemed to take some interest in me, so I told him I had a pal with me, Maricopa, who was also a good man and I'd like to have him get a job with me. To this he agreed. He told me to come over and bring my pal the next morning about nine A.M.

Before that time we was there with our working togs on, ready for a steady job. We was tired of the long tramp we had had the past few months. About nine A.M. our boss came 'round and said, "Well, boys, you are here, I see. I guess you are the men I want. You seem to be real working men. Last night when I met you in the hotel you was all togged up, and I hardly know you now. You both can go to work for me and if you make good, you have a steady job."

That made us feel good. Well, everything went well for a few days, but one morning a man came in and said to the boss, "I want a buggy and driver to take me over to Socorro." The boss called me and told me to hook up a team and bring it out. He handed me $5.00 and told me a man wanted to go over to Socorro on business and would stay overnight. He told me to make the trip as pleasant as possible for him, as he was a good cus-

Mount Rainier, Washington

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma



tomer of his and had money to spend.

The man came out and got into the buggy and looked at me as if he knew me. He said, "We are ready," and we started. He kept looking at me until I got nervous. He pulled a bottle from his grip and asked me to take a drink. I never refuse. He kept looking at me.

"How long have you been working?"

"About a week."

"Where did you come from?"

"It is hard to say; I have been on the road from Colorado here."

"Well, you once lived in Albuquerque."

"No, I never lived there in my life."

"Well, well, what's gone wrong with you, Ed, anyway? Don't you think I know you?"

"You may, but you don't know me named 'Ed'."

"Why do you pretend to deny your name in a town that you have lived in five years? What is the matter? Are you drunk?"

"No, my dear sir, I am not drunk."

"Well, well, that's the worst I ever saw."

The argument went on all the way to Socorro where I put up the team and went to the hotel. After supper my passenger came around with another man and they both stared at me. The passenger said, "Well, do you know this man?" and he said, "Hello, Ed. Where have you been the past two years?"

"I am not Ed, but I can't stop to tell you where I have been the past two years."

"Isn't this Ed Brown?"

"No, sir, this is Wilson Banta and my name has never been changed."

"Well, well," was the reply and they went on.

I BEGAN to think that I was up against something. Seems like the people think I am Brown. It may be that Brown had done some dirty work and shipped out and I may be arrested for him and tried for what he had done. But I can convince them before the thing gets too hot that I am not Ed Brown.

The next morning we was ready to start back. My passenger came round and said, "I will be ready in ten minutes."

I got the team hitched and out in front of the hotel. He came out with a lady at his side. They stopped and gazed at me and the lady said, "That's him without doubt," and he smiled and got in the buggy.

The woman stood and gazed at me until we started. I became interested to know something about Ed Brown and what he had done. I asked my passenger what Ed Brown had done in this country and who he was.

"He has done nothing that I know of, but deserted his wife and two-year-old baby."

"Well, where does his wife live?"

"In Albuquerque."

"Well, if people think I am Ed Brown, the only way to settle this matter is before his wife. I know that a woman will know her husband that she has lived with for years and she will know as soon as she sees me that I am not her husband. So if I am going to be called another man I want this thing settled at once."

Well, the day was spent and nothing more said about Ed Brown, but it was still on my mind. We got back to the stable in good shape that night. I told my pal about people calling me Ed Brown and he thought it a good joke, but it was no joke with me for I intended to stay there all winter and I wanted things to go smooth.

The next day I had about forgotten it and was busy working around the front part of the stable when all at once a woman came up in front of me and stopped.

"My God, my God, it's you, Ed!"

"This is not Ed Brown. I want you to know before you go too far with this. My name is Wilson Banta and not Ed Brown. I never was in this town before nor I

Yakima warriors, from a photograph by L. V. McWhorter. Note the fine mounts, colorful bonnets, beadwork and distinctive lances carried by these young braves.

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

don't want you to disappoint yourself, my good woman, for I am not Ed Brown." But this talk had no effect.

She came straight to me with her arms raised. I backed off but she followed up shouting, "You can't fool me, old boy! I know you too well. Ain't you ashamed the way you have deserted your child and me? What do you mean by coming back to this town and trying to fool people that knows you so well?"

I tried to get in some talk but it was of no use. She grabbed me with both arms around my neck and I was helpless. After the excitement was over I saw about forty people taking it all in—among them was my boss and pal, laughing at me. Well, if I could have left that town as small as I felt, I could have gone away in a small envelope. I tried to pull loose but she hung on like a strong man. I had no power with her. She told me to go with her up to her mother's house and started with me as if I had nothing to say.

We got to the house and her mother met us at the door, threw her arms around my neck and exclaimed, "Well, Ed, have you come back home at last?"

They kept me at the house the rest of the day and all night. The next morning I went down to the stable, thought I would draw my pay and go, but she was right with me all day, taking me back to the house for dinner.

So it became known that Ed Brown had come back from a two years' trip in the Colorado mountains. I began to think that I actually was Ed Brown. The second day I got my wits together and told those people who I was, but it was of no use.

My boss was pleased with my work and raised my pay. Told me I had a steady job as long as I wanted it. I stayed for a month and things seemed to get worse, as I was doing wrong, but I was not to blame. Finally I told my pal to draw what he had coming and we would get a freight train that night and be on our way. My pal went to California and I went to Denver and that was the last time I ever saw him. This was in the fall of 1887. From there I went to Washington.

I had planned a trip to the western coast while working in the wheat harvest in the eastern part of the state. I began talking about it to the many men who was working in the same camp with me and pretty soon several of them became interested and we then began to plan and made arrangements to get everything we needed for the trip. There was six of us who formed the party—Al Click, Bob Owens, Fred Eckelson, Bill Martin, and his son Willie, and myself.

After the harvest was over we sent in to Walla Walla and bought eight horses, saddles, guns and such as we might need for a hard trip. It was about 200 miles to where we intended to start into the Olympics, partly over a desert country, then across the great Cascade Range before we got to Puget Sound.

There was some of us acquainted with the climate. We knew it rained a great deal and that the country was covered with heavy timber but we thought we could stand one winter. We started out from Walla Walla and the first thing of any note happened at the Columbia River. We got to the river at a little place called Laluce and there found a man who said he had a ferry boat and would put us on the west bank for $10.00.

To this we agreed and went down to the bank of the great river, which looked to be a mile wide and very swift. There we saw a little craft that looked as though one horse would sink it. I asked him how many trips it would take to get our outfit across.

He gave me a wild look and said, "One trip, sir."

So we began leading the horses onto the little float, and placing them in a way to make room for all. We started and it seemed that the boat would tip over every minute but away we went downstream.

The two men who managed the flat boat were working with all their strength and kept it going toward the other side. The rest of us were busy keeping the horses in place in order to keep the boat from tipping over. After ages has passed, it seemed, we landed on the west side about a mile below where we started from, and I felt like my life was a gift.

There we got dinner, and started up through the Yakima Indian Reservation and up the Yakima River. We finally got to North Yakima, (now called Union Gap), a town located near the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. There we got directions as to how to cross the mountains over an old Indian trail—about eighty miles. This was a fine trip, plenty of timber and water, and we could kill a deer most any time. Pheasants and blue grouse was plentiful. We got through the mountains and went down White River and landed at Tacoma.

There we got more directions and supplies and headed for Union, a town on the east bank of Hood Canal, a narrow part of the Puget Sound. It was seven miles across Hood Canal to a point called Hoodsport, only a landing for boats. The port sat near the edge of the Olympic Mountains. There we got a trail that Lieutenant O'Neil had made that summer going through to the Quinault Indian Reservation, on the west side of the Olympics and near the Pacific Ocean.

The big timber had fallen over the trail so much that it was impossible to travel without sawing the logs out, and we were not prepared for such work. We followed it to Cushman Lake, about ten miles up in the mountains, and there we made camp, while some of us explored ahead. We decided to give up the horses and four of the boys went out with the horses, and returned on foot.

We had left our main camp at Cushman Lake and taken a pack on our backs. Each man had two pairs of blankets, and some flour, bacon, lard, coffee, and such other articles as were necessary on a trip like this. Our intention was to travel up the river to the head, (that would be North Fork of Skokomish River) and cross the main divide of the great Olympic Mountains and look out for a pass where we might make a trail that we could get pack horses over. The weather was fair and everything was in our favor. But we had been warned by old-timers of the sudden storms which came so often in the fall and winter. It rained most of the time, but we had several days of sunshine and did not realize just what a wet snowstorm would mean to us in that great forest on the Pacific Coast.

We traveled two days up the river, to where it did not amount to anything more than small creeks coming in from different directions from a mass of high peaks. They were covered with heavy timber, underbrush and devil clubs.

It was a lonely sight to us, as we had spent the summer and fall (1890) in the Walla Walla alkali dust, but our blood ran high and our courage was that of a mighty beast. We felt as though we would soon reach the west side and go down the slope to the Pacific. We talked the plans over, and decided that four of the party would stay in camp and two of us would go another day's travel to see what the chances would be to get our pack animals down the west side. The job fell to myself and Fred to do the exploring while the others were to stay in camp.

Photo Courtesy Author

This likeness of O. W. Banta is from an old tintype, date and place unknown.

We passed a lonely night and the next morning was up early and got breakfast which consisted of black coffee, flapjacks, bacon and fried grouse.

"Well, Fred, how do you feel about the trip?" I asked.

"I feel like a cutting horse rearing to go."

"Well, get your pack rolled and let's be off. Now, boys, we will make a good day's travel, as far as we can go in one day and back the next, and when we get back I want to see plenty of elk meat hanging around in the trees. Out of four good hunters it looks like you would be able to get one big bull, anyway. By the way, you had better go two together and be sure you have plenty of matches for you know there may be a storm at any time."

"Yes," Bill Martin replied, "we will try and have plenty of meat in camp and tomorrow evening I will see that there will be a big side of ribs roasted and ready for you and Fred when you get back."

"Well, we are ready to go. Now, boys, if something don't happen unusual, we will be back tomorrow night. Good luck to all."

"Good luck, Tex, good luck for the

trip and the future," was the reply from the crowd.

We started off like two strong horses that had been well fed. About two hours found us at the headwaters of the little stream we had been traveling up ever since we had left Lake Cushman nine miles west of Hood Canal. Here we could see west, but could see nothing but more mountains and high peaks. We stood and gazed west, north and south in order to locate some stream or slope that we could follow that would lead us toward the Pacific Ocean. But the country all looked alike, nothing but a mass of high peaks and big canyons.

We started west and soon came down to a small stream, leading our way. We followed the creek through brush and downed timber, logs, and devil clubs until about noon. All at once we came to a small lake where other creeks came in from different directions. We made camp, got dinner, and talked the situation over as to what would be best to do.

"Well, this is my side," Fred said. "We might as well go west the rest of the day, then if we can't find a favorable way through, we can go back to camp, and report no go."

"Well, that's my side of it too. We will go west the rest of the day and if we fail to find anything better than we have found, it is foolish to try to bring horses through such a country as this."

As we plodded along, late in the afternoon, we were tired and discouraged and became disgusted with the whole outlook of future prospects. Soon we heard something roaring and rumbling like distant thunder. We listened awhile—then it got plainer and we soon understood what it meant. It was a windstorm and the falling of big timber.

Pretty soon it was up to us to look for shelter but how were we to get shelter when the biggest trees in the forest were falling like mighty stones from the heavens, and roaring as they fell to the ground like heavy thunder, tearing limbs from other trees. It was cloudy and began to rain. We got under a big log lying across another that had left some space where we might be safe and dry.

But as we lay crouched under that big fir log, six or eight feet thick, we could hear another tree fall that would jar the ground like an earthquake. Dark soon came on, and the rain and wind got worse and I said to Fred, "Now if one of them big trees should fall across this log we are under, what would happen to us? Is the log strong enough to stand the jar and weight or would it smash us into the ground like rats?"

"Good God, Tex, don't talk that way, it looks bad enough, the best we can make of it. Our lives ain't worth more than thirty cents Mex, anyway."

We soon began to feel the water finding its way under us, and it got worse until we were wet to the skin. There was no way to make a fire or get other shelter. The wind and rain got worse, and we were shivering with cold; our packs were in a pool of water. The whole earth was underwater and it got too much for us under the log, so we thought it best to take a chance with the falling trees than to chill to death. It was the darkest night I ever saw up to that time, so we got out and jumped over logs and around trees to keep from freezing. All night we kept this up. It seemed that the night would never pass off. The wind had ceased and the rain turned to snow. By daylight we was in water and slush up to our knees. The time came for daylight but it did not get very light, as the snow was falling so thick and heavy. We could hardly see our way, but the only thing to do was to try to make it back to camp.

Asahel Curtis

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Hood Canal in western Washington. This was the locale for many of Banta's wilderness treks in search of game and sport.

WE started back over our past route, and the snow seemed to get worse. It was a slow go. It was hard to see twenty feet ahead and out of the question to keep our course, but by the aid of my pocket compass I made an attempt at keeping a certain direction. We wallowed over logs and under logs and around logs that lay so thick on the ground that it was impossible to keep our true course.

The day passed quick. Before we realized it, it was getting dark again, but to our good fortune we came to a bluff that projected over some ten feet, and the ground was bare. A big fir log was lying across the front with the roots turned up near the bluff; under this bluff we went with new life. We threw off our packs and with my little hunting ax I soon had some pitch roots split up fine, and now if our matches was still dry (which I doubted very much) we would soon have a fire.

I got out my safety match box, opened it and found the matches very dry. I struck one on a rock and it sizzled and smoked, then another, and it done the same. I wondered if all of them would do the same way but finally I got one to burn long enough to catch the oily pitch kindling, and we soon had a fire. It blazed up like coal oil.

After we warmed ourselves, we began to get hungry, as we had had nothing to eat since the day before. We melted some snow, put on the coffee pot, mixed some flour dough and was soon enjoying a good dinner. By the time we got through eating, another one of those dark nights had set in, but we was under shelter and everything was dry and warm. We spread our blankets and was soon snoring—making up for the night before.

Sometime during the night, Fred had rolled a little too near the coals, but he was sleeping so good he never detected it until his pants got on fire, and it happened to be the seat of them. When the fire burned through to the skin, he jumped up and yelled, "We are on fire!" and jumped over me.

I came out wide awake, to see his pants still ablaze. I grabbed him, threw him into the snow, and soon put the fire out; then I got some more snow, threw it in his bed, and put that fire out. It was all done in a very short time, but very exciting while it lasted. We soon fell in bed again, and had another good snooze.

The next morning I went out to see how deep the snow was. I found it up to my pockets, and still snowing.

"Well, now what shall we do? Shall we go out in the storm, try to reach the other boys, or had we better stay here until the storm is over?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you what I think about it. It looks foolish for us to trail out in such a storm as this, when we have grub enough to run us another day. At least we are safe here and if we start out, we don't know whether we could make it to camp or not, and maybe we would have another foot race all night to keep from freezing. So I propose that we stay here another day and night anyway."

"Well, that looks like a sensible way to look at it. So we will just make the best of it we can. But the worst feature I see in it is them poor fellows in camp haven't got any shelter. That old tent isn't any more good than a newspaper in such a storm as this and I don't remember seeing a cave in a bluff all the way up the river that they could go into.

"Of course, they know that we could not make it back to camp as soon as we expected in this storm and they might start back to the lake, or again, the snow may not be so bad on that side of the mountain. So, to sum things up, I believe it best to stay in the dry another night anyway."

We put in the rest of the day and night in good shape. To our surprise the next morning the snow had turned to rain again. Things began to look favorable for us to reach camp by night anyway. We rolled our packs and started.

THE snow was waist-deep and wet. I set my compass, got the right direction, and started east. It was a hard cold go at best, but we kept on. When one would get tired of breaking trail, the other would spell him. In this way we kept on going, but as bad as things looked for us, everytime Fred got in the lead, I would have to laugh till I fell to see the poor fellow with all of the bosom of his pants burned out, and the skin burned red six inches around. Of course, his underclothes was burned out too.

Well, we wallowed on through wet snow and rain and about noon it began to snow again. When I set my compass and found we had been traveling due north for some time, it looked bad for us to make it to camp that day. By this time it was a solid cloud of snow, and getting colder. Our hands was almost frozen, and we was wet and cold, in spite of all the work we was doing.

Night came on and we had no shelter; the only thing to do was to hunt some dry pitch and make a fire in the wet snow. In a short time we found a suitable, uprooted tree and by careful work, we got a fire started. The snow was about four feet deep, and still falling, but we unrolled our blankets and after drying them the best we could, wrapped them around us. and kept turning around the fire. By this means we kept from freezing. The snow fell all night—the space around the fire was just a big mud hole —and we put in the night with but little sleep. We was out of everything to eat, but still had some coffee and our coffee pot.

The next morning we started out again east, and the snow was still falling. We came to a deep canyon. I set my compass and found the water was running southeast and figured it must empty into some river leading to Hood Canal. The only thing to do now was to follow this downstream, but it was sure a hard job. The logs and brush was all under five feet of snow, and every little creek was running swift with snow water.

We came to where another creek came into it, and was surprised to see where other men had gone down the creek ahead of us.

"What in the Sam Hill can this mean? Are there other men out in this storm? I said. "I wonder if it can be our party? It must be them and if it is, they must have started for Cushman Lake."

"Yes, it must be them," said Fred. "Old Bill Martin is too old a mountaineer to stay out in a storm if he thinks he could make it to the lake, but do you suppose this is the same river that we came up from the lake?"

"It might be but if it is we have missed our route and hit the river twenty miles below camp."

I set my compass again but it would not work, and the only thing we could do was to follow the trail, which was much easier after four men had gone over it. We had not gone far until we saw under a bluff a fire burning and smoke rolling up the side. Four men was standing around the fire warming themselves.

"Hello, boys, hello! How in the Sam Hill did you fellows get here?"

"Well, in the name of our Savior, Tex, we thought you boys had perished in the storm. How did you come? Did you come back to camp and follow our trail?"

"No, we just came onto your trail up at the forks of the creek. Is this the same stream we came up from the lake, Bill?"

"Well, we don't know. We moved camp to some shelter to wait for the snow to let up and when it got worse we started out to find better cover and this is the first sheltered place we found. So I don't know what stream this is, but it don't make any difference as long as our chuck holds out. We had better stay right here."

So it was agreed to by all. "Well, what about that elk you fellows killed? Did you bring any meat with you?"

"I should say we did, but we could not pack very much in five feet of snow, added already to our heavy loads. We left the old tent with a big tree holding it down. We just happened to have everything in the front, and when we heard the big tree start to fall we made a run and it hit the back end of the tent. Sank it into the ground two feet or more."

"Well, you got off lucky at that; now let's have some of that elk steak for dinner."

After we had eaten, and dried our blankets, we made down and went to sleep. The next morning it was still snowing and looked as though it would never let up. The snow had piled up in front of the projecting bluff until we was almost closed in, which made it hard to get wood. But we decided to stay there until the storm let up, so we began to break trails in order to get wood, and kept this up all day.

WE stayed there two days and nights before the snow again turned to rain. It rained like it snowed but it surely looked good to us as we knew the rain would soon give us a chance to make our way out. We was badly in doubt as to which way to start but thought by following down this stream that it would bring us out somewhere on Hood Canal.

The third day the rain had ceased, and we thought it a good time to make a start and try to get off those high mountains. We rolled our packs and started down the creek but it was some task to work our way through five or six feet of snow. We would take it time about breaking trail, and in this way we made very good time. After only a few miles, all at once we came upon a high bluff where the water made a fall of fifty feet or more with bluffs on each side. To go around either way we would have to climb a high mountain, which meant another day or two.

We looked the situation over and found that by using a rope forty or fifty feet long, we could climb down to the top of a small fir tree that stood near the bluff. We had no rope strong enough to hold the weight of a large man, so we unrolled our packs and got two pairs of the best blankets we had, cut them into strips, twelve or fourteen inches wide, tied them together until they were long enough to reach the tree; then one by one we climbed down to the bottom.

We made camp under this bluff. We felt sure we were on the east slope of the mountain and within two or three days would either reach Lake Cushman, or some point of Hood Canal. There was

White River country, near Mount Rainier in Pierce County, Washington

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

some rain falling all day, but it was light—not in sufficient amount to melt the snow. Nevertheless, we passed the night in good shape, and all had courage and hopes of making it out in due time to save ourselves.

The next day, as usual, one would take the lead until he got tired, then step aside and another would take his place, and so on all day. We kept down this same stream and with its many branches, found it became a large river but we caught no sight of anything that we wanted to see. That night our feelings changed from what they had been before; first one and then another would speak discouragingly about the trip which made us all feel blue about our critical condition.

Albert Click taken the floor and made his talk. He started in like this, "Now, men, we are in a bad fix, in a wild unknown wilderness, and in a big snowstorm, almost out of chuck, and worst of all we are lost. Now to tell you plain, I am going to look out for number one—that's me. I have been argued down by our leader when I knew I was right. We are going straight west, and we have no showing to ever get out. I thought Tex was an old-timer, and knew the conditions of the mountains, or I would never have started out with him. So in the morning I am going to roll my pack and go my own way and if any one wants to follow me, it's all right."

Bob Olsen spoke up, "I will follow you to the end of the trail. If we perish, we will be together. I am of the same opinion as you. I know we have been going west for two days."

"Well," Bill Martin said, "We will put in the night, and then maybe we can agree on some course to take. I hate to see the party split up, as we all know if we go out in different directions, we can't all be right, and some of us are liable to perish in these God-forsaken mountains. I hope we may all see the situation alike and stay together, but as Al said, it is a time when our lives are at stake, and each of us must look out for his own. But I hope we can agree on some route, and stay together. It's a shaky looking future to me at the present time."

THE next morning after we had eaten our short breakfast and was still undecided, I taken the floor to make my talk. "Now, Bill, you show me east." He pointed out.

"Now, Bob, you point east." He pointed a different direction.

"Now, Fred, you point east." It was still different, but nearer with Bill Martin's idea.

"You, Willie, let's hear from you." It was exactly with his father's idea.

"Now, Albert Click, let's hear from you. Which way is east?" He pointed straight the way that Bob Olson had pointed, and added, "Anybody ought to know that is east."

"Well, boys, the time has come when our lives are our own and if we miss our route, our lives are worth nothing. Here we are in an unknown wilderness, and in a bad snowstorm, and out of chuck and, as Al said, we are lost. That, we all know; but we know, also, that if we follow this river we will get out of these mountains and out of the snow.

"Now I don't, nor haven't pretended to, know these mountains. It's all new to me; but I do know that this river will lead us out somewhere, and I hope you can all see it this way. I feel if you start back up the river or across the country, you're taking your life in your own hands, with but little show to win.

"Now, boys, as the feeling has got to such a pitch, I vote that each man take an equal part of the chuck, matches, and everything we have, so if one goes a different way he will have an equal chance with the rest. Now what do you say?"

All agreed with me that this was right, and began to divide things up. We soon had our rolls tied and was ready to go, somewhere, God only knew. Al and Bob were still grouchy and determined to start across country which would take them all day to climb to the top of the first divide.

I told them again that the river would lead us out somewhere on the salt water and tried to get them to come with me, but they bitterly refused.

"Now, men," I said, "now, men, all that wants to take a chance with me, come, the time is up."

Fred and the two Martins agreed, and we started out, and the other two started in a different direction. After we had all got started, I stopped and looked back at Al and Bob plodding along through the snow. "Poor fellows," I thought. "They have got but little chance for their lives; neither of them was ever in the mountains before."

We traveled all day with but little change except the river had got much larger, owing to the melting snow and its many feeders. The snow was melting fast by this time. We made camp on a little high point, so the water would run off as it melted. The rain continued all night. By the next evening we was down out of the snow, but the whole earth was under water, and every small creek was overflowing. By this time we was on the west side of the mountains and that meant several days to get back to Hood Canal.

While we was drying our blankets around the fire, I saw Bill reach for his gun that was leaning against a tree. He stepped to one side, raised it to his shoulder and fired. A deer made a few jumps and fell. It was a great joy to us as we had cleaned up everything we had to eat. We dragged the deer up near the campfire, hung it up and soon had the skin off, and began cooking and eating. After we had got filled up with good venison, and our blankets and clothes was dry, we began breaking small limbs from the fir and hemlock tres, until we had a mattress, a foot thick, made of branches

"Now, Bill, it's up to you and me to decide what to do," I said. "You know Willie will do as you say, and Fred will agree with me. From the way you have been talking the past two days, I don't

Banta family portrait taken in 1903 or 1904 includes, from left to right, eldest son Edgar (about 15), O. W. Banta, his wife Rosa and Claud (about 3).

Photo Courtesy Author

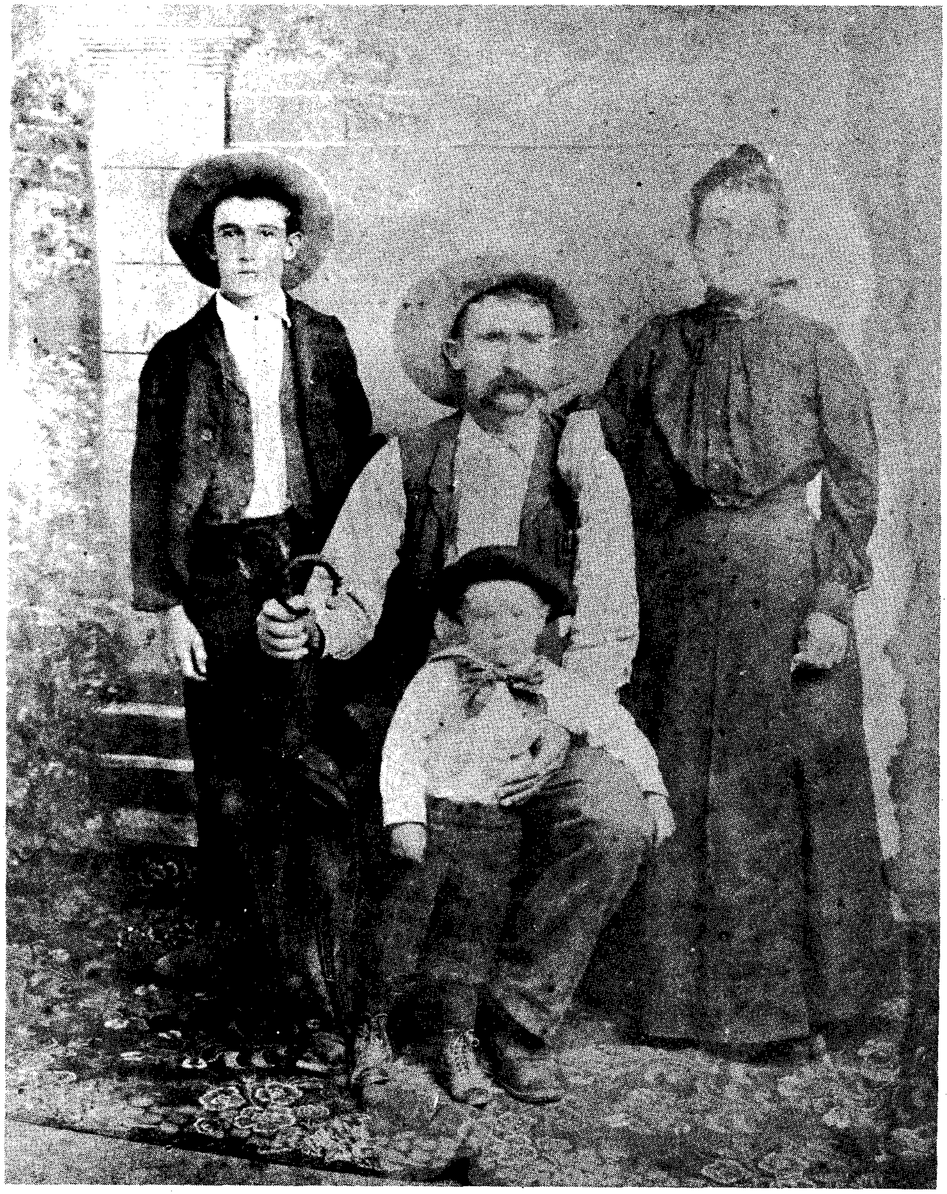


Photo Courtesy Author

O. W. Banta's youngest son Dick (real name Dave, Davy or David) age 6, about 1918

think you are altogether satisfied with my plans, and I don't want anyone to suffer on my account. We are up against the real thing. There is no settlement on the west side of these mountains, so I want you to come clean and say just what you want to do."

"Well," said Bill, "I have made up my mind to take another direction from here. I know very well we will never get out anywhere by following this river; besides, it has got so big there is no way of ever crossing it. Now in the morning me and Willie are going to cut out and go square off to our left and try to keep down far enough to miss the snow."

"Yes but, Bill, you know that the rivers and creeks will all be full, and no sign of crossing them. I think it would be a wise plan to keep down this river and avoid trying to cross some big stream until this flood goes down. This country seems to be full of rivers."

But Bill was set on going his way and the next morning him and Willie rolled their packs and started square off to the left. We bade him good luck and a safe arrival somewhere.

"Now, Fred, it's up to you and me, and I know we can keep from starving with our rifles and plenty of game in the woods, so I think we had better stay in this camp for a few days, at least, while we have plenty of meat. We can give the river and creeks time to run down. To tell you plain, I don't think we are very far from the Pacific. As you see, the river don't seem to run so swift as it did, and the driftwood is floating near the bank. So we will stay here and explore a little before we move camp."

"Well, that suits me," said Fred. "I am in favor of taking things slow for awhile as we have already had some trying experiences. I guess we can live on meat for awhile."

We stayed in camp that day and made some shelter out of the deerskin and a blanket, so it made camp more cozy and homelike. The next morning we taken our guns and went down the river a few miles and we came to the mouth of the river where it emptied into the Pacific or some great lake or a part of the Puget Sound. We had no way of telling, but could see on the other side just a few miles there was land covered with timber; and at any rate, it gave us great satisfaction. We had gone to the end of the river.

We walked up the beach for some distance trying to determine just what we was up against. All at once here came a canoe with two men around a point.

"What in the Sam Hill is this?"

"It's Siwash Indians," Fred said.

"It is sure Indians. They are coming our way, maybe we can find out where we are."

Pretty soon they saw us and began to stretch their crane-like necks, and to look very much surprised and slow up their speed. We waved our hats for them to come. They came very slowly, never taking their eyes off us. They came within three or four hundred yards of us and stopped and would not come any nearer. All at once they turned the canoe and went speeding off heading straight across the lake.

Well, this gave us courage although we did not know but what we was in among some savage tribe. But we was willing to take a chance with them. After talking matters over, we started back up the river to camp. We put in several days around camp. Most every day we would make trips down to see the great lake, to see if we could see any more Siwash Indians.

One day while we was on the beach, to our surprise we saw a small steamship out in the middle of the lake. We got out where they could see us, waved our hats, fired our guns, but they paid no attention to us. They was about one mile away. Then we knew we was on the Pacific Ocean.

By this time the river had run down and we had agreed to start up the beach the same way the boat was going. We jerked all the meat we had in camp, got everything ready and started. The first day we made good time, with the exception of a small river. We had some trouble finding a log jam where we could cross. The second day we was surprised to find a blazed trail leading our way. We followed this trail until in the evening. All at once we came into a clearing and a log house. Before we got to the house we saw a bridge. Then a town. It was Montesano, located at the upper end of Grays Harbor at the mouth of the Chehalis River. We was safe once more and out of the awful Olympic Mountains. We never heard of poor Al and Bob. Later, we heard of two men coming in to Shelton that suited the description of Bill Martin and his son, but never knew for certain that it was them.

I kept thinking that I had come to explore those hills, and was going to explore them and kill an elk before I quit. Fred Eckelson said he would stay with me, but by this time winter had set in, and raining every day, and we decided to wait there until winter was over. We got a job on a new railroad that was being built down Grays Harbor to a point called Aberdeen. There Fred got cold feet and quit me.

I fell in with a young fellow by the name of Sam Kelsey. I found out that we could travel up the Wynoochee River, about forty miles up into the mountains on foot only. So we rolled our packs and started. On the third day we made camp, and decided that we would stay there until we killed an elk.

We left our pack at camp and started out. I was in the lead when, all at once Sam whistled low. I looked around and he pointed to the right, and there stood a big bull elk looking at us, about 100 yards away. I turned as quick as I could and shot the one standing broadside to me. They jumped and ran. The one I shot made but a few jumps and fell. When we got to him, he was dead.

It was in the month of June and they had velvet on their horns. This bull had five points on each beam, and was the prettiest animal I ever saw. Well, there we had a few days' work to save the hide and jerk the meat. We stayed in the Olympic Mountains and hunted elk for two years.

This elk specimen was a very fine one. I got it skinned out and saved in good shape. So I decided I would take it to Tacoma and have it mounted or sell it. But when I showed it to the manager of the taxidermist shop, he offered me $50 for it, and said he would give me that price for every specimen I would bring him of any size or sex, as they wanted them for the World's Fair at Chicago. And we at once made a contract.

I went back to Montesano, where I had left my pal, Sam, and told him of the contract I had made. It was possible for us to make our expenses while we explored the mountains.

"The next thing for us to do is to get us a canoe and learn to pole it up and down the river," I told Sam.

We looked around the harbor and found a big cedar canoe twenty-eight feet long. It was the kind the Siwash used on all of the rivers. There we bought supplies, loaded our little craft, and started up the Wynoochee River.

This river empties into the Chehalis River at Montesano, at the upper end of Grays Harbor, and heads high up in the Olympic Mountains. The mountains lay north of Grays Harbor. To learn to run an Indian canoe is no little job in a swift mountain stream, where it is full of rapids and every few miles has a log jam. We had to unload and slide the canoe over the jam then load up again. But we knew this was the only way we could make a success of our undertaking. So we took it slow and steady, could only make five or six miles a day, owing to the rapids and jams we had to contend with. After a few days we found a place where there was an old shack and by a little work we could fix it up to make a very good camp, and there we landed, and unloaded our craft; and after a few days' work we had a good camp for all time.

We knew there was plenty of elk most anywhere along the river as we had seen sign. To make this plain to many people who do not know that country, I will say that it is all a dense forest with logs and down timber, devil clubs and brush so thick that it is almost impossible to get through any part of it. About half the time you are on a big log, then another, and then you are crawling under logs and in mud or water, as it rains most every day. So you see it is no boy's job to hunt elk in there.

After we got our cabin fixed up shipshape so that we could be in the dry, the next thing was to kill an elk. We was burned out on hog bosom and jerky. We put in some time, getting plenty of wood in the dry so we could make a fire when we came in wet and cold. We had things fixed up just right, and was getting keen for a little sport, and to get some good fresh meat.

WE GOT UP early the next morning, had breakfast and, as luck was in our favor, it was not raining, but was a little foggy. We had our guns oiled and cleaned in good shape and our belt knives and hatchets sharp. Our match boxes was filled and everything was in first class shape. Now ready for an elk, we started out like two old bucks through the bottoms and over the hills. We had gone about one mile without seeing any sign, but there we saw where a bunch had been feeding. It looked as if it might have been some cows and young ones. We began to try to trail them and watched close on every side, as the sign was fresh. We knew they was not far away.

It was out of the question to trail them, as they was feeding and went every direction. So we just crept along, staying on the sign the best we could. We had not gone far when I saw a bull yearling with spike horns, feeding on some elk brake. I raised my gun, and at that he saw me and ran, but I shot and brought him down. Then others began to come out from every direction. It seemed that the whole woods had turned to elk. Some from each side and some from behind, and they was bounding over logs and under logs, going every way. It was a regular mix-up. We got the buck ague and shot at everything that moved.

When the excitement was over, we found both of our Winchesters empty. So we went to the one I had killed and had a hearty laugh at our foolishness. We filled the magazines again and began looking around to see how many we had killed. We circled around and around, but found no dead elk nor bloody trail, then went back to the one I had killed, and was resting when a fine cow came trotting by us, and I killed her. Then we had all we wanted.

We dressed them, taking some meat, and pulled for camp. We got in just as it was getting dark; then we had a big time cooking and eating and, every few minutes, would have a big laugh about our stampede with the elk.

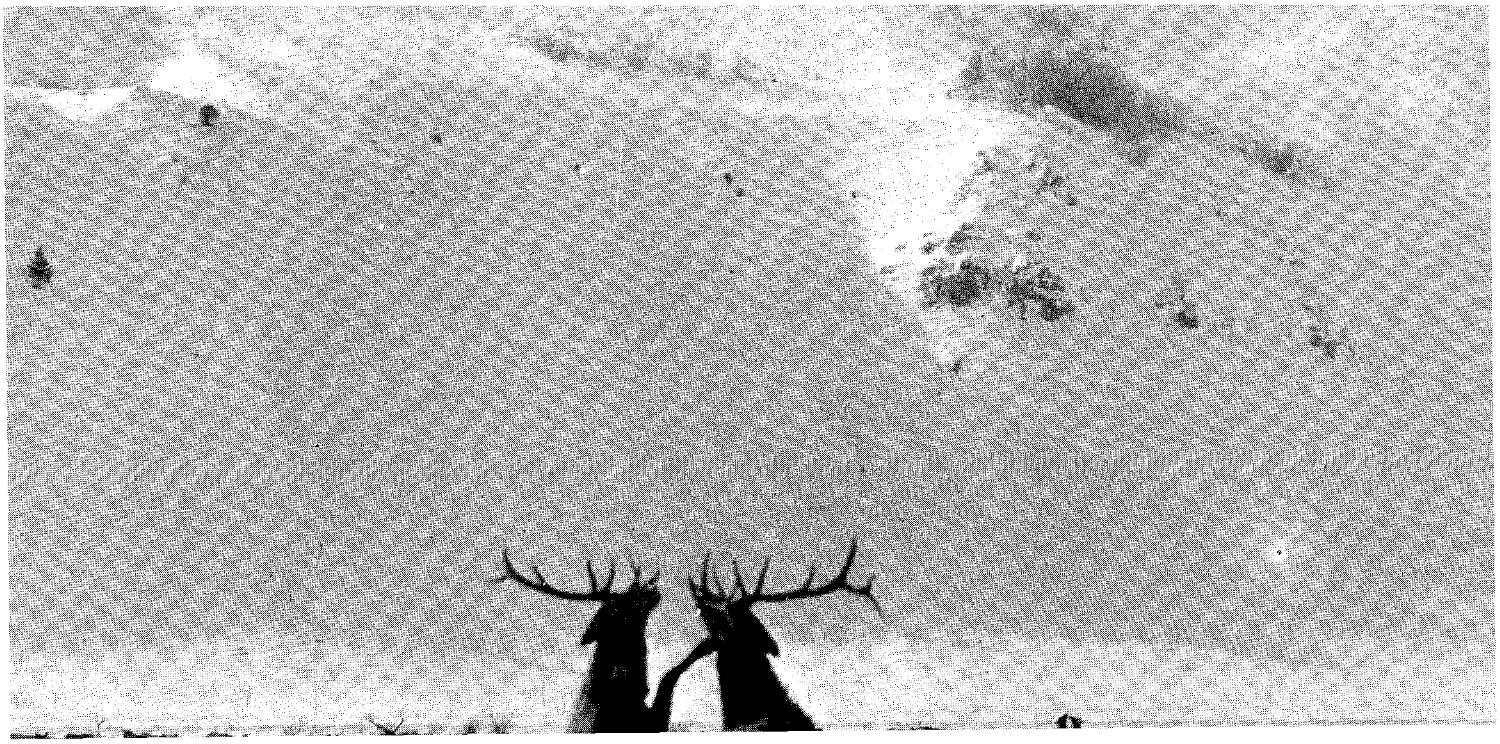
After we had killed several and got our money out of the hides, we decided we would take our usual pack and go farther west and try to locate the little tribe of Quinault Indians that was located near the main Pacific Ocean. From the best information we could obtain, it was about 100 miles without trail or guide, and through the most dense forest on this continent. As it rained almost every day and night, you may draw some idea of the undertaking. We filled up our packs—a pair of blankets each, some flour, coffee, and dried elk meat; rolled everything in our blankets; tied a coffee pot and frying pan on to the pack. We used the old Hudson's Bay pack, with straps over our shoulders so that both arms would be free. We had a pocket compass and waterproof match boxes.

The first day everything went well. It was cloudy but no rain. We kept our course, and made good time, about ten miles a day through that great forest. That was a good day's hike and I think we must have made the limit. We saw plenty of elk sign, but we would not kill one if we had had a chance.

We made camp early; cut some hemlock brush and made a big deep bed, then spread our blankets on top of the boughs which made a good bed, as good as a tourist could wish for in the woods. After eating supper, we lit our pipes and began to tell yarns.

Sam was a good hand at that, but would always stay close to the truth. That made his stories interesting. To me it was like reading history. It started out like this: "When I was a small boy at home with my parents in Iowa, there was an old man with a long, white beard who came to my father's house and wanted work. Father told him he did not think he could do such work as he had to do on the farm, but he decided to give the old man a trial at it for a while, as he was broke. So he put him to doing light work around the house and barn. After

A remarkable photo of fighting elk, taken by Lee Orr at Jackson Hole, Wyoming



a few days, he saw the old fellow was very handy with tools, and asked him if he could make a kitchen cupboard, or safe to keep flies out. He said he could.

"He built the prettiest kitchen cabinet I ever saw. My mother was so well pleased with it she told him to make her an old-fashioned bread tray and rolling pin, so he did and it was a beauty. The old fellow was very still; never spoke unless some one spoke to him. We kept him there piddling around about a month and paid him standard wages. My father had told him how much he would pay him at the beginning so he knew just how much he had coming.

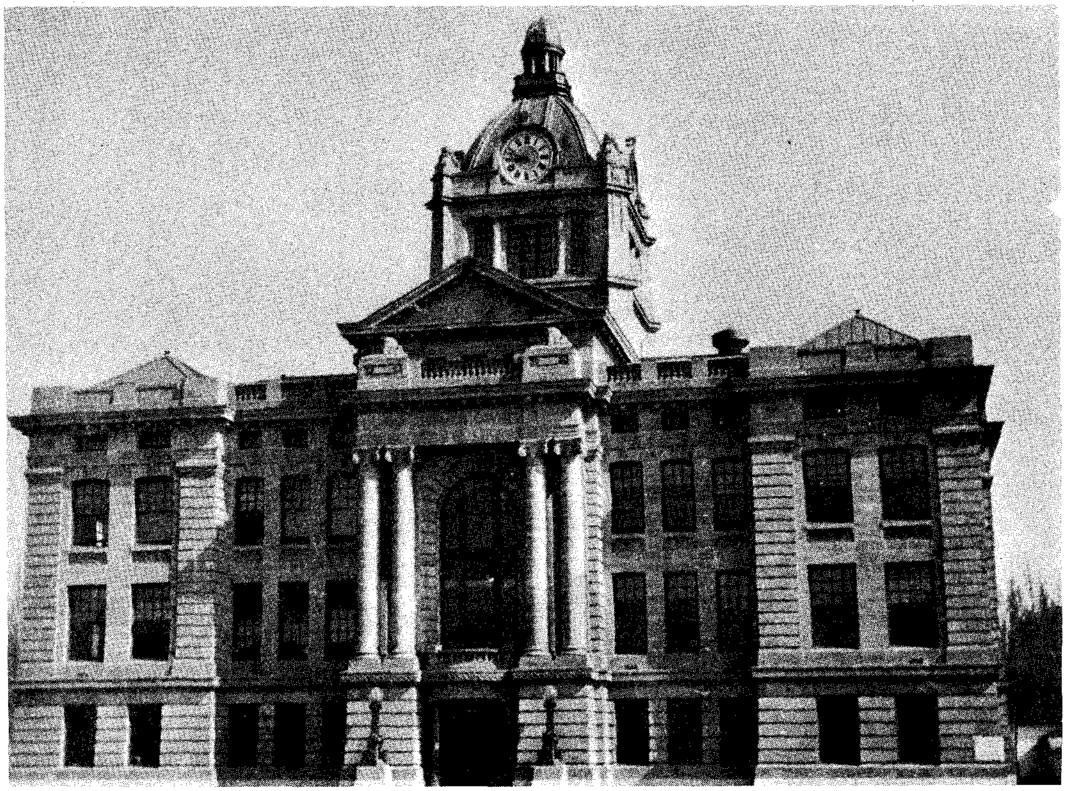
"One night after supper, he seemed in better spirits than usual, and began to talk. He was well educated, said he had left home in New York when he was a very young man, and been disappointed in his love affairs, and drifted west forty years ago and had spent most of his time on the Pacific Coast among the Indians, and hunted and trapped for a living. He said he had put in twenty years of the time in the Territory of Washington. Went into the Olympic Mountains. Built a cabin out of logs and stayed there about ten years alone and to pass away the time he would whittle out dishes and washpans. After awhile he had everything in the house made out of red fir wood. That was where he learned to do this work.

"After a while he got tired of this lonely life, and came out and joined the Indians again. Then he had taken a notion he would go back home as his people was very wealthy and he would have plenty of money from his estate to live on the remainder of his life. He told Father he had just enough wages coming to get a change of clothes and pay his fare to New York. So the next morning he drew his money, bade us goodbye, and went.

"I have often thought of that poor old fellow and the lonely life he lived. Little did I think I would ever be here in this same wilderness. But the way he described it—the big timber and the rainy climate—is what reminded me of that old fellow's story. It has been in my mind all day. I wonder how he ever got out after chuck and found his way back? He must have been close to the edge of the forest somewhere, as it would be impossible for him to cut a trail very far in."

THE NEXT MORNING we rolled our packs as usual, and started on our way. About noon it began to rain and got harder, then a little harder but we could do nothing but keep hiking. Our packs and clothes got wet clear through and everything was soaking, and the ground was a solid sheet of water. Every little creek looked like a river, and we kept on the lookout for a hollow log or stump where we could find shelter, but found nothing. It was getting late and we knew we would soon have to stop anyway.

All at once we came to the bank of a river. It was a small river in a dry time, but now it was all over the bottomland and looked very dangerous. Then we began to look for logs to cross on, but did not have to look far until we found a place to cross. Up above high water mark, to our great surprise, there stood an old cabin not more than twenty feet from us, all covered with moss, fern and other weeds. It was the oldest and most dilapidated thing I ever saw. The door was on the side next to us, fastened with an old-fashioned drop latch. By this time it was geting dark, so I raised the latch, and happened to notice some letters cut on the door. This is what they were:



Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Grays Harbor County Courthouse (formerly Chehalis County) at Montesano, Washington

If you should happen down this way
And chance to come this route
My door is open to honest men
But thieves had better stay out.

I opened the door and went in. It was dry and there was an old-time fireplace and a big pile of dry wood in the corner. Now I will leave it to you to try to imagine just how we felt.

In a very few minutes we had a big roaring fire, and was warming our hands which was so numb we could hardly open our match box or knife. Then we put in the first part of the night drying our clothes and blankets, cooking and eating. The cabin was a one-room shack, built of big logs covered the old way—with rib logs on top, then stacks of boards on top of them. The inside was all covered with moss, the same as the outside, but it looked like home, sweet home to us. There was a bedstead made by hand out of red fir, as nice a bed as you would want in a city. Also a table of the same style, a stool chair, and a big rocking chair (on the style of the old armchair, and it was a red beauty, too). Then in the corner was a kitchen cabinet as complete as any you may see in any city home. On every shelf there was dishes of some sort, even soup bowls, cups and plates, all made out of wood—wooden spoons and forks.

The flour can was the best of all—made out of a solid piece of timber, except the lid with a separate piece for the old bread tray and rolling pin. When it was closed up, it looked as if it was one solid piece of timber and when opened out it was a nice piece of furniture.

When we got everything cleaned up it made us think we were in some mansion, or some New York kitchen. We looked everything over, in hopes of finding the name of the lone occupant cut on something, but not a letter could we find. Nothing but the lettering on the door. On some of the furniture there was an elk carved with beautiful horns as natural as life, and on almost of all the dishes a salmon fish was carved, even to the eyes. I would have given a hundred dollars if I could have formed a plan to get it out. I could have brought some of the little things out, but I remembered the carving on the door.

We stayed there two days and rested up. The rain let up and the weather was about as good as could be expected in that part. Sam said, "I wonder if this is that old cabin that old man told us about, that he built twenty-odd years ago?"

That was one camp that brought sadness to our hearts to leave, but we was determined to find that Quinault Tribe of Indians. We traveled two days more. It was raining or cloudy every day. Ever now and then we would cross some river or creek. The second day the water seemed to run the other way, and our compass got out of working order. It would point south for north, and east for west. So we got into a bad mix-up, but kept on moving west. The third day about noon, we came upon a large river. It seemed to run the wrong way like the other streams we had come in contact with. After resting a while we started upstream, to see if we could find a place to cross. Soon we saw a big jam across the river and we recognized it. We had dragged our canoe over it many a time. It was the Wynoochee River, about five miles below our camp.

WE had often heard from the old settlers around Grays Harbor of a big bull elk that roamed the woods on the Wynoochee River. He was known as Jumbo on account of his over-size. He had been seen by several hunters, and had been shot at many times. He was described as being a third larger than the average bull. A settler by the name of Fred Carter often told me about the bull of the woods, and said if I ever killed him, he wanted to see his head and horns, before I shipped it. We had been in the Olympics about a year at this time.

One day we came in for dinner and Sam started a fire, and I got the bucket and went after water, about two hundred yards. I saw where a big bull had passed through going south. I got the water and hurried back to tell Sam what I had seen—told him I would kill it for dinner.

I got my gun, a .40-82 Winchester, and soon was on his trail. The trail was fresh as he had passed but a short time before. I crept slow and watched close expecting to see him any minute. He kept straight south, then I found where he had been feeding. There I made sure I would get him. Every minute I expected to see him. Round and round I crept and my mind was so interested I forgot all about time. The first thing I realized, it was getting dark. Then the only thing for me to do was to build a fire. So I did and sat around it all night. In about an hour I found where he had camped also, but was gone. He had fed around a short time, and then pulled straight for the big swamps which was about two miles farther south. On I went, for my courage was still good. I knew he would stay in the big swamps for a while, at least.

Along about noon I came near the swamps, watching and listening as something seemed to tell me, "He is right here." I heard a stick break just a little to my left, and cocked my gun.

There he had just stopped, standing broadside. In a second I shot him through the heart. He made a few jumps and fell. When I went up to him and looked him over, my bosom pushed out and my shoulders raised. It was a sight to see that grand old bull lying dead at my feet. It was old Jumbo, the bull of the woods, the grandfather of all the elk in that section, judging from his size. It looked unreasonable that as big a brute as that could be killed by as small a bullet as that. I pranced around him for some time, and admired him.

It was raining as usual. I got him dressed; by this time it was getting late, and I knew I could not make it back to camp that evening. Then the idea struck me to go out to Bill Lamb's house on the river, as it was only about half as far as it was to camp.

The swamp was level, and all covered with brush among the big timber. I knew it would be hard to find my kill, so I took out my big belt knife and started east for the river, hacking bushes and limbs every step so that I could follow my trail back to the elk. I knew I had no time to lose, so I traveled as fast as I could—sometimes in a run—hacking at every bush. It was about two miles out to the river, all level, and everything looked just alike.

I had gone about as far as I thought it was to the river, was making good time over logs and under logs and around logs. I think I was making about as good time as a bull elk could make through such a country as that. At the same time I was thinking of the great prize I had and how I would tell the story that night to the Lamb family.

All at once I came upon another butchered elk. "Great Scott," I thought. "Someone else has been hunting elk."

"I went up to it and found that it was the one I had killed! I had made a complete circle around to my left and wasted all that precious time. Now it was all to do over again and time was sure running short. I put my knife back in the scabbard, and started on the run. This time I kept straight on and, just as it was getting dark, I got to the Bill Lamb ranch. Stayed all night and, of course, told my story.

The next day at noon I made it back to the cabin. Sam was just cooking dinner. I yelled at him, "Haven't you got dinner yet?"

"Where is that elk you was going to have for dinner?"

"I got him all right," I said as I began to untie a chunk of meat from my belt.

"Well, I'll be damned, Tex, you are a sight! Where in the h - - - did you drive him to, and what happened to you? Now start in and speak up. I want to know something right quick."

"Well, I told you I would have him for dinner and this is my first dinner."

"But say," interrupted Sam, "explain yourself. Where did you go that kept you out two days and nights? Start in now and tell your story. I am hungry to hear you talk."

"Well, it was old Jumbo—the daddy of them all. I got him in the big swamps; stayed last night at Bill Lamb's."

"Well, where did you stay the first night?"

"By a fire on old Jumbo's trail. That's all I know. You just ought to see him. When I went up to him when he fell, he looked like a bull elephant with horns."

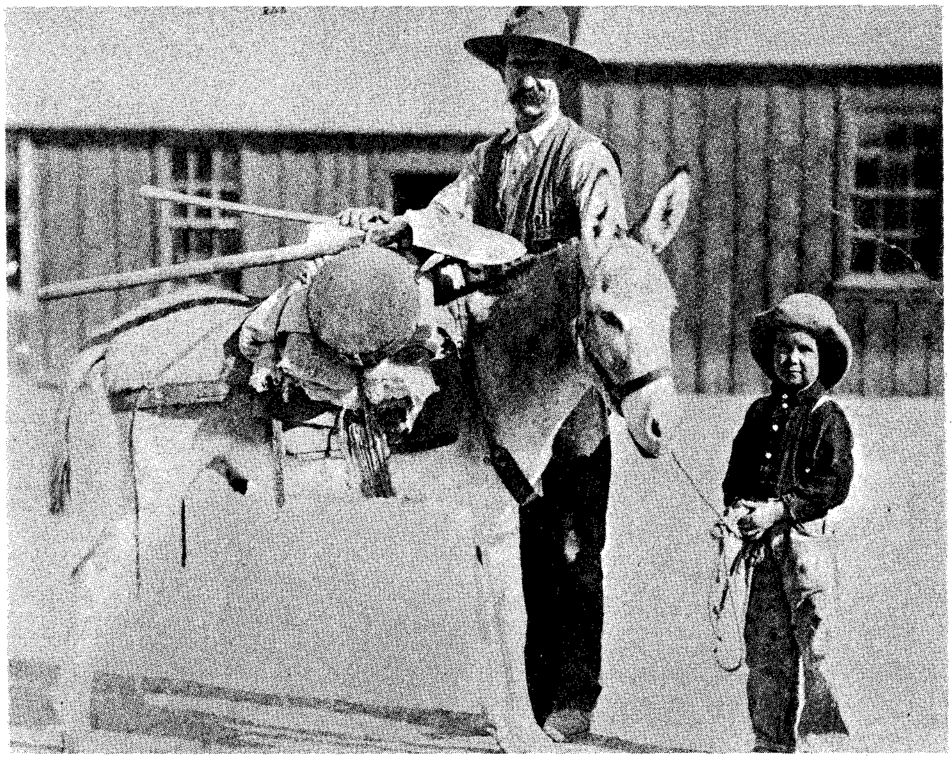
OUR CABIN was out quite a way from the river and on level ground. Everything looked alike for a mile around the cabin and it was very seldom we could see the sun. Anyone could pass within a hundred yards of the house and never see it. So we took an ax and went to work, blazing trails out in four directions. We cut two notches on the side of each tree next to the house and one on the opposite side. That was so, if we was coming in and saw our blazed trail, we would know which end of the trail to take; if we got within one mile of home, we could find the blazed trail and get in. I remember never going out any distance while it was raining without getting lost for a while at least. I don't believe there is a man living that can hunt in the Olympics without getting lost. I mean on the south or west side.

Sam got a letter from his sister living in Seattle. He had not seen her for several years and he decided he would go and spend the winter there, as he was getting tired of elk sport. He had put in over a year. So I went with him as far as Tacoma. We sold our elk specimens, divided the cash, and he went on.

I happened to meet a cousin of mine by

Quinault Indians in long canoe navigate one of the swift-flowing watercourses in Olympic region

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma



Above, O. W. Banta and Claud with prospecting equipment. This photo was made in Benson, Arizona, and, assuming Claud to be around 6 or 7 at the time, would date the picture about 1907. Oval portrait at left is of Edgar Banta. Group on porch, below, includes O. W. Banta's son-in-law, Percy Davis, Rachel Banta Davis, Rosa and O. W. Banta. Dick is seated in foreground.

the name of Lafe Banta, about my age. Told him what I was doing, so he decided to try it awhile, and went back with me. Then I had a new pal to train. He had just come from the driest part of Texas, and I knew how he would take his training in the Olympics. The first thing I had to learn him was to pole a canoe up the Wynoochee River, with six or eight hundred pounds in it. It taken two men, one in each end standing upright.

We loaded the canoe and started on the tiresome journey. I gave him instructions as to how to stand, and what to do in a riffle, or sharp turns. I put him at the front end, as I could do more in the rear.

The first day out, everything went very well. The second it got worse, as the farther up the river the more rapids there was and the harder it was to keep the boat straight on a riffle. But we made camp the second night, without having any trouble.

The last day was where we had to use our skill, as the water was very swift and the river was very crooked. We were going up the worst place on the river. Lafe got scared and grabbed hold of a limb that hung over the water. I was telling him not to do it, but he did, and our boat flipped over like a cork. We went into the water, ca-chug, but with about two hours of hard cold work, we got everything out.

We finally got to camp, unloaded our plunder, and dried everything out; stayed in camp one day in order to get everything fitted up in good shape before taking a hunt. That evening I told Lafe I would take a short round and see if I could find any elk sign in the bottom, or I might kill a pheasant. I left him in camp to get wood for the night.

I had not gone more than a mile, until I ran right into a bunch of elk and killed a fine bull and a cow. I took the entrails out, ripped them down, cut off a chunk of meat from the cow, strung it on my gun barrel, and pulled out for camp. It was getting late when I got in sight of the cabin.

I saw Lafe standing outside, listening and watching for me. He saw me coming and began to smile. He could not see the meat, as it hung behind my back.

He said, "I had begun to think you was lost. Did you see any sign?"

"No, there isn't an elk track in this bottom."

He turned and walked into the house. I followed him and threw the chunk of meat on the table. It would have done you good to have seen his eyes.

"Great Scott, did you kill one?"

"Yes, I killed two, a cow and the finest bull you ever saw."

Then the jubilee began. I started in and told the story of just how it all happened, and the big feast started as we had been living on sourdough bread and hog bosom. You may imagine how we enjoyed that fine tender steak. There was a hundred dollars in the hides. That helped our feelings wonderfully, and about the same in the meat. By the time we got everything ready for the market, and had taken it to Montesano and got back to camp, two weeks had gone by and we was getting anxious for another hunt.

I wanted to give Lafe a run for his money, so we left camp one fine morning, going west, both keen for a shot at an elk. About noon, I got a running shot at a bull, and broke his hind leg. Then to trail him down was our excitement. We followed him for several miles; finally found him standing in some water. By the time we got him butchered it was night. We gathered up plenty of wood, made a big fire, and went to broiling meat, without salt or bread, but it was all right, at that. Everything went well with Lafe, until it became bedtime, and it was raining as usual. I began to notice that Lafe keep looking around; I had forgotten that he was a tenderfoot.

After a while he said, "Tex, where are we going to sleep?"

In this big red fir timber, most anywhere you go you find dead trees, where

(Continued on page 68)

SILVER CREEK

From all over the world came the miners. Some were as raw as the whiskey they drank, some as crooked as the veins they followed, and others were just plain wonderful and wacky dreamers!

IN 1862, it was discovered that the Prickly Pear Valley bars in Idaho Territory were yielding good color and although there didn't seem to be enough to get too excited about at first, it was in paying quantities and so proved interesting to prospectors who had formerly regarded the valley as a farming or ranching area only. Soon a colony was established made up of approximately 300 miners in search of any available opportunity to make an honest dollar, and after them came businessmen and, of course, those great contributors to all mining camps, the saloon-keepers.

Silver City was just two years old when it became a part of Montana Territory and was honored by being the county seat of Edgerton County, now Lewis and Clark. It was also a runner-up for the capital of the Territory.

Most of the miners in Silver City had practiced various trades before joining the hordes of early-day gold seekers. They found their services badly needed at times, but mining always came first. A horse could not be shod or a house built until it was convenient for the ex-blacksmith or carpenter—which was usually after his hours of mining activities.

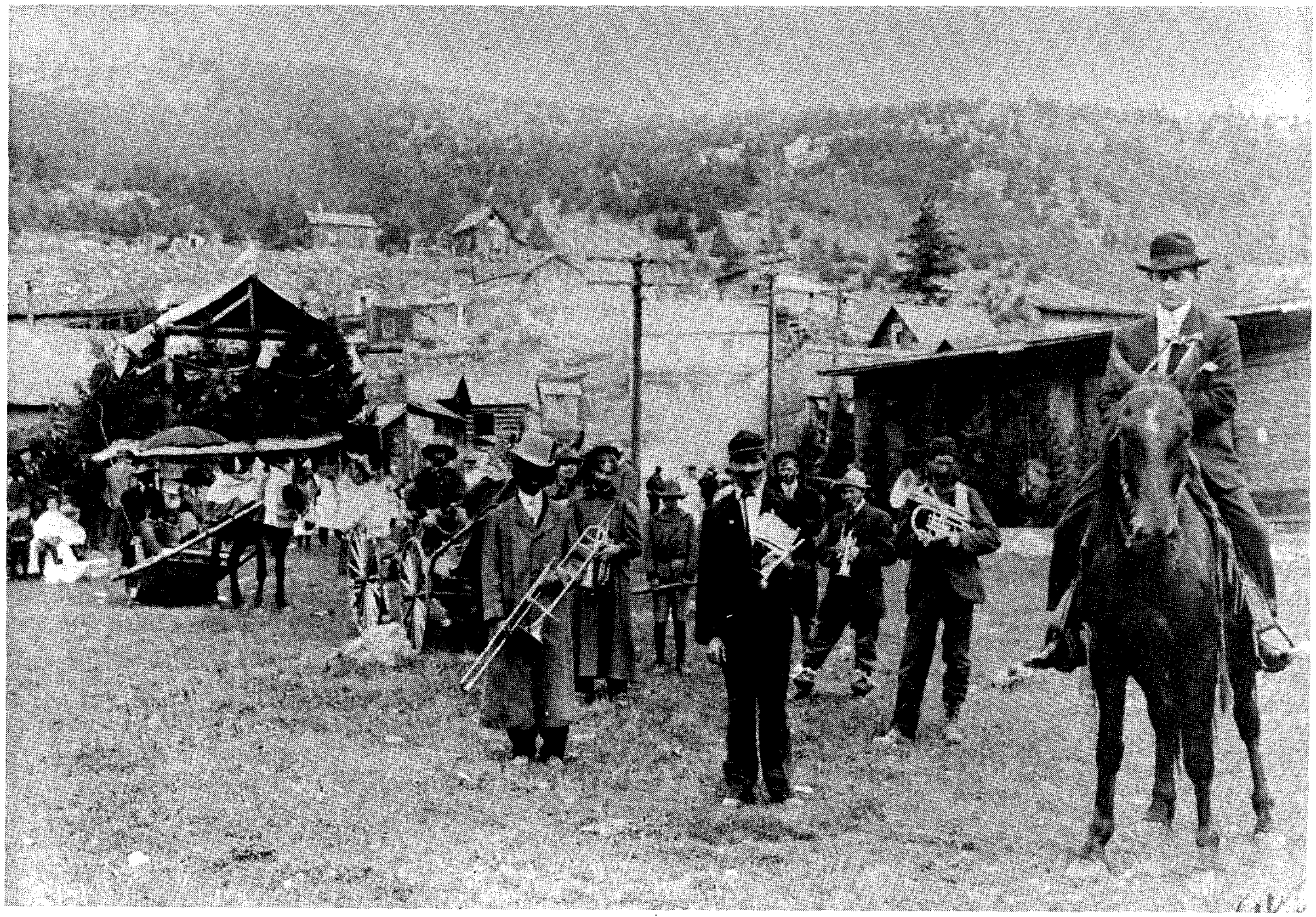
There was one prospector, however, an illiterate Irish lad by the imposing name of Thomas Cruse, who was the exception to the rule. He not only lacked ability for any sort of trade, but he possessed a knack for doing the opposite of whatever his neighbors did. If a fellow miner suggested going upstream to pan, Cruse was certain to go downstream. If someone passed around a quartz sample and estimated its worth, Cruse could be depended upon to disagree with him.

Born in March, 1836, the son of Mary McInery and James Cruse in County Cavan, Ireland, young Thomas migrated to New York at an early age where he worked at anything he could find to keep body and soul together. In 1863 he fell victim to a contagious disease called "gold fever" and after listening to tales of wandering miners (many exaggerated, naturally) he decided to cast his lot with thousands of other young hopefuls and seek his fortune in the mining field.

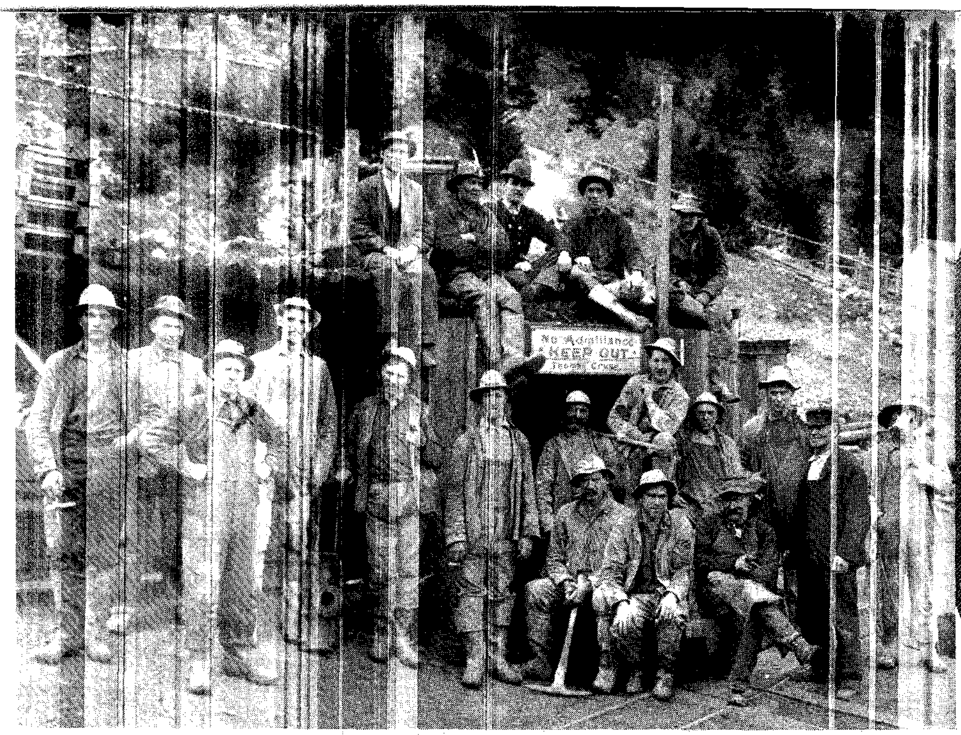
His adventurous spirit took him to the Pacific coast, where he spent two years working in various mining camps in California and Nevada with little success. When news of a gold boom in Montana Territory reached him, Cruse made another move which finally landed him in Silver City, broke as usual but loaded with optimism.

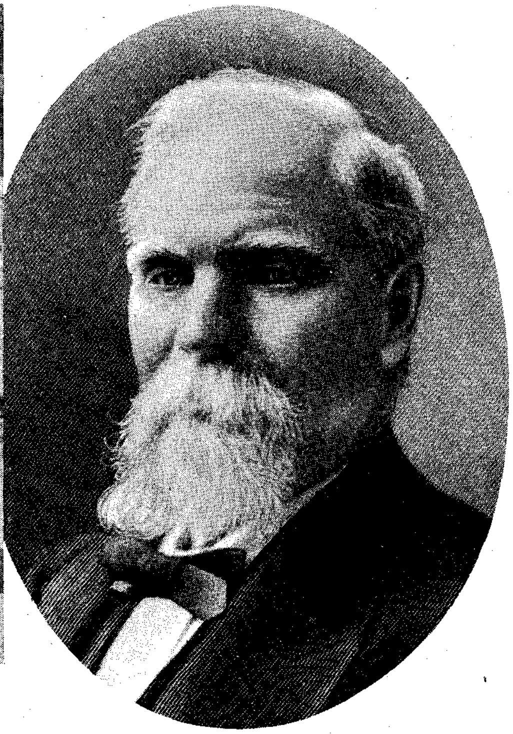
Here he struck up an acquaintance with a prospector by the name of William Brown, one of a party of twelve who had first discovered gold on Silver Creek. Unable to read or write and apparently knowing little about mining, the "Dreamer," as Cruse was called, seemed pitifully inadequate in his role of fortune seeker. One miner, in an effort to describe him commented, "He'd even use his gold pan upside down if he could get the water to stay in it!"

AT LAST, Brown, who was a kindly man, felt sorry for the Irish lad and offered him one of his five mining claims. The offer was quickly accepted. From this claim Cruse was able to eke out a modest living and as he worked



Fourth of July celebration at Marysville in the 1880s





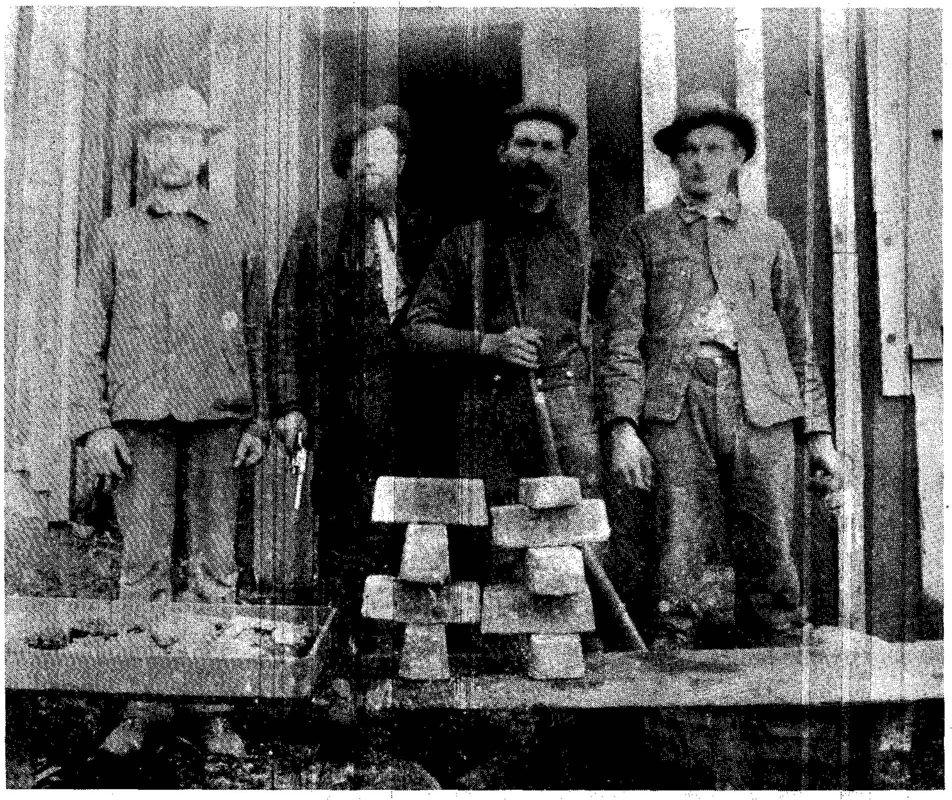
Miners, mine superintendent and blacksmith at the portal of Thomas Cruse's Bald Mountain Mine in the Marysville district. At right, Thomas Cruse. An illiterate and penniless Irishman when he arrived in Silver City in the 1860s, he found a fortune in the rich Silver Creek district.

REMINISCENCES

By JEAN-MICHAEL MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author

Thomas Cruse, second from left, and employees guard gold bars produced by his Bald Mountain Mine.



he noticed that the bedrock of his claim was frequently attached to a peculiar looking quartz. He mentioned this fact to Brown and suggested the possibility of the mother lode of gold being close by.

Brown was strictly a placer man and had no interest in hard rock mining, but another miner by the name of Murphy, who had picked up an interesting piece of float, was also searching for the mother lode. Naturally, he and Cruse sought it in opposite directions.

After a season of fruitless labor, Cruse found the mother lode up the hillside above Silver City only to have the water run him out. He decided to drive a long tunnel into the mountain which would solve his water problem and which he hoped would also tap the vein recently discovered in the discovery shaft.

When Cruse's money would run out, he would return to the placer claim given him by Brown and work it until he had enough to continue his mining venture. To supplement this income he begged grubstakes from anyone he could, including his benefactor, Brown. If turned down by a businessman, he would become angry and say, "I'll be striking it rich an' it will be me that'll have more money than you'll ever be seeing, an' when I do I'll push me a wheelbarrow o' gold-filled bags down the street of the town built from me money!"

The last one to grubstake Cruse was a widow woman who ran a boarding house for the miners. As she handed Cruse her hard-earned money, she admonished him to go easy with it as it was the last she could give him. It was the last Cruse would ever have to beg, for he was soon to become the owner of the famous Drumlummon Mine.

The Drumlummon was first recorded by George Detwiler, who tunneled into the mountain, built an arrastre, but failed to find rich ore. According to old-timers who knew him well, Detwiler, after receiving news of a serious illness in his family, left for Frazier, Canada, asking Cruse to take care of and represent his claim during his absence. Cruse evidently promised to to do so. Detwiler returned after a two-year absence to discover that Cruse had allowed his claim to go delinquent, then jumped it, thus acquiring the richest mine in Montana at the time.

ALMOST immediately following its birth, Silver City became an important business center. The names of Three Mile, Seven Mile, and Ten Mile were given to creeks and meant the distance from Silver proper. Montana City, another booming mining town, was its nearest neighbor, being but twenty miles away. There was but one gulch between Ten Mile and Montana City which contained water, making it the last opportunity for prospectors to obtain water, and so it derived its name, "Last Chance Gulch." Later, four prospectors, referred to as "The Four Georgians," were to take "one last chance" and discover gold in what is now downtown Helena.

A non-denominational church was built in 1873 and several now famous Montana clergymen preached from its pulpit. It was said that the saloon-keepers contributed regularly to the church and one saloon proprietor was noted for pledging a percentage of each drink sold.

During week days Silver City was unusually quiet and peaceful for a mining town, with the majority of its population prospecting along the banks of Silver Creek. Six days out of the week they labored hard, and results of their hard labor enabled them to cut loose on Saturday night. Professional gamblers and dance hall girls often came from other camps to be on hand for these celebrations.

Water was the town's chief problem. In 1883, the Water Corporation of Prickly Pear Valley was organized. Its members were ranchers and first claimants of the water from Prickly Pear Creek. Little was actually done about the problem until 1889 when a man was hired to divide the water equally among ranchers and farmers in accordance with the amount of land held. Ranchers begrudged miners the use of the water as they made it very muddy, but their complaints were taken good-naturedly.

As Silver City continued to prosper, it began to attract a less desirable element. An epidemic of lawlessness broke out. The former friendliness and hospitality of early Silver City became very strained. Locks appeared upon cabin doors while their owners were at work and residents were afraid to be out alone after dark.

At last they banded together in an effort to halt the activities of road agents who were becoming very prosperous at the city's expense. Eight unhappy outlaws were captured and tried in the city courthouse, a mud-daubed two-story building built by the Lewis and Clark Expedition many years before the discovery of gold in Prickly Pear Valley. The culprits were convicted with enough evidence against them to dispose of a hundred outlaws, and order was restored to Silver City. They were sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

Invitations to the execution were immediately sent out for the great event, but as the word "hanging" tended to create an unfriendly impression, the words "going away party" were substituted. Spectators from far and near arrived, some with invitations but many more without.

The town went all out for the condemned men. Saloons provided free drinks on the house for the honored guests with any lost profits being quickly made up by the steady stream of visiting customers.

On the third day the party was over and the prisoners were returned to the courthouse where the fearsome sight of eight ropes hanging from the rafters shook them back into reality.

Each man was granted a last request and seven asked for the usual last drink of whiskey and a merciful drop, but the eighth requested his last drink and a merciful drop plus a last kiss from his sweetheart. This fouled up the citizens' plans a bit, but they were reluctant to ruin their reputation for hospitality at this late stage of the game. The prisoner was granted a reprieve until the lady in question could be brought from Virginia City, about a three-day steady drive, where she worked as a dance hall entertainer. He continued to receive the best of food and drink until she arrived.

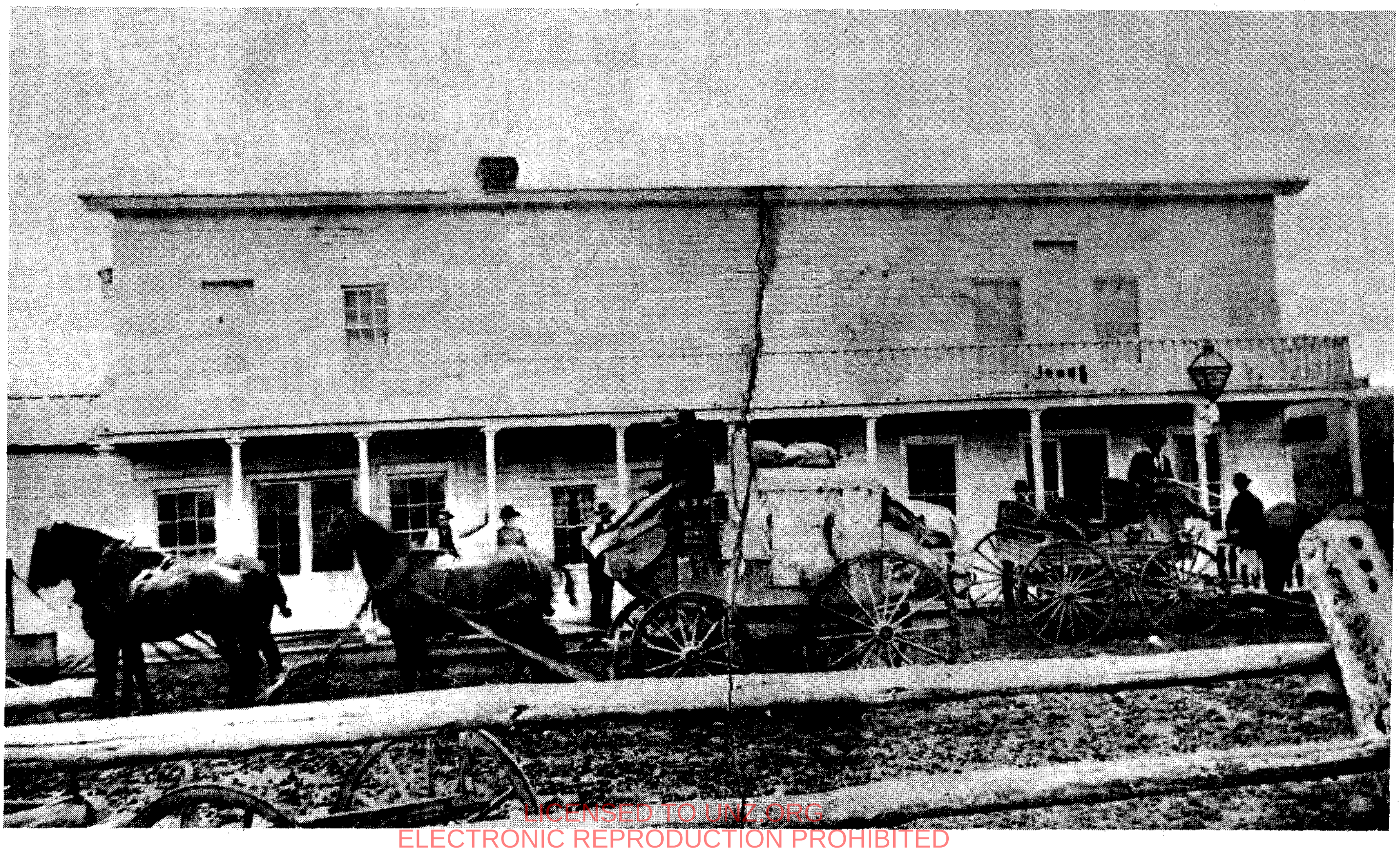
His last drink didn't take much time; his last kiss, the executioners were obliged to break up. Then after a sincere speech in which the outlaw told the citizens that he regretted his actions very much and congratulated them on their well-deserved reputation for gracious living, he kicked his box out from under himself and departed for the next world. The bereaved sweetheart grieved pathetically for her dead lover for nearly a week at which time she met a very successful gambler in Virginia City who was able to provide her with enough luxuries to relieve her great sorrow forever.

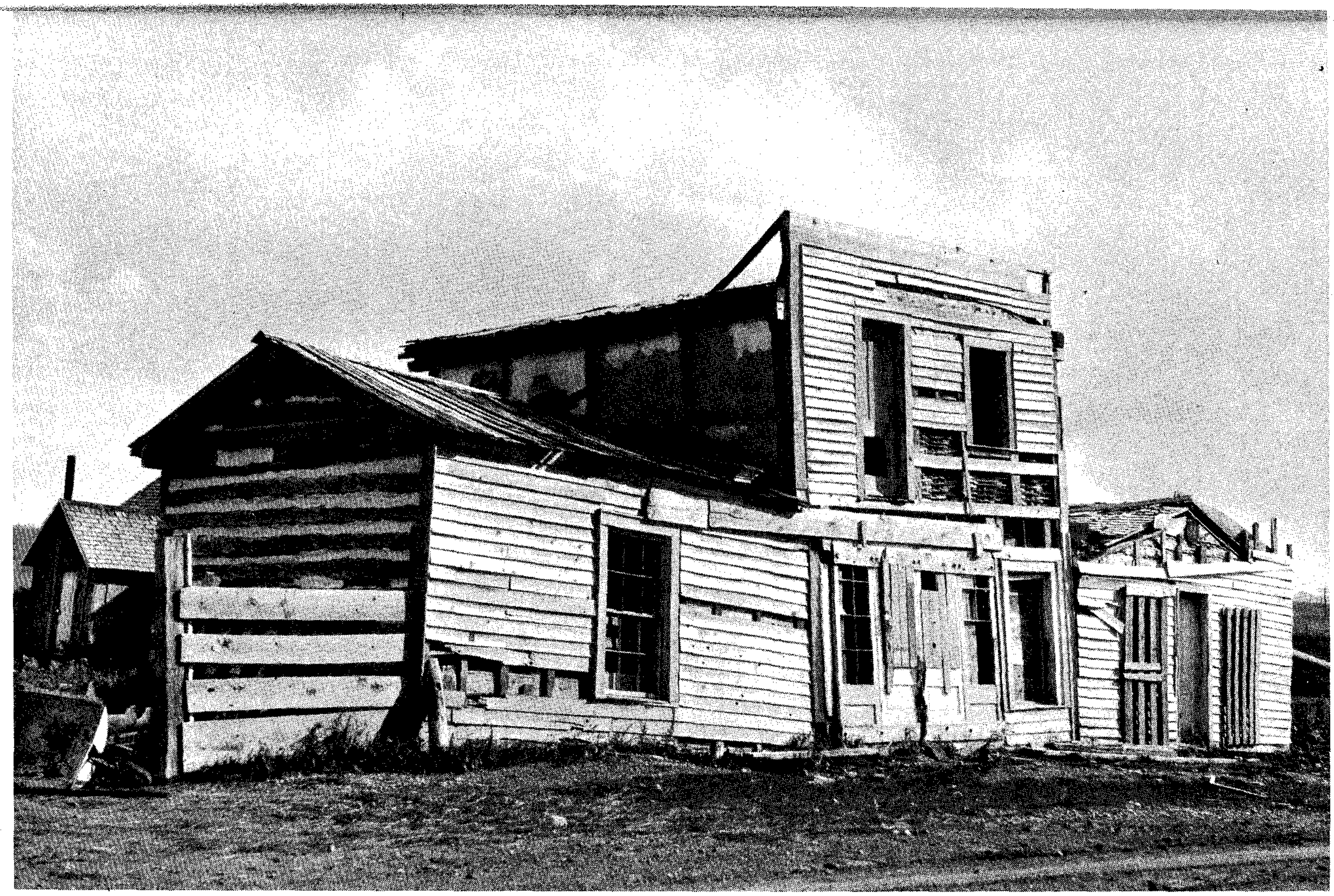
AS THE MINERS worked farther up Silver Creek it became evident that their pannings were getting richer and richer and there was much speculation concerning the source of the gold. The entire length of the stream to the crest of the Continental Divide was prospected, and many famous mines were discovered. The first was the Belmont which produced $2,500,000. The Bald Butte, just over the crest of the Continental Divide, produced the richest ore produced in Montana. Most of the ore was half gold and was high-graded by miners who secreted it in their lunch boxes, hats, boots, etc., until the company bosses had them stand inspection after shifts.

On June 18, 1877, two prospectors, Charles Cotler and William Hicky, located the Bluebird Mine and here was erected one of the first mills in Montana's Lewis and Clark County. It was the marvel of its day and attracted much attention, although today it would be considered a very inferior affair. With the assistance of this mill, Cotler and Hickey were credited with having cleaned up $600,000.

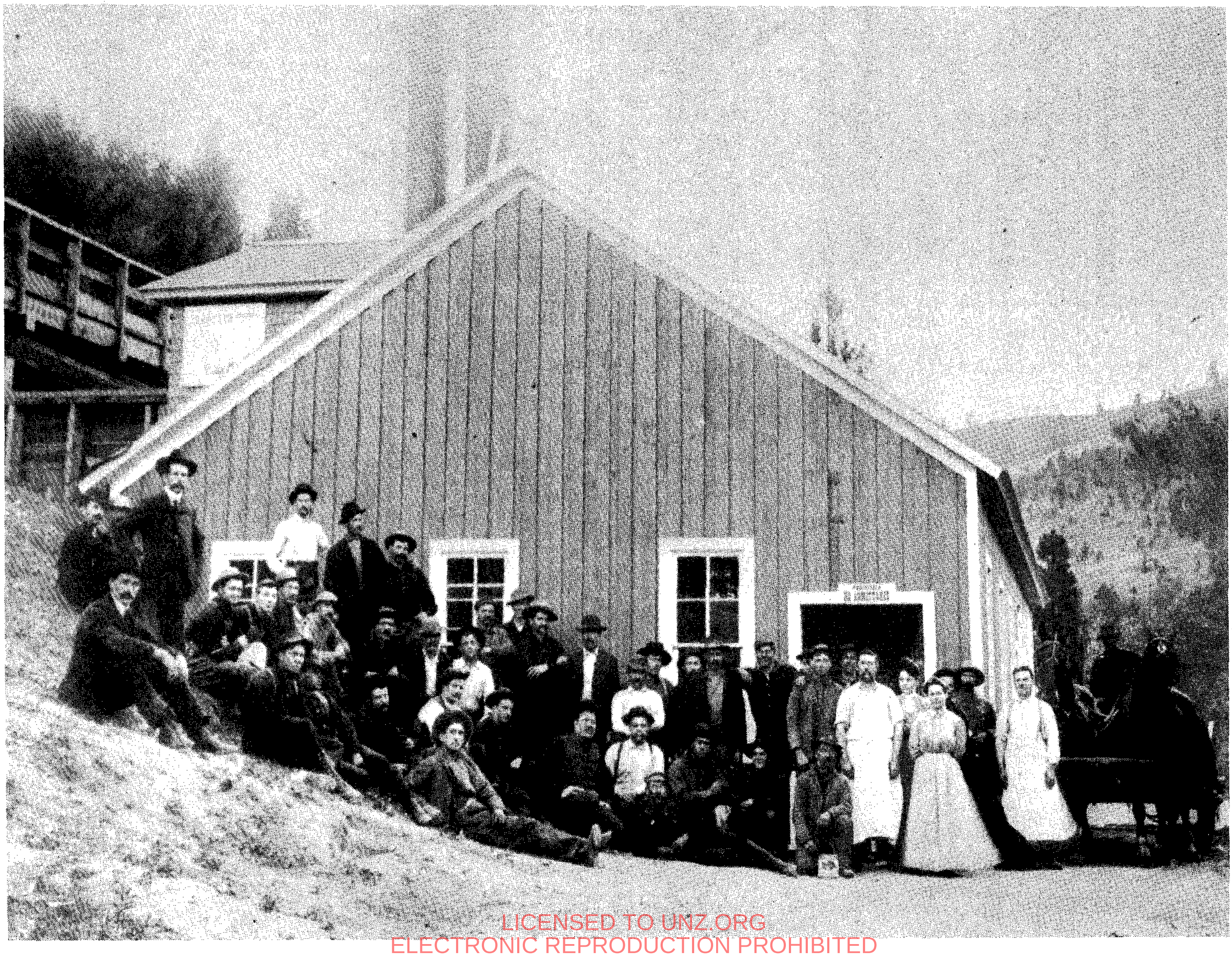
Just ten miles from Silver City, where it crossed the Continental Divide, a

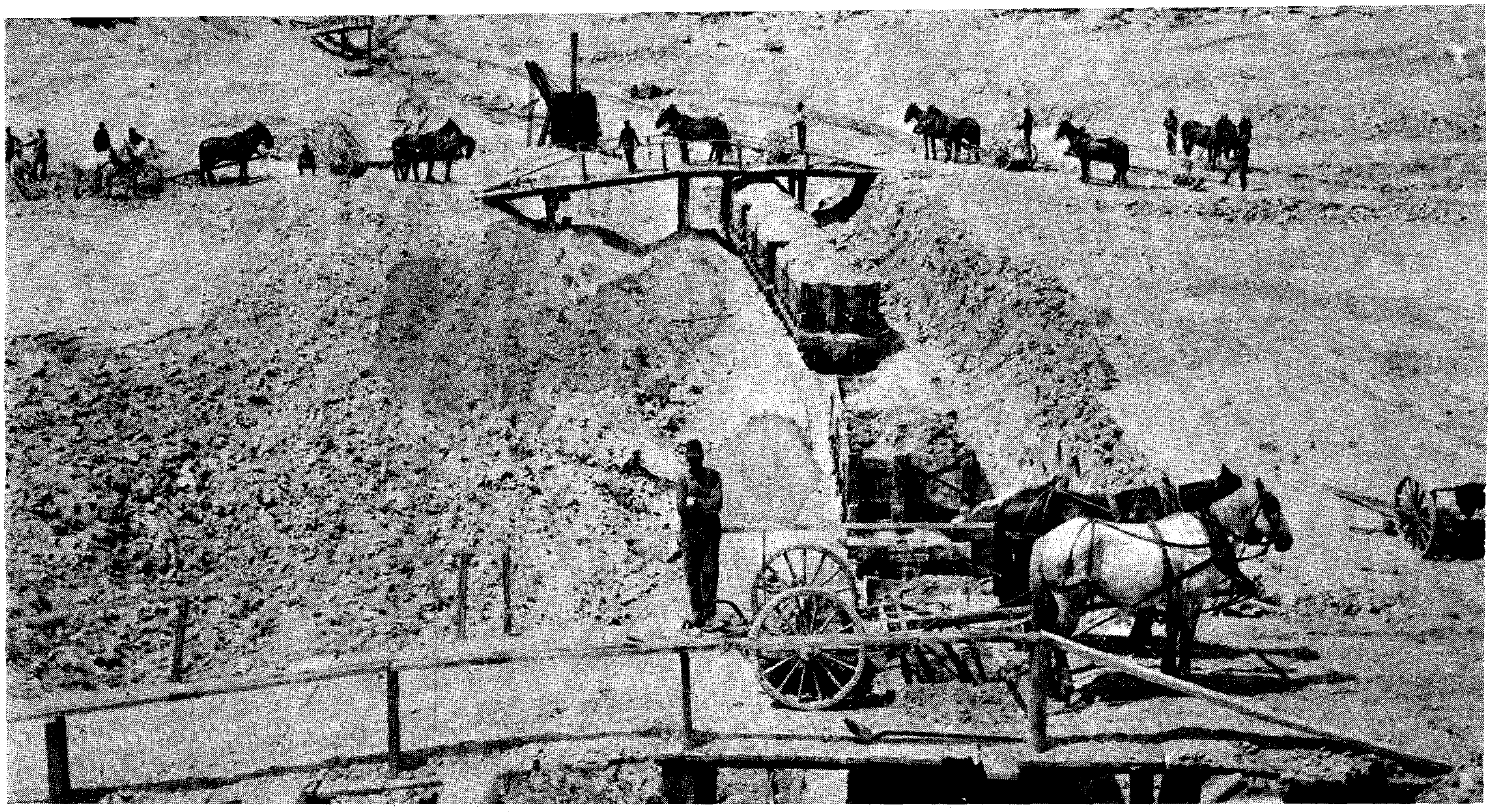
Silver City Hotel in 1884. It was owned and operated by Nick Gredell.





Above, Silver City Courthouse, built during the Lewis and Clark Expedition of mud-daubed willows and logs, later faced with milled boards. This is where eight outlaws were hanged following their "going away party." Below, miners and other employees in front of shop at the Bald Butte Mine about 1899. The Bald Butte produced the richest ore in Montana.





Loading old Drumlummon tailings for re-milling under a newly-patented cyanide process to recover lost values in original milling. An average of 500 tons a day were processed and profits far exceeded those of the first milling.

quartz ledge was discovered by J. E. and W. H. Murphy, H. O. Nash and W. A. Rader. The claim was duly registered as the Snow Drift and Penobscot, October 10, 1874. For some strange reason the discoverers seemed to lose interest in the property and it was not until three years later that another prospector named Nate Vestal was to purchase and make the Penobscot famous.

Vestal had owned the Penobscot but a short time when prospector Lark Sandige arrived on the scene and asked for permission to make a try at tracking down the Snow Drift vein.

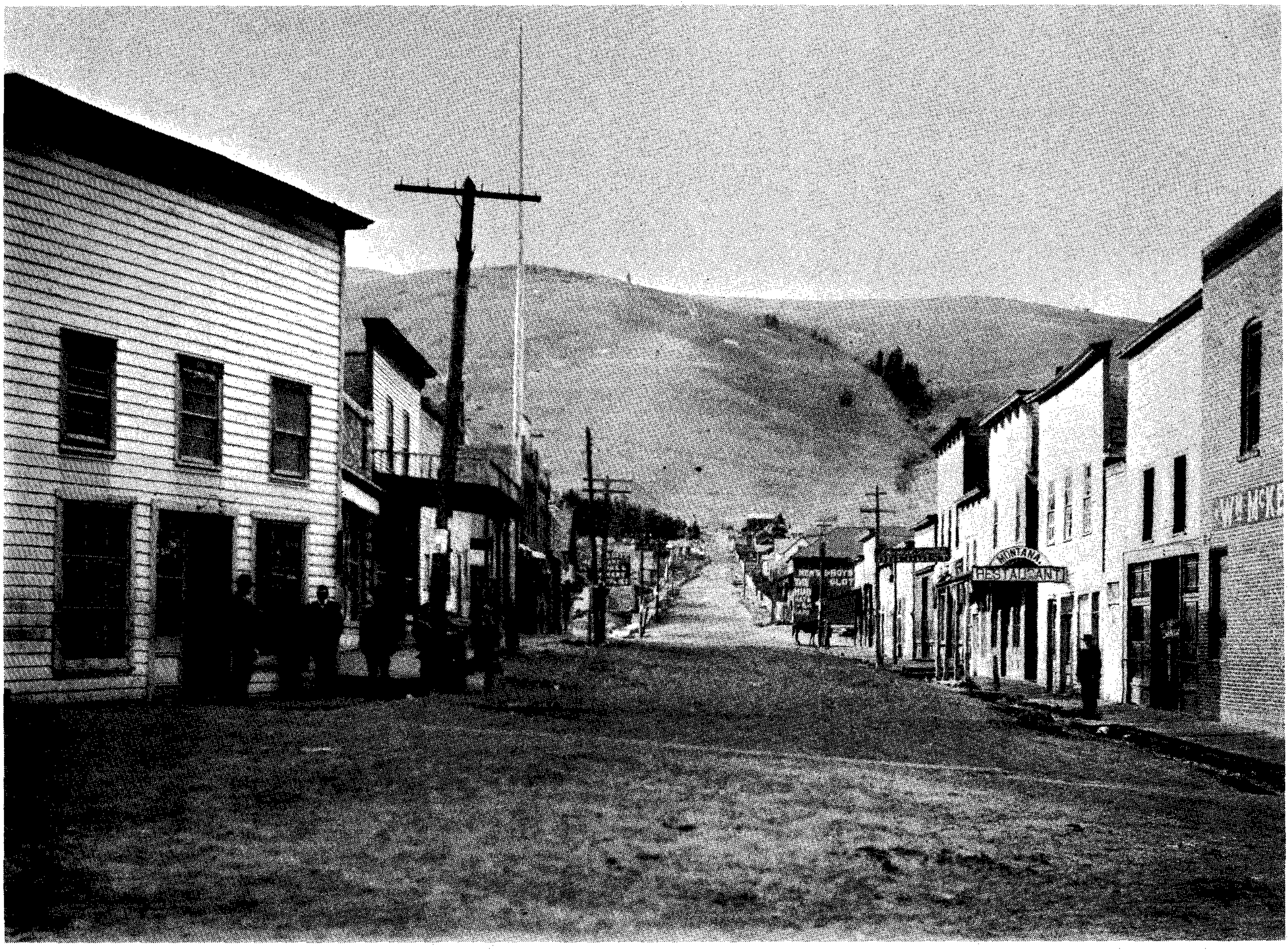
Luck was with him, for he made a valid discovery east of the Penobscot, after which he dug down into one of the richest bodies of ore then recorded. The lead was in granite near a lime contact. Vestal erected a windlass on the prospect hole and a small prospecting shaft was sunk. The ore in the arrastre was hauled across the range with ox teams to the Bluebird mill, and a cleanup of $6,500 was realized. A five day's run of Penobscot ore in the five stamp mills, when melted into brick form, was found to contain $54,000 in gold. This mill run was made in 1876 so the brick was referred to as the "Centennial Brick." Vestal was so encouraged by this venture that he erected a mill which enabled him to pocket the neat sum of $300,000.

Nate's luck in the mining game enticed others who hoped to share in some of his good fortune and Nate himself encouraged them. Selfishness and greediness seemed to be entirely foreign to his personality; rather, he enjoyed helping others not as fortunate as he to get a start. Old-timers recounted stories of his generosity, of money handed out without security of any kind and often with no probability of return. He was described as a fatalist and perhaps it was his being a fatalist that helped keep him from losing heart in the face of bitter disappointments previous to his prosperous days.

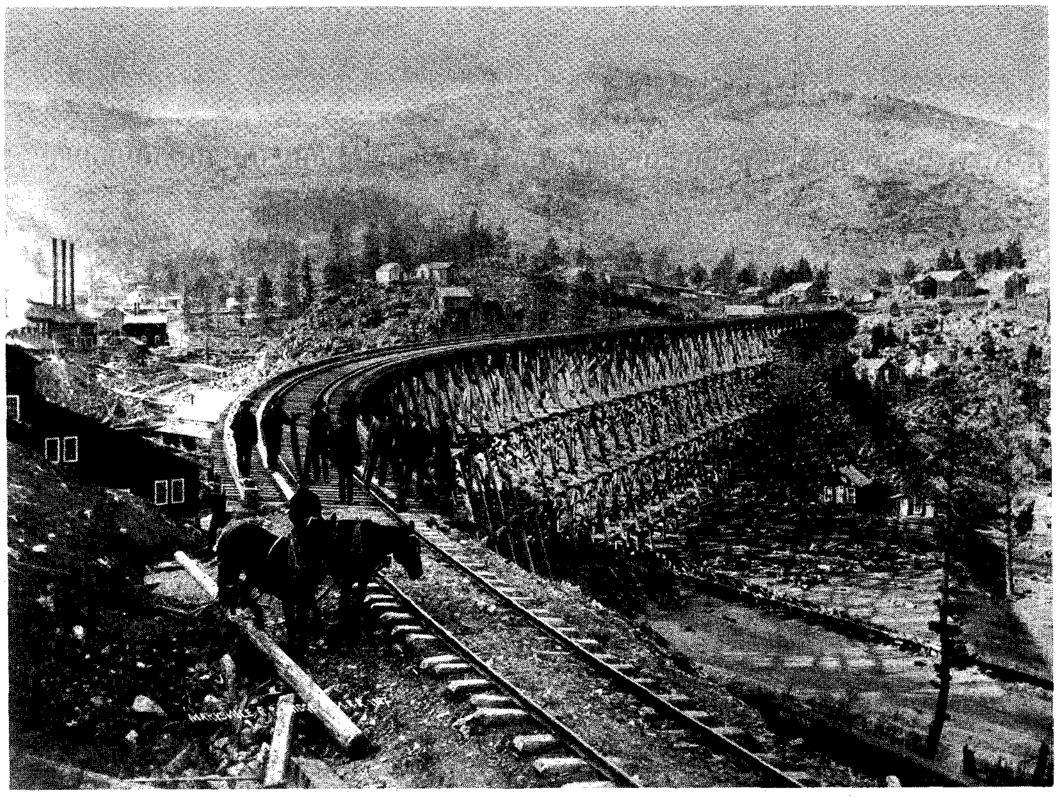
One of Vestal's biggest weaknesses was his intense liking for slot machines. He simply couldn't leave them alone. In fact, so great was his addiction to this form of gambling that he was supposed to have contributed $8,000 to the one-armed bandits before acquiring one of his own.

Money, after he had it, meant little. It went as easily as it came. A story which illustrates his carelessness is still told. Upon arriving in Helena with $12,000 in gold in his poke, Vestal retired for the night in a local hotel and did not think about his dust until morning when the stage driver informed him that he had tossed it under a tree. Vestal looked underneath the specified tree and found his poke safe and sound where it had lain for several hours.

Vestal located the Emma Miller mine March 13, 1876. It is on record as having produced approximately $125,000. After working the Penobscot for some time, Vestal got restless and sold it for $450,000. He then went east to break Wall Street. Wall Street, however, failed to cooperate and proved instead to be



Old photograph above, taken during the 1890s, shows the lower part of Marysville's Main Street looking north. Picture was made prior to a fire which destroyed many of the buildings. Below, Marysville Northern Pacific trestle in 1887.



Vestal's Waterloo, for it broke his streak of luck.

In due time Vestal returned to Silver City, as broke as upon his first arrival. Since he had grubstaked Thomas Cruse before the latter struck it rich, he decided to ask the mining magnate for a loan to develop another mine. Cruse met his request with, "Where is your security?"

Replied Vestal, "I didn't ask you for security when I lent you $10,000."

"That," said Cruse, "showed you were a poor businessman," and Vestal failed to get the loan.

After prospecting for several years, Vestal purchased one-third interest in some property called the Gold Leaf. The ore at first proved to be very rich and Vestal said to his partner, Joe Oker, "It's going to be another Penobscot, Joe!" But fate was against him and time proved his prophecy to be untrue.

News of the great gold stampedes in Alaska drifted into Montana and once again Vestal got itchy feet. He migrated to Alaska as a representative of the Alaska Exploration Company. Here he caught up with Dame Fortune by discovering rich placer on Sweet Cake Creek. With the fortune derived from this mining venture Vestal decided to settle down in California with his wife and two daughters.

THE PAT SHANNON, named for its discoverer, was a little different from most. For thirty long years Pat Shannon kept the secret of his mine jealously guarded behind bolted doors. He gave out no information to curious inquirers and, unlike his neighbors, neither exhibited samples of his ore nor took anyone into his confidence concerning the nature of it.

There was, of course, no proof that the Shannon harbored any ore of any kind, but when Pat refused tempting offers from mine operators in and near the Silver Creek district the miners' curiosities were aroused. Although Pat continually put money into his mine it was quite obvious that none ever came out.

Thomas Cruse, sensing that Pat must have something, attempted to negotiate with him, but Pat, who had no love for Cruse, responded to his offer with, "I'd rather burn in hell than do business with you!" and continued to earn a living by working on adjacent properties.

Then suddenly Pat became ill and, after a race with the grim reaper, realized that life was an uncertain thing at best and figured that he'd better get something out of his so-far unproductive property. He contacted his friend, Dr. O. M. Landstrum, pioneer doctor, and said, "I'd like you to take hold of my mine, Doc, and work it for me. I'm in no condition to do anything further with it, and if you'll just pay me a fair price on a lease for a while, perhaps I'll sell it to you later. You'll know what a fair price will be after you look her over."

This conversation led to a bargain between the two which gave Dr. Landstrum the right to purchase the Shannon at the expiration of the lease, which he did for $30,000.

He took in as partners T. A. Marlow and Norman Holter and within a very short time the Shannon's secret was out—it was one of the richest gold strikes of the time. A 100-ton cyanide plant was installed to replace the old 60-stamp Peigan Gloster mill, where the ore was milled. The nature of the ore at the Piegan Gloster was such that it could not be satisfactorily worked except through the cyaniding process. As this mining development had not been successfully demonstrated when the original owners of the mine operated it, it had resulted in considerable loss. The ore failed to readily amalgamate under the old stamp process and many tons of rich tailings went down the gulch to be deposited on irate ranchers' property. When the owners realized that their loss far exceeded their recoverage they became so discouraged that they suspended operations for several years.

But what had been a real headache for them turned out to be opportunity in disguise for others. George Slater, a Prickly Pear rancher who had been struggling desperately to coax a living from his rocky soil, one day noticed colors in the hated tailings deposited on his ranch. He became interested, had them assayed and learned that the best crop he could produce would be gold from his tailings. He set about commercializing his by-product to the extent of approximately $50,000, which in those days represented a neat little nest egg. In his own words, "It sure beats ranching all hollow!"

Neighboring ranchers followed Slater's example, and so bountiful was the prodigal Piegan Gloster mill that they realized approximately $200,000.

Pat Shannon died without knowing that his mine was to yield a fortune to its new owners, and that later the Barnes-King Company would take $5,000,000 from its rich ore. In later years, the new price of gold encouraged leasers, who also were not disappointed in the results of their work in the old Shannon.

ON MAY 27, 1878, David Gilmore, a prospector, located the Genesis Mine, which he soon disposed of to a local company. The buyers built a mill upon the property and profited highly for a few years. Then work on the Genesis was suspended as the mine was believed to be worked out.

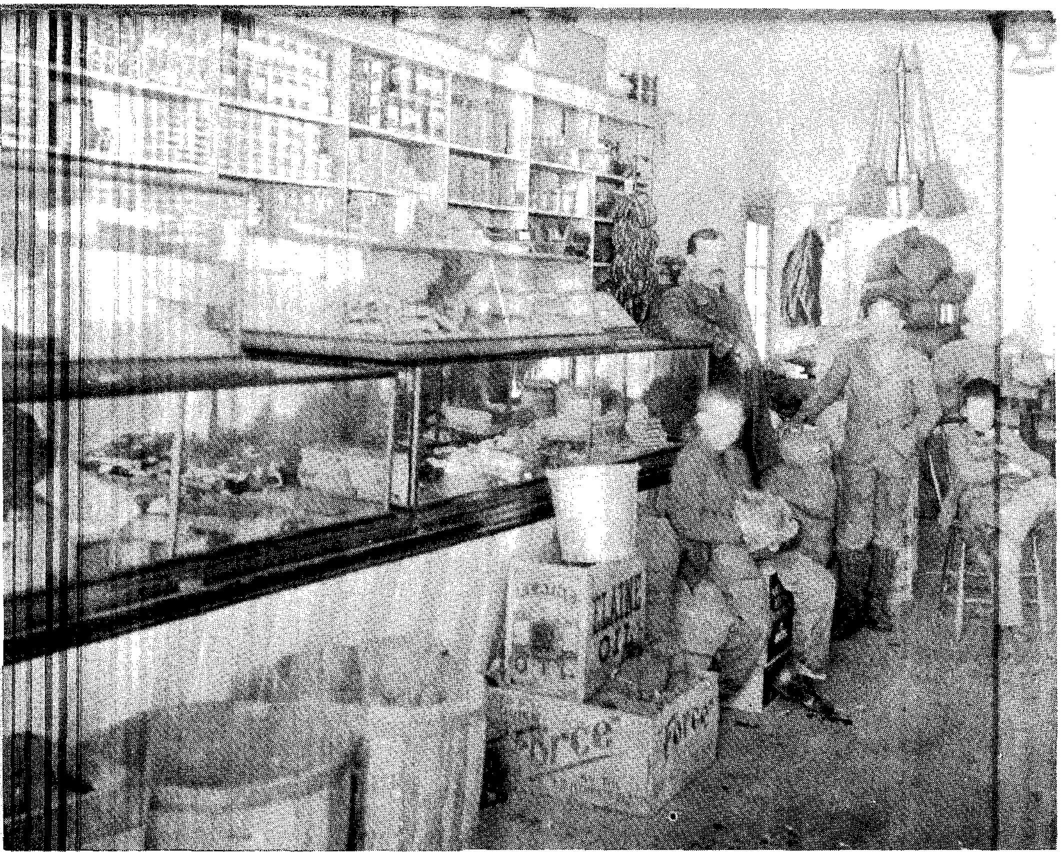
Marysville, about 1887. The Drumlummon mill can be seen in the lower right-hand corner of the picture.

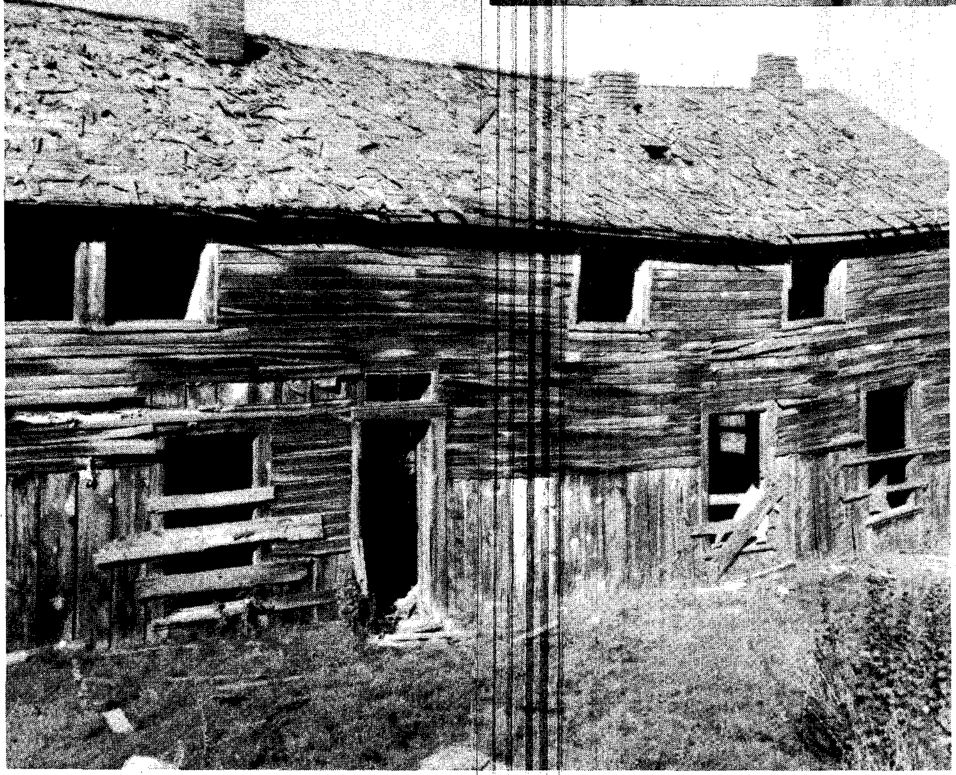
A miner, Tom Silcox, applied for a job as night watchman, and while taking over his duties, uncovered a parallel vein which so encouraged the owners that a mill, larger and newer than any in the vicinity, was erected. The Genesis then proceeded to produce another half million.

After several years, the mine was declared to be worked out and finally was leased to the Lawler Brothers, who in turn made another strike and proceeded to ship ore averaging $2,000 per ton.

In most camps in the early days, there was at least one miner noted for discovering riches for others but never possessing enough luck to strike anything for himself. So it was with Wallace Birkhead, one of the first prospectors of Silver Creek.

Wallace was always ready to give advice to the uninitiated, or to lend a helping hand to anyone interested in any phase of the mining game. It was considered a lucky gesture to seek him out for advice.





Picture above shows early-day Marysville store interior. The proprietor, Louis Julian, is shown leaning on counter. At left below, the shambles that was once Marysville's finest hotel. Guests included many world celebrities. Calamity Jane was registered here as a teamster.

In 1887, a newcomer called George Frost asked Wallace to take him prospecting. After climbing the northwest slope of Penobscot hill, Wallace, or "Brink" as he was commonly called, said, "If you dig down here I think you will cut the Nile vein."

Just as Birk had said he would, George found his ore, although it was not high grade.

George took in another prospector named Harry Murray and they sank a shaft twenty-five feet in depth. The partners erected a cabin and supplied themselves with good equipment for further development work after naming their property, "The Bell Boy." Very little work was done despite the enthusiastic preparations, and the following spring found the two partners hot-footing it over to Granite Butte to investigate rumors of big strikes there.

A year later they were compelled to do some assessment work on the Bell Boy as it was impossible to get anyone interested enough to do it for an interest in the property. No one wanted to take a chance on low grade ore when opportunity waited around the corner for the lucky ones in the form of high grade.

The partners once more began work upon the Bell Boy. It was Harry who was certain that he saw free gold in a piece of rock which he had brought up from the shaft; George was equally certain that he did not. He assured Harry that free gold was never known to be found in lead carbonate ore.

John Gleason, better known as "Deaf John," and owner of a small sawmill, noting that business was even duller than usual, decided to do a little prospecting himself and wandered around the hills, taking samples of ore from old dumps and prospect holes. He secured a rich sample from the Bell Boy and returned for another which also proved to be very rich.

Harry was notified of his discovery and he, in turn, notified George Frost. George's reply to this interesting bit of news was that he considered them to be not nearly as intelligent as they might be. George's lack of enthusiasm had its effect upon Harry, who had faith in his partner's ability to judge rich ore, and when they were offered $40,000 from Harry Longmaid, a mining engineer, they jumped at the chance to dispose of the mine.

Mr. Longmaid started work immediately after purchasing the Bell Boy, and in a short time took out $50,000 from what was considered a worthless hole in the ground.

LARRY WALSH was a jolly little fellow called the "Duke of Waterford" or the "Marquis of Waterford," by his fellow miners. A consistent and optimistic prospector, he was noted for his ability to locate mining claims, as well as for his honesty and winning personality.

He earned his title when, after selling a claim, he went to Helena and was outfitted in great style. He returned to Upper Silver (by then named Marysville by Thomas Cruse, after Mary Ralston, a pioneer woman) gayly attired in a Prince Albert coat and grey tweed trousers. His feet were encased in fancy light topped shoes, and a high top silk hat completed his costume. Wearing this rather inappropriate outfit and accom-

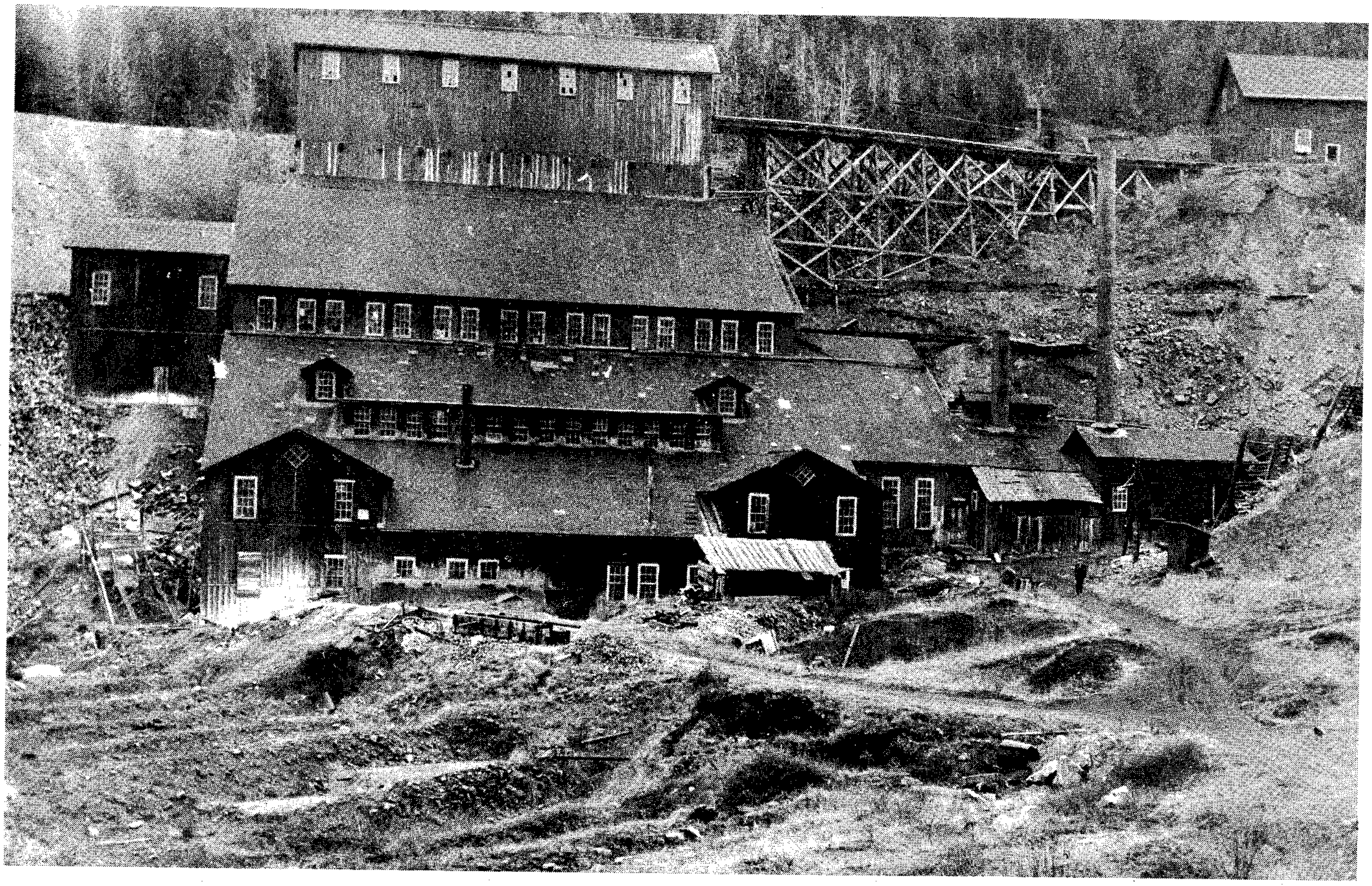
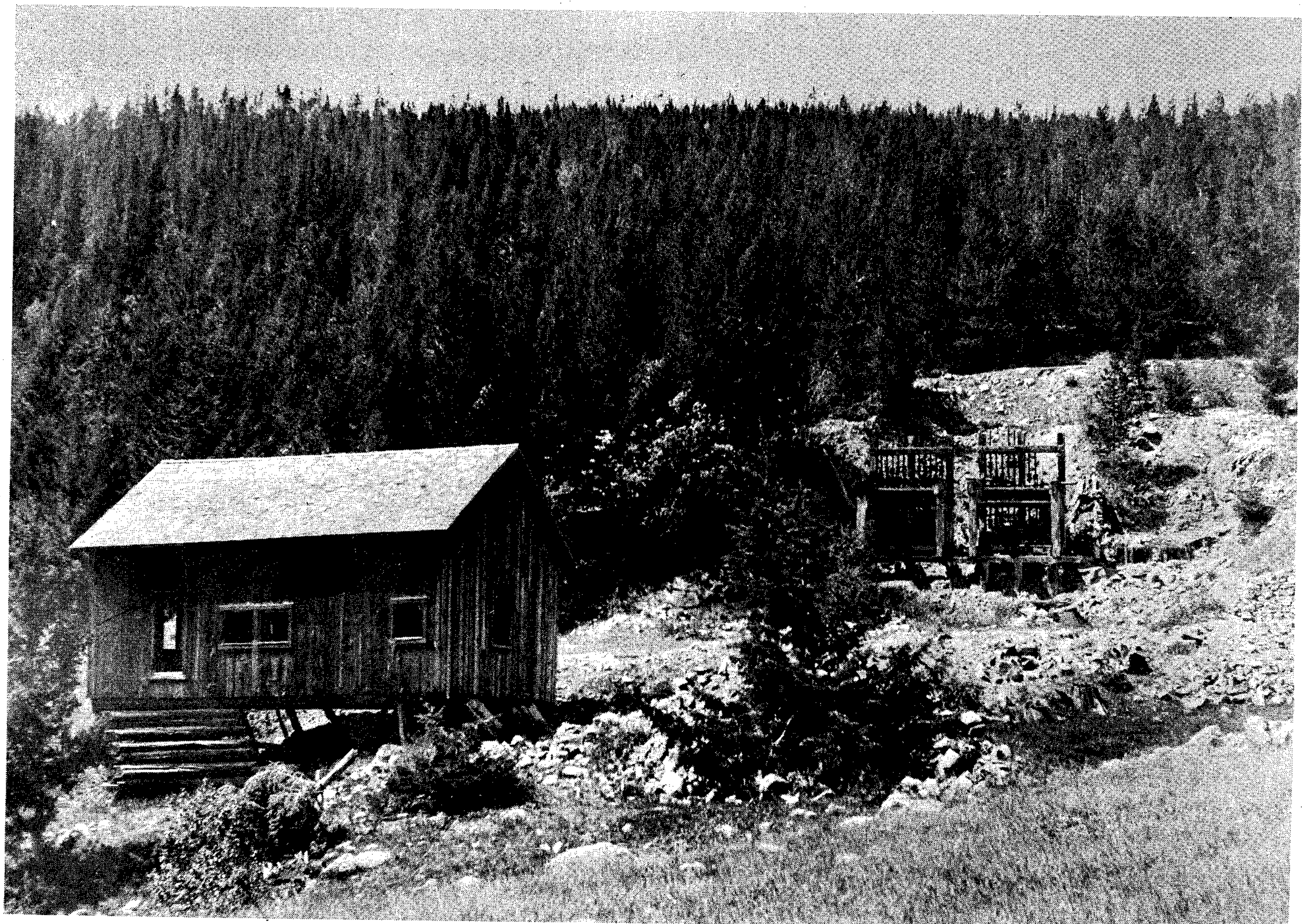


Photo above is of the original Drumlummon mill, later burned. The old Belmont stamp mill, below, was on the outskirts of Marysville.



panied by several trunks containing shirts and more fancy shoes, he stopped long enough at each relay station to invite old friends to have a drink with the "Marquis of Waterford." The Marquis, with his partner, Theo Shed, located many big claims, one of the better known being the Bon Mahen claim, which neighbored Thomas Cruse's Drumlummon.

The total output of the Marysville district in the 1907 census was estimated at $60,000,000. Although the principal mine was the Drumlummon, others such as the Gloster, Belmont, Piegan, Bald Mountain, Bald Butte, Bluebird, Hickey and Penobscot all contributed generously to the wealth of the area.

The history of old Marysville is rich in mining lore and filled with so many colorful characters and episodes that it would take thousands of written pages to do it justice.

Thomas Cruse and his Drumlummon Mine undoubtedly deserve double billing. A perfect example of the rags-to-riches miner who of all early-day Montana prospectors seemed to be the least likely to succeed, Cruse not only became a mining magnate but also made a fortune in oil fields when petroleum was considered as little more than fuel for lamps.

He married Margaret Carter, the daughter of an ex-Montana senator and his wedding gift to her was $1,000,000. His father-in-law received a gift of $10,000 just for encouraging the match. Cruse's wife died when their daughter, Mary Margaret (Maymie) was born.

Maymie, at an early age, greatly resented the restrictions placed on her activities because she was the motherless daughter of a rich and busy man. She was often heard to remark that she wished she had been born poor and could come and go as she wished without being constantly watched over by hired guards. Her short and extremely unpredictable life was filled with rebellious escapades which reportedly began when her father refused to allow her to marry a poor young man, while still in her teens.

Thomas Cruse became "Colonel Cruse" and established a bank in Helena. The Cruse mansion, once the scene of Maymie's parties, was but recently torn down to make way for a modern apartment house. He was the biggest contributor to the building of Helena's beautiful St. Helena Cathedral and sponsored many civic and social affairs in Montana's capital city. Cruse was called a charming and benevolent gentleman by those who had pleasant associations with him, but others were not so generous. However, the names Cruse and Marysville were virtually synonymous in the 1800s and will long be linked together in Montana mining history.

IN 1882, John Darlington, an English mining engineer, sampled the Drumlummon property, and it was upon the strength of his reports and the enthusiasm of Sir John Maskylene, a mining promoter, that an English company was organized to secure the mine. The contact man between Cruse and his associates was John Pixley, after whom the Pixley stopes north of the No. 1 shaft in the Drumlummon were later named.

Sir John Maskylene was chairman of the meeting when the sale of the Drumlummon was discussed and when John Pixley returned to London, papers attesting the sale of the mine were in his pocket. Pixley sought out George Atwood, a British mining engineer who had just returned to Wales after opening up the great Comstock Lode in Nevada.

The newly formed company was known as the Montana Company, Ltd., and was capitalized for 600,000 pounds sterling. Cruse received $1,000,000 in cash and accepted $500,000 in the new company's stock. The Drumlummon paid $5,000,000 to its first stockholders.

A forty stamp mill was erected. A 400 crosscut called the Maskelyne tunnel was driven 1,260 feet to cut the vein, and ores heavy with gold and silver were taken from above water level to receive a roast and pan amalgamation treatment in the mill. Later, the mill was replaced by one of sixty stamps, which was erected with plate amalgamation, and this in turn was followed by the ever popular frue vanners to recover the sulphides.

Marysville became one of Montana's biggest boom towns with miners arriving from many parts of this country as well as foreign ones. Mines were continually opened up and new claims registered. The mountainsides were dotted with diggings and the steady pounding of stamp mills could be heard day and night. There were nearly 7,000 residents.

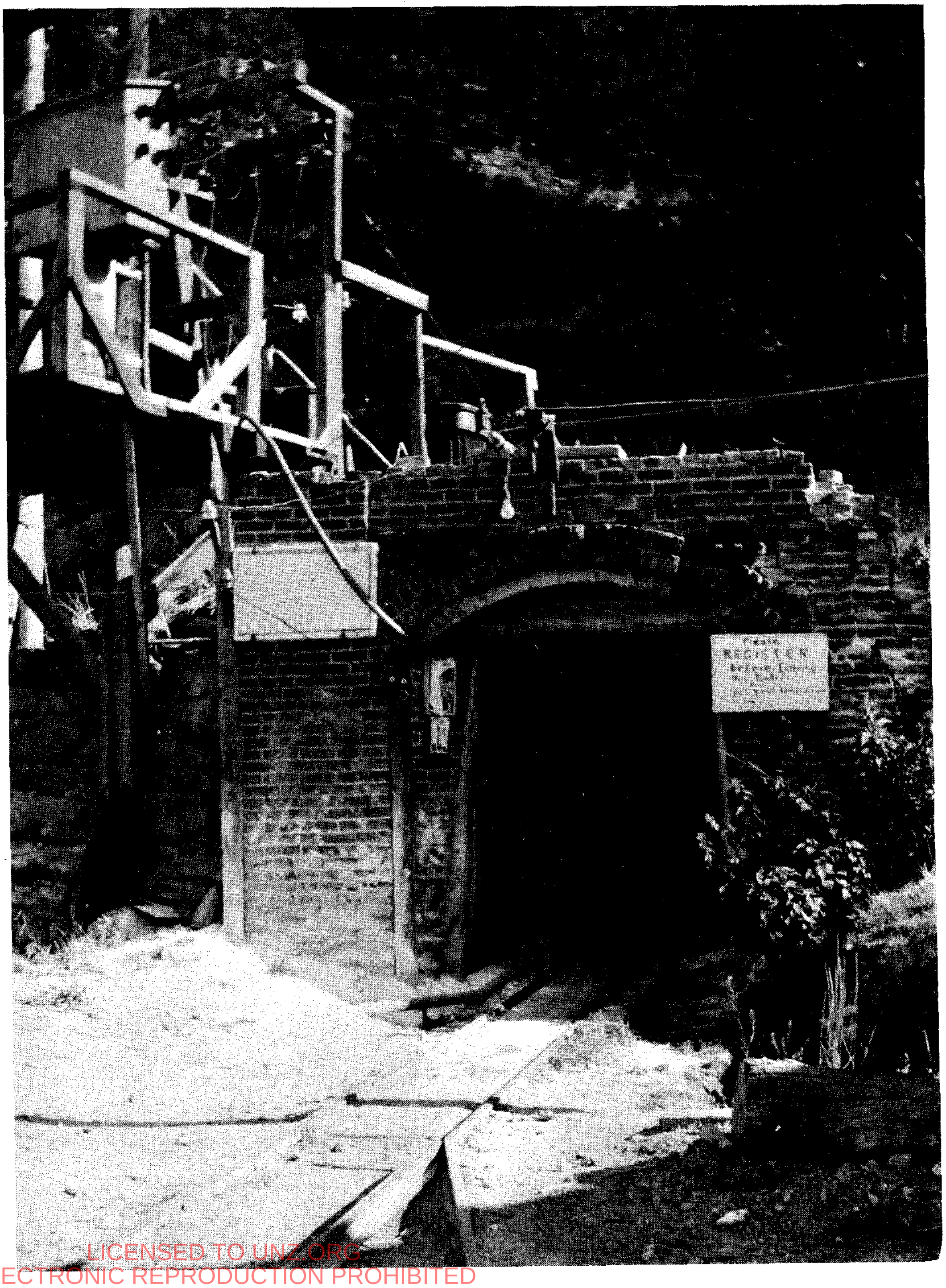
In 1888 two railroads ran a daily route from Marysville to Helena, putting an end to ox team, mule and horse freighting as well as the passenger stagecoach.

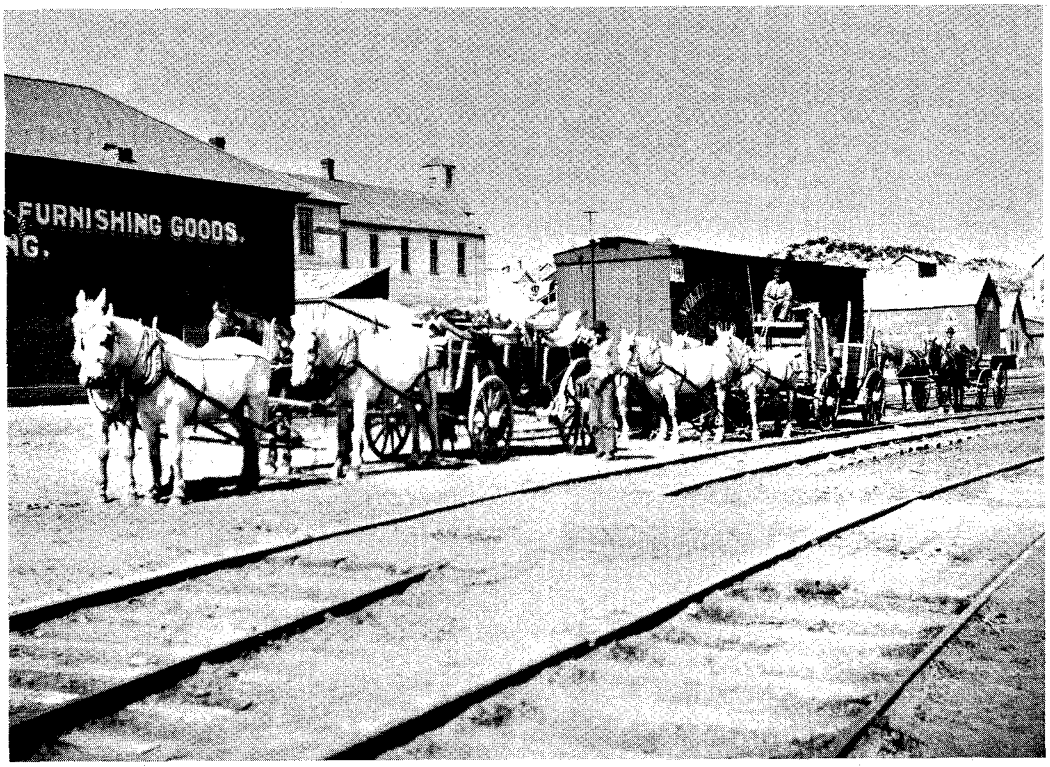
Marysville's famous baseball team at the turn of the century was the subject of many interesting stories. It was managed by J. D. Conrad and well informed sources claim it was the one which defeated San Francisco for a side bet of $50,000.

Celebrities who came to Marysville in its heyday included opera stars and the famous boxing champion, John L. Sullivan. A small Irish lad by the name of John Sullivan, who was anxious to attend a scheduled fight featuring his hero but who was without the necessary admission fee, pushed his way through the crowds and informed the great John L. that he was his namesake and wanted to see him fight.

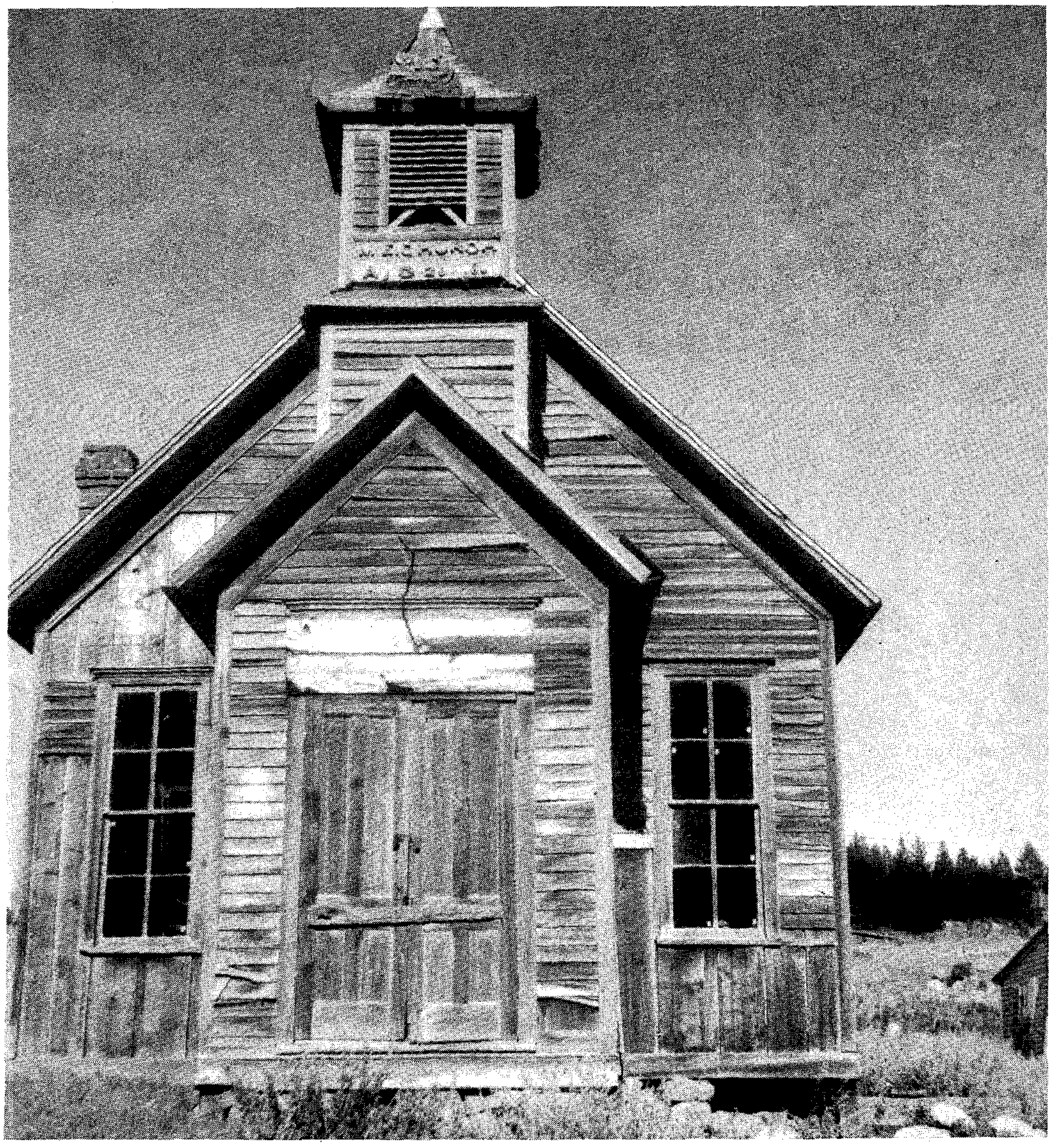
The champ saw to it that he had a

The brick work on this Drumlummon tunnel in Marysville was done in 1878 by the Montana Company, Limited.





Trackside in early Marysville. Schoolhouse is in center background. Below, Marysville's Methodist Church.



ringside seat. From then on the champion's namesake used the letter "L" for his middle initial. He was blinded at the age of sixteen when a careless smoker dropped a still lighted match in a box of explosives, but he remained a favorite Marysville citizen until his death two years ago.

CALAMITY JANE, a celebrity in her own right, was once an unrecognized guest of the town. A story is told of a local hotel manager who, unable to provide enough beds and rooms for guests during a celebration, rented floor space and blankets. One evening several teamsters were thus accommodated and in the morning the hotel clerk, noticing that one had failed to register, asked him to sign before leaving. Glancing at the rather uncertain signature, he was surprised to read "Calamity Jane."

Spur of the moment celebrations in Marysville were not unusual. A new gold strike or baseball victory could be excuse enough for at least a day's festivities, but the Fourth of July celebrations which were attended by many out of town visitors were really something to see.

The program usually began with a big parade (anyone who wished could take part in it). This would be followed by a baseball game, drilling, racing, woodchopping and other contests, barber shop quartets and many other forms of competitive entertainment. Bets ran high and were placed on most anything. Participants and guests kept up their strength by patronizing the loaded picnic tables presided over by the town's best cooks.

The celebrations were topped with a public dance which often ended in a free-for-all, as most of the miners loved a good fight and would fight their best friends anytime when under the influence of whiskey. Neighborly love would always return when the fighters sobered up—with no grudges on either side.

One such Fourth of July celebration in 1886 was held in a foot of newfallen snow.

Old Marysville cemetery (Upper Silver Creek) is gradually being reclaimed by tall weeds and grasses.

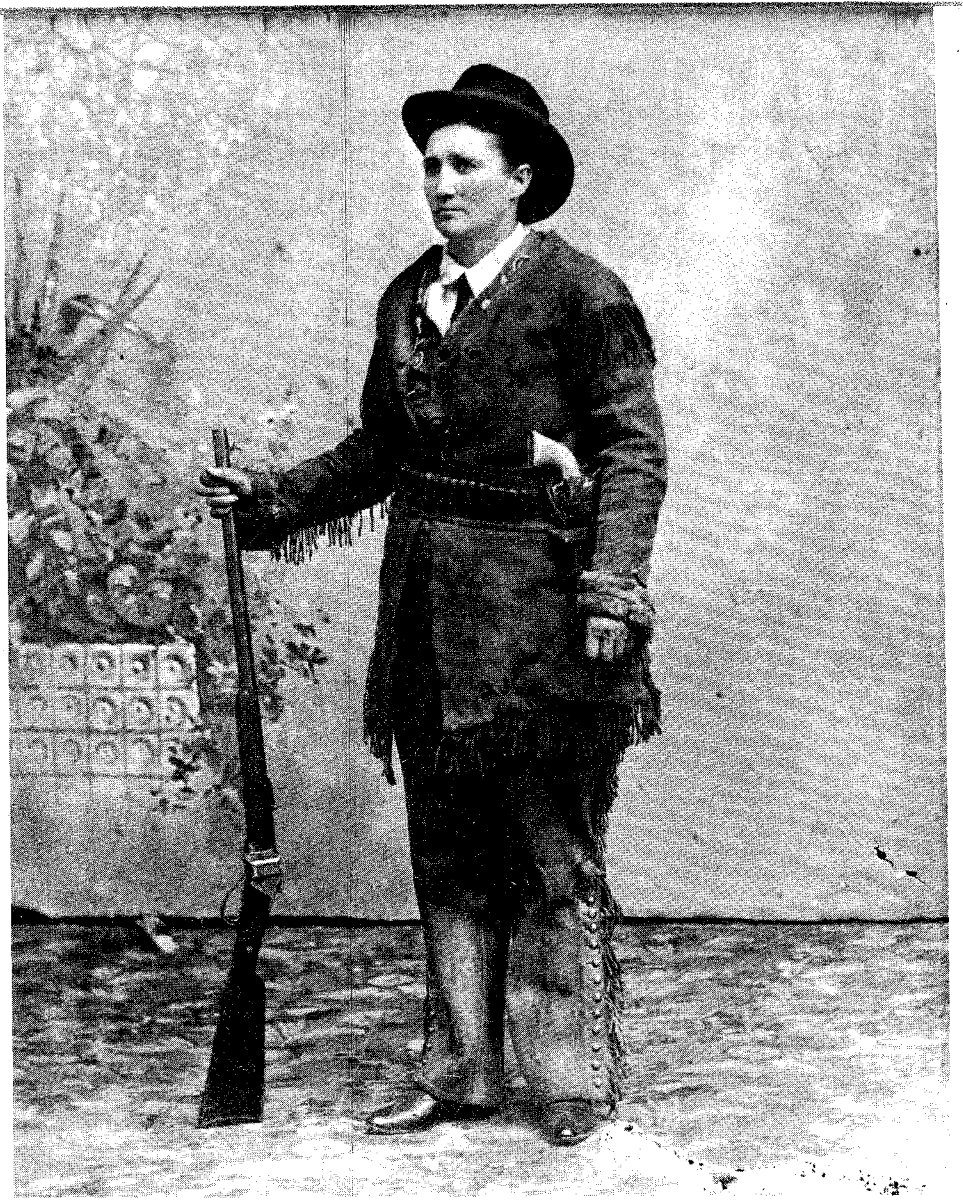
An account of it in the Marysville *Mountaineer* stated that Main Street was paved with gambling cards an inch thick.

St. Patrick's Day celebrations were second only to the Fourth of July, when many true Sons of Erin flaunted their green hats and shamrocks as they marched around town with the town's Orangemen following close behind. The combination always caused an explosion of hot tempers with the inevitable bloody fight certain to follow.

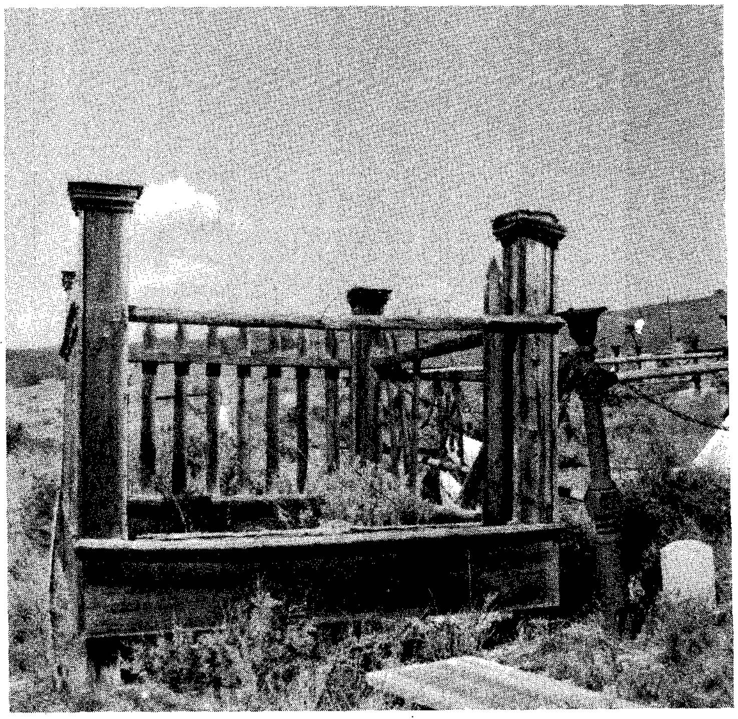
Marysville had an opera house which was well attended by residents from Helena and other mining towns, several churches, many business houses including a brewery and thirteen saloons, hotels and a large two-storied schoolhouse with eight primary grades on the first floor and high school on the second. It is still in use, although one room is now enough to accommodate the few students attending.

Several fires nearly demolished Marysville's busy main street, but there are still a few dilapidated old frame and log buildings fighting the passing of time like tired old sentinels who hate to relinquish their hold on Marysville's exciting past. One weathered two-story Masonic Lodge hall, built when Marysville was very young, is still used by members who think nothing of coming many miles for the privilege of attending what is affectionately called "The Biggest Little Lodge in the World."

Some well-kept houses stand out in cheerful contrast against the background of dying buildings. In winter skiers take advantage of the almost perfect terrain above Marysville, and in summer tourists are prone to stop and explore. They may be seen poking into old buildings hoping to find an old purple bottle or other small souvenir to take home. And they listen to the tales of the few remaining residents who resent the term "ghost town" being applied to their town but who usually will admit that Marysville has changed some. They insist that there is still a lot of gold left in her mountains, just waiting for gold prices to go up so that a new generation can experience the thrills of treasure hunting as their grandfathers did before them.



Martha Jane Canary, better known as Calamity Jane, was well known in early-day Montana mining camps. At left below, looking like the proverbial haunted house, are the ruins of what was once the residence of a prosperous Marysville storekeeper. Old Silver Creek Cemetery, lower right, contains the unmarked graves of eight outlaws who were hanged in the Silver City Courthouse.



Not a pretty story. The West had more than its share of heroism; it had more than its share of depravity, also. No one remembers with pride

The Sadie Bloomer AFFAIR

By GENE D. MATLOCK

Photo Courtesy Author

Sadie and Val Piper, a few days after she was found. An El Dorado photographer named Kuhns made this picture and sold as many as he could print.

"LYNCHING" was a basic word in the Westerner's vocabulary and one of his favorite pastimes. Judge Lynch and his penchant for handing down split-second decisions found a ready welcome in frontier America.

The origin of the word, lynch, is a matter of conjecture. Some say it came into being because of the activities of a Virginian named Lynch who organized men to catch and punish outlaws and British sympathizers at the time of the American Revolution. Other historians believe that the word came from Ireland. In 1526, James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, warden of Galway, Ireland, sentenced his own son to death for murder. A mob tried to free Fitz-Stephen's son. In order to thwart the rescue of his boy, the old man murdered him with his own hands.

In the Old West, lynching was considered a necessary evil. There was little or no law in those parts; the fact that the pioneers liked to devise their own punishments for wrongdoers was a deterrent to many would-be outlaws. Old-time newspapers minutely described the criminal and his foul deeds. Then they worked up to the grand finale—the lynching—in all its gruesome details. The articles usually concluded with a "word to the wise"—an astute observation that the folks were a little "hot under the collar" and bent on seeing that justice was taken care of "by the people and for the people."

An accused thief or murderer, guilty or not, did not waste time and money consulting a fortune teller about his uncertain future. He predicted his own fate —with astonishing accuracy! Since "lynch justice" is "immediate justice," many innocent people met death under a tree limb without getting the opportunity to prove that they were the victims of circumstantial evidence.

EARLY on the morning of September 17, 1889, George Dudley, a farmer in Butler County, Kansas, saddled his horse and rode to Rosalia, about three miles away from his farm. The year had been a good one. Broom corn was standing high and golden in the fields—and begging to be harvested. Dudley knew that he couldn't gather the crops by himself. The purpose of his trip to Rosalia was to find a hard-working farm hand. While there, he contracted the services of a lanky, poverty-stricken wanderer named Alonzo Edwards and Martha Jean, his wife. The Edwardses were accompanied by ten-year-old May Ackins, Mrs. Edward's daughter by a former marriage.

On the road back to the Dudley farm, the group stopped at the home of Elias Bloomer, whose farm was next to Dudley's. Dudley invited Elias and his wife to accompany him and help with the harvest. In the cooperative spirit which existed among the old-time farmers, the Bloomers agreed to help Dudley in exchange for assistance with their own harvest. This seemed fair to Dudley and the deal was made.

The Bloomers had a two-year-old daughter, Sadie, who accompanied her parents to the Dudley farm. As soon as the group arrived at the Dudley homestead, the men went out to the fields and started to work.

Mrs. Edwards was described as her husband's senior, a coarse, blubbery, clumsy woman who was mentally retarded. She was unfit for anything except housework and child care. The two farm women went out to dig potatoes, leaving Mrs. Edwards with the responsibility of fixing supper and of caring for Sadie.

When Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Bloomer returned, about two hours later, they discovered that the little girl was missing. Mrs. Edwards stated that Sadie had started crying, and had followed the women toward the potato patch. The women searched for the baby in the barnyard and in a nearby cornfield—but the child was nowhere to be found.

A little later, the men arrived for their supper. Instead of a well-deserved meal, they had to digest the grim news of Sadie's disappearance. The men went out searching but returned empty-handed. By this time, everyone suspected that something terrible had happened to Sadie. The closest neighbors were summoned and the search continued throughout Tuesday night.

Mrs. Bloomer had become frantic. She looked all night without stopping—running, screaming and clawing through the cornfields and the pitch-black prairie. On Wednesday morning, she fell exhausted and had to be carried to the Dudley house.

Meanwhile, everyone was angered and shocked at the complacency of the Edwardses, especially Martha. The couple made no attempt to help find the child. In fact, they appeared indifferent to everything that was happening.

By Wednesday, the entire Rosalia community had gathered to offer their services. People arrived from as far as twenty and thirty miles away. The crowd was estimated to have consisted of some 1,000 men, women and children.

Every inch of a nearby creek was dragged. The farmers, pitchforks in hand, lined up the width of the creek and pushed through the water, grimly probing the soft mud of the creek bed.

The cornfields were covered religiously —stalk by stalk—row by row. The corn was trampled to the ground and Dudley's hopes for a brighter future went down with the corn. When the fields failed to reveal any clue to Sadie's whereabouts, small boys volunteered to crawl and squirm through the numerous briar thickets. They found not even a hint of the baby.

The Edwardses still declined to join the search, and in those days, people were expected to help each other. The muttering against the couple began to grow by leaps and bounds. A farmer made a bet that Alonzo and Martha knew more than they were letting on. A few others agreed.

Wednesday night was dark and moonless but that didn't discourage the determined farmers. Thursday night was the same as the night before. Cows went unmilked—eggs went ungathered. Baby Sadie was the only thing that mattered.

That night, the crowd was organized in a definite manner. Each person was placed four feet apart from the others. The glow from hundreds of lanterns and torches, bobbing crazily over the black plains, created an impression that is still remembered by the four or five surviving participants in the search for Sadie Bloomer.

Dudley's fields were so flattened that he would have been lucky to find a single grain intact. He did his work the hard way—with a yoke of oxen. The loss of his harvest was a tragedy from which he never recovered, but he felt that a human life was worth far more than a barnful of corn.

EARLY on Friday morning, most people resigned themselves to the idea that Sadie might have disappeared forever. Each of them was outspoken in the belief that she would have been found—had the Edwardses participated in the quest.

"Let's stop fooling ourselves!" an old man cried. "We know what happened. The Edwardses are at the bottom of it all! Let's get 'em!"

The crowd, feeling the effects of fatigue and hopelessness, made a stampede for the Dudley home.

At Rosalia, the constable, a hotel owner named Smith, was informed that the search party had turned into a lynch mob and that it was on its way to the Edwardses. He hurriedly galloped his horse toward the Dudley farm, arriving just as the crowd was surrounding the house. Martha's daughter was standing outside when they arrived. A group of women took her aside and questioned her.

"Mamma hit it on the head!" the young girl said, not knowing that she had condemned her mother to a tree branch.

No sooner had the statement been made than a rush was made toward the house. Martha and Alonzo, who were inside at the time, locked the doors and windows. Some of the men threw themselves against the front door, trying to break it down.

Martha then screamed out to them, "If you will not hurt us, I'll tell you where the child is!"

Constable Smith assured the frightened couple that nothing would happen to them if they would surrender peacefully.

A sharp click was heard and the front door slowly creaked open. Alonzo was the first to leave. As soon as he had stepped outside, Constable Smith went up to him and told the laborer to throw up his hands.

"I couldn't just exactly tell what he meant, it came so sudden-like." Edwards said a few days later. "He had to say it two or three times."

As soon as he understood what was happening, Edwards' hands shot up. The warrant was read to him, charging him with accessory to murder.

Martha then stepped outside and stood beside her husband. Tears and sweat streamed down her fat, trembling face as she listened to the constable accuse her of Sadie Bloomer's murder. Her eyes stared in horror at the men and women who crowded closer.

Smith told the people to quiet down and back away. "I can't do anything as long as you all stand around trying to cause trouble!" he said.

There was a momentary hush as Martha described the circumstances which led up to the killing.

"I knocked her in the head with a club because she wouldn't mind me," said the woman.

"Say it again!" ordered the constable.

This time, Martha told a different story. She said that she had thrown a stick of stovewood at a rat in the kitchen and hit the child by mistake. The child was killed instantly. "Then," the woman added, "I toted the baby down to the creek and threw it in. Alonzo came home after that. I told him what I done and he took the kid out of the creek and carried it away on his horse. I don't know what he did with it."

Alonzo insisted that he hadn't cooperated with his wife in any way. "I knew she killed the girl," he said. "But I don't know where she buried her."

Martha then blurted out another account of the killing. She said that she and the child had gone out for firewood. On the way back, she saw the rat. She threw the wood at the rat and missed. The wood struck the ground, bounced up in the air, and then hit the baby.

Alonzo finally broke down and confessed that he had thrown Sadie in the creek. He led the crowd down to the banks and pointed out the spot where he had thrown the little girl. Again, the creek was dragged—but Sadie could not be found.

THE EDWARDSES were questioned again and again. Each story differed from the preceding one. Martha was consistent only in her declaration that she had killed the child with a stick of stovewood. It became apparent that the couple would not tell where the child's body had been hidden.

Smith appointed a special guard of six trusted men and told them to take the couple to his hotel in Rosalia. There they were to be held until Sheriff Schram could arrive from El Dorado. A dangerous, sullen group of men followed the guards all the way from the farm into town.

The more conservative farmers stayed behind and continued the search for Sadie's body. Even while Alonzo and Martha were sleeping in the hotel, hundreds of lights were still blinking about the prairie.

Meanwhile, a crowd of more than 300 men and women milled around in the street. Bottles of whiskey passed from mouth to mouth, and the desire for "justice" grew with every gulp.

A rumor spread that Sheriff Schram was on his way. Realizing that they were about to be denied a lynching, the mob exploded.

Constable Smith's guards were farmers, not gunfighters. The sight of the advancing, yelling men made them forget all about their obligations to the law. The crowd had only to push the trembling deputies aside and get the Edwardses out of bed.

Alonzo and Martha were then hustled out of the hotel and taken to a schoolhouse in the vicinity of the Dudley farm. They stayed there the rest of the night.

The next morning, a neighboring farmer gave the hapless pair their breakfast; then they were removed to the Dudley farm and hidden in a haystack.

WHEN WORD came that Sheriff Schram still had not left El Dorado, the Edwardses were pulled out of the stack and taken to Dudley's house. Once more they were told to give the location of Sadie's body. Again, they would do nothing except confess the murder.

Up to this time, the couple had not been treated violently, but their "stubbornness" convinced the people that Alonzo and Martha would have to be tortured. About a dozen of the hottest-tempered and most unrelenting men were chosen and divided into two groups. Each group was assigned a spouse and told to take the couple down to the woods by the creek and make them talk.

On the way to the creek, the groups were followed by some women and adolescent boys. The adults told the boys to go home and do the chores. The boys went back to the road but doubled back to the creek and hid themselves in a clump of bushes.

Each suspect was questioned endlessly. When it became apparent that neither could nor would tell where the baby was, the crowd lost all restraint and decided to get the lynching over and done with.

Two ropes were taken out and thrown over separate tree limbs. Martha was pushed under one noose and her trembling, sobbing husband under another.

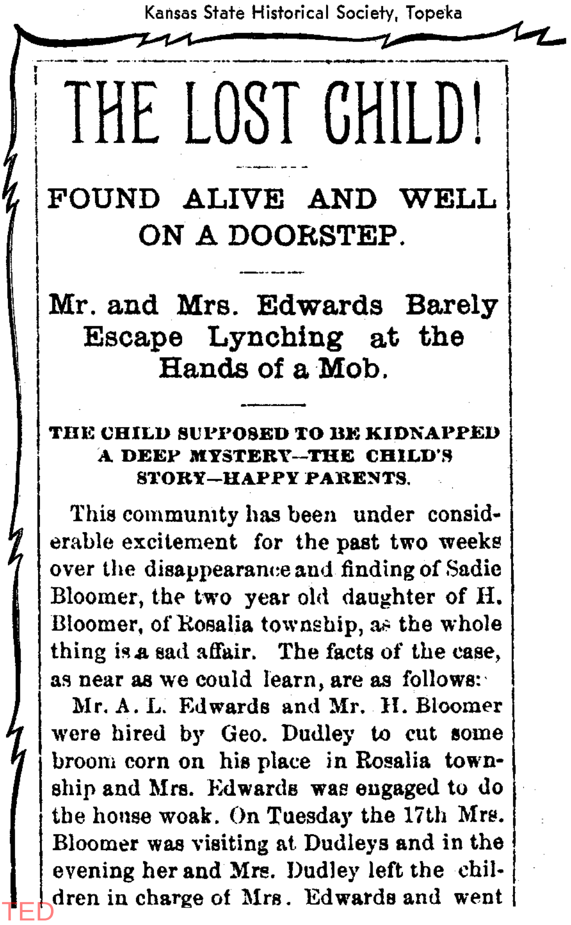
Mrs. Edwards was the first to be strung up. She was permitted to get down on her knees and say a short prayer. The words had scarcely left her mouth when the slip-knot tightened around her neck, jerking her off the ground. She tried to suck in some air but her windpipe was closed tight. As the weight of her huge body threatened to decapitate her, she kicked and jerked in a desperate attempt to free herself.

One of the teenagers, who was watching from the bushes, was sickened by the savagery of the lynchers. Seventy-four years later he told me, "Something happened which made my heart go out to that poor old woman. She was wearing one of those old-time bonnets. They didn't even bother to take it off when they strung her up. I noticed that the bonnet strings were hanging down from under the noose around her neck.

"This is going to sound kind of crazy but there was something about those bonnet strings which brought me to my senses. I suddenly realized that she was a human being—a lonely, persecuted old woman—who had been judged and condemned on circumstantial evidence. It's true that I thought she was a killer. However, it seemed to me that the mob was just as bad as she was. When the Edwardses' faces began to go black, I turned around and asked my buddies if they wanted to leave. But they were already gone. I turned around and ran and ran and ran until I could run no more. I hated myself for wanting to watch the disgusting sight. I felt as guilty and sinful as those who were hanging her."

(Continued on page 82)

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



THE LOST CHILD!

FOUND ALIVE AND WELL ON A DOORSTEP.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Barely Escape Lynching at the Hands of a Mob.

THE CHILD SUPPOSED TO BE KIDNAPPED A DEEP MYSTERY—THE CHILD'S STORY—HAPPY PARENTS.

This community has been under considerable excitement for the past two weeks over the disappearance and finding of Sadie Bloomer, the two year old daughter of H. Bloomer, of Rosalia township, as the whole thing is a sad affair. The facts of the case, as near as we could learn, are as follows:

Mr. A. L. Edwards and Mr. H. Bloomer were hired by Geo. Dudley to cut some broom corn on his place in Rosalia township and Mrs. Edwards was engaged to do the house woak. On Tuesday the 17th Mrs. Bloomer was visiting at Dudleys and in the evening her and Mrs. Dudley left the children in charge of Mrs. Edwards and went

A news clip from the El Dorado Republican, September 27, 1889.

A hasty promise made to avert a tragedy had to be kept later at an even greater cost. On January 12, 1855 the trap closed on

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

The MAYOR of OLD LOS ANGELES

"WELL, there's no doubt but that Barnes here is the more qualified man for the job, but since he has no money or equipment, I guess you are our man, Foster."

McCusick felt relieved that he was able to hire the obviously more intelligent Foster rather than the coarse Missouri muleskinner, Barnes. As quartermaster of the Mormon Battalion, McCusick had had much to do with the latter-type character, and the educated Foster would be a welcomed relief from the typical frontiersmen with which he had to contend.

Stephen Clark Foster shook hands with McCusick and then turned to Barnes, but the big Missourian was gone. They had come out to Santa Fe together in the same wagontrain, and Foster hoped there would be no ill-feeling over his getting this job. He had known from the start, however, that Barnes had just come off a spree after selling everything he owned and consequently would have to be completely outfitted by the army.

Foster, on the other hand, had his own equipment and was in no need of immediate money. Quartermaster McCusick could just barely provide for his troops, much less outfit a new interpreter.

Steve Foster was born in East Machias, Maine, in 1820. He was a handsome, blackbearded young fellow who had graduated from Yale in 1840 as a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After teaching school in Virginia and Alabama, he went to New Orleans in 1843 to attend medical school.

Foster practiced medicine for awhile in Missouri, then in 1845 he traveled overland to the Southwest, finally establishing residence in Oposura, Sonora, in Old Mexico. While living there, Foster shared a house with an old American trapper named James Johnson. One night, while they were sitting around the fireplace reminiscing, Johnson told the story of treachery and murder that was to set the Southwest aflame for the following fifty years. Foster's educated mind reeled at the tale of frontier savagery, but he listened spellbound.

As Johnson told it, the Apaches had raided a ranch near Oposura in 1836. He and a group of twelve Americans had gone in pursuit of them. On the way, they were joined by ten Mexican soldiers under the command of an officer from Fronteras. When they arrived at the Apache rancheria near Janos, the chieftain, Juan Jose, came out to meet them. He told them that if they wanted to fight, he wanted it to be on equal terms. Johnson told him that they had been ordered out of the country because of the Texas Revolution, and that they were on their way to New Mexico. Juan Jose replied that he didn't trust them and that if they interfered with him, he would kill a nearby party of trappers under the command of a man named Hope. During the night Johnson proposed that they attack the Apache camp, but because of the number of women and children involved, the Mexican officer and his troops withdrew and refused to participate. Johnson took a vote, and it was decided to kill as many Apaches as possible by treachery.

The next morning Juan Jose was told to send his people down for some piñole and panocha. About 500 Indians, mostly women and children, gathered around as an old Apache doled out the food. Johnson had brought along an old swivel gun, and he had this trained on the food sacks, loaded with forty musket balls and a trace chain. The small cannon was concealed next to a gunner, who, upon getting the signal from Johnson, lighted the weapon with his pipe. The slaughter was terrible. The Americans immediately opened fire with their rifles, shooting until all the Indians were either dead, dying or had escaped. Juan Jose himself was killed, and his scalp, for which $5,000 had been offered, was taken.

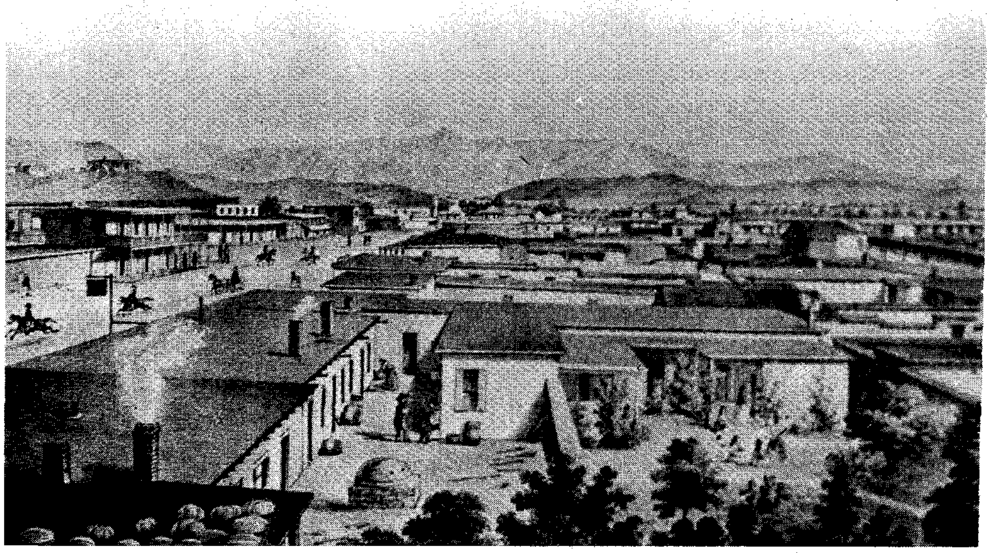
True to their promise, the surviving Apaches later wiped out the Hope party to the man.

Foster recalled that he had come to Santa Fe in a party that included one William Day, a Kentuckian who had been one of Johnson's party. One night, as they were camped near Janos, Day had related the story to young Foster, and he told him that, covered as it was, when that gun went off, the sound seemed to come from hell itself. Then followed the terrible screams of the women and children. "I have heard that gun go off every night since," Day had told Foster. And when he died in Santa Fe of delirium tremens in 1846, his last words were of the terrible swivel gun.

SHORTLY after the war between Mexico and the U. S. broke out in May, 1846, Foster joined a wagontrain for Santa Fe. He was there when the Mexican army marched out of the city in July, and he watched as General Kearny and his American forces entered Santa Fe the next month. He found work as a clerk in a store and settled down to see what would develop next.

The Mormon Battalion had been re-

Los Angeles as it looked in the wild 1850s when Steve Foster held the town in the palm of his hand California Historical Society



Stephen C. Foster, as he looked in old age
Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

cruited in Iowa and consisted of some 400 men who had enlisted for service in California. They were to pick their own officers, but were to be commanded by an officer of the regular army. Their pay was $29.50 for the year of their enlistment, and they were to march by foot from Iowa to California. Foster, together with many others, watched as the tattered group of volunteers plodded into the dusty streets of old Santa Fe. When word was passed around that the battalion was looking for an interpreter to accompany them to California, Foster and Barnes had shown up with the aforementioned result.

Since there wasn't much to do in the way of interpreting, until they reached the California border, Foster joined the battalion scouts and went ahead of the main group. It was his party that formed the first wagontrain to cross from the Rio Grande to San Diego. The battalion suffered many hardships in their journey, not the least of which was an attack by a herd of wild steers. The steers gored some of the pack animals, overturned wagons, and several of the soldiers were severely injured before the herd was finally driven off. The men never had a full amount of rations, but when they had reached San Diego, they had made the longest march of which there is military record—over 2,000 miles.

At Gila Bend, Foster and his party heard from some Mexicans of the uprising at Los Angeles, and later they heard that Fremont and Stockton were marching on the city. After some shuffling between San Diego and San Luis Rey, the battalion finally marched to Los Angeles, but the fighting was over. All that awaited them was occupation and garrison duty.

It was March 16, 1847, when the Mormon Battalion finally made its triumphal march into the City of the Angels. Three or four hundred Indians and Californians lined the dusty streets as the ragged little army filed past with a fife-player and drummer rendering *the Star Spangled Banner*. As interpreter, Foster rode at the head of the column with the colonel. He had left Santa Fe with only the clothes on his back, but had purchased a sailor's blouse and a marine's pants and brogans in San Diego. With his long, black beard and his powder horn and musket he was a strange looking figure, but at that, was one of the better dressed of his tattered companions.

Shortly after the Mormon Battalion paraded into Los Angeles, the New York Volunteers arrived in town under their colonel, J. D. Stevenson. General Kearny and Colonel R. P. Mason also came to town, and since there were no hotels in the town at that time, all of the military men had to be put up in private homes. Foster, Mason, and Cooke, the commander of the Mormon Battalion, were lodged at the home of a Mr. Pryor, an old pioneer who had married into the Sepulveda family. Fremont had already taken over the largest home in the city, that of Mr. Alexander Bell.

Fremont was then, as now, a controversial figure in California history. Foster recalled that he posted a sentry at his door and "put on a good deal of style." One morning Colonel Mason sent for Fremont, but the orderly came back saying that he had been turned away by Fremont's sentry. Mason angrily sent the orderly back but with the same results. When Fremont finally deigned to show up at headquarters, Mason was in a towering rage. Foster was in the room at the time. He recalled later that Fremont used an insolent tone of voice, and that the men became so violent in their argument that he feared they would come to blows. Fremont finally stamped out of the room, and Foster heard later that the two irate colonels had agreed to fight a duel with shotguns. The fight was only averted when Fremont was arrested by Kearny for an earlier offense, and the two men, together with Colonel Cooke, left for the East.

The Peace Treaty at Cahuenga had been signed in January, ending California resistance. The Americans were under orders to treat the population of the city with the utmost courtesy and justice in order to avoid any further uprisings. There were tensions and occasional clashes between citizens and soldiers, but generally they managed to get along under the liberal guidance of Colonel Stephenson, who was now military commander of Southern California.

IN JUNE, 1847, the wedding of Jose Carrillo and Dona Sepulveda took place. The bride and groom were both from very prominent California families, and the event was given added significance by the fact that the ball was the first given since the occupation of the city. The event was well attended by native Californians as well as all of the American officers who were stationed in the city. Steve Foster looked forward to an enjoyable evening among his erstwhile enemies and new-found friends.

Don Antonio Carrillo had taken a prominent part in the late war and was considered by all to be one of the most intelligent and talented of the native Californians. He had a peculiar trait, however, of always speaking his mind, no matter what the consequences might be. In addition, he was always ready to fight for his ideas, whether it be with friend or foe.

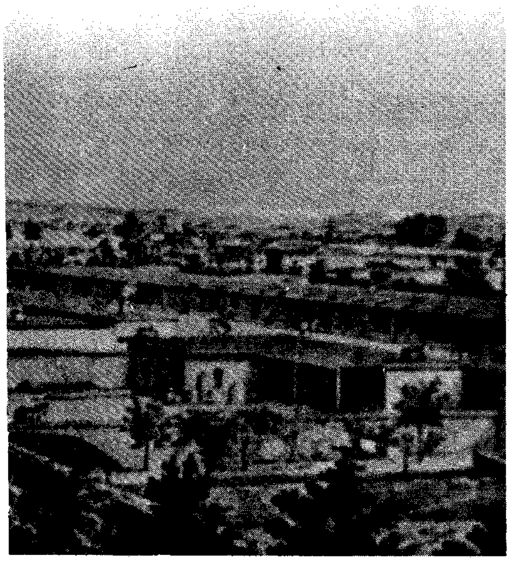
During the dance, Carrillo was sitting on the sidelines talking to Henry Fitch, criticizing everything in sight as usual. A tall Mormon officer with fiery red hair was dancing with the belle of the ball, but he was clumsy and continually tripping over his and the señorita's feet. Carrillo was watching the couple, and he laughingly mentioned to Fitch that the Mormon danced like a bear.

The next day Carrillo's remark reached the ears of the Mormon officers, and they regarded it as a gross insult to all of them. Colonel Stephenson was anxious to avoid trouble, and he hastily called a meeting of some of the prominent citizens, the Mormon officers and Carrillo. The meeting was to be held at the Pryor house. Steve Foster was sent over to tell Carrillo about the meeting and also to inform him that the remark was uncalled for, and that he should apologize for it.

"Señor Foster," replied Carrillo to the young American, "I will be glad to attend your meeting, and I am sorry that Señor Fitch saw fit to repeat a remark that was meant for him alone. I can understand why the Americans are annoyed, and I also believe that when a man is wrong, he should take back what he has said. My statement was that the officer danced like a bear, but after some consideration I have concluded that the bear would be the better dancer of the two, and I will make this apology at the meeting when it is called."

On the way back to the Pryor house, Foster pondered the position he was in. There was bound to be trouble if he repeated what Carrillo had said, so he finally decided to simply tell Stephenson that Carrillo had agreed to attend the meeting.

When the meeting was called, Foster noted with alarm that everyone was imbibing freely as they waited for the parties concerned to arrive. By the time Stephenson got there, several of the group were pretty well loaded, and anything could happen. As the Colonel made a rather long opening statement, Foster had to wait until he had finished before he could interpret. When Carrillo rose to reply, a Captain Hunt jumped up and declared that Foster hadn't interpreted correctly. Steve explained that since the



Colonel hadn't paused in his speech for interpretation, he could only give a resumé of what had been said. Hunt demanded another interpreter.

Carrillo again rose to reply and Captain Hunt again jumped up and gave a long history of Mormon persecution, ending up with the statement that he was for "free trade and sailors' rights."

At that moment, a drunken sailor named Cheever lurched onto the veranda where the meeting was taking place and bellowed, "I'll drink to sailors' rights!" Then he tumbled into the crowd of about thirty men. Immediate confusion ensued, and Colonel Stephenson was unable to restore order. Some of the witnesses slipped off, and the meeting was broken up. Carrillo made another undiplomatic remark as he passed Foster and some of the officers, but Steve gave it a different meaning in translation and another crisis was averted.

"It was lucky that bad liquor had the effect upon Cheever that it did," recalled Foster later, "for if Carrillo had continued speaking, I am sure that he would have made the same remarks that he did to me, and then there would have been the devil to pay."

COLONEL MASON had been appointed Military Governor of California, and one of his orders was that an American be appointed as Alcalde of Los Angeles. Colonel Stephenson appointed Steve Foster to that office, but when the time came for the local Ayuntamiento (city council) to install him, they refused to do so.

Stephenson wasn't one to be thwarted, though, and he promptly administered the oath of office himself, making the twenty-eight-year-old Foster the first American Alcalde of the city. The date was January, 1848. Steve also remained the local interpreter.

Administering to a sprawling little adobe village doesn't sound like much of a job, but to young Foster, who was totally inexperienced in such work, it must have seemed a herculean task.

He had learned to take things as they came, and threw himself into his new work with his customary vigor. One of the first changes he made was to put prisoners in the city jail to work. Heretofore they had lounged in their cells eating up more food than they were worth, but Foster secured balls and chains and started them fixing up the city's streets. In March, 1848, Foster performed the first civil marriage ever held in the city.

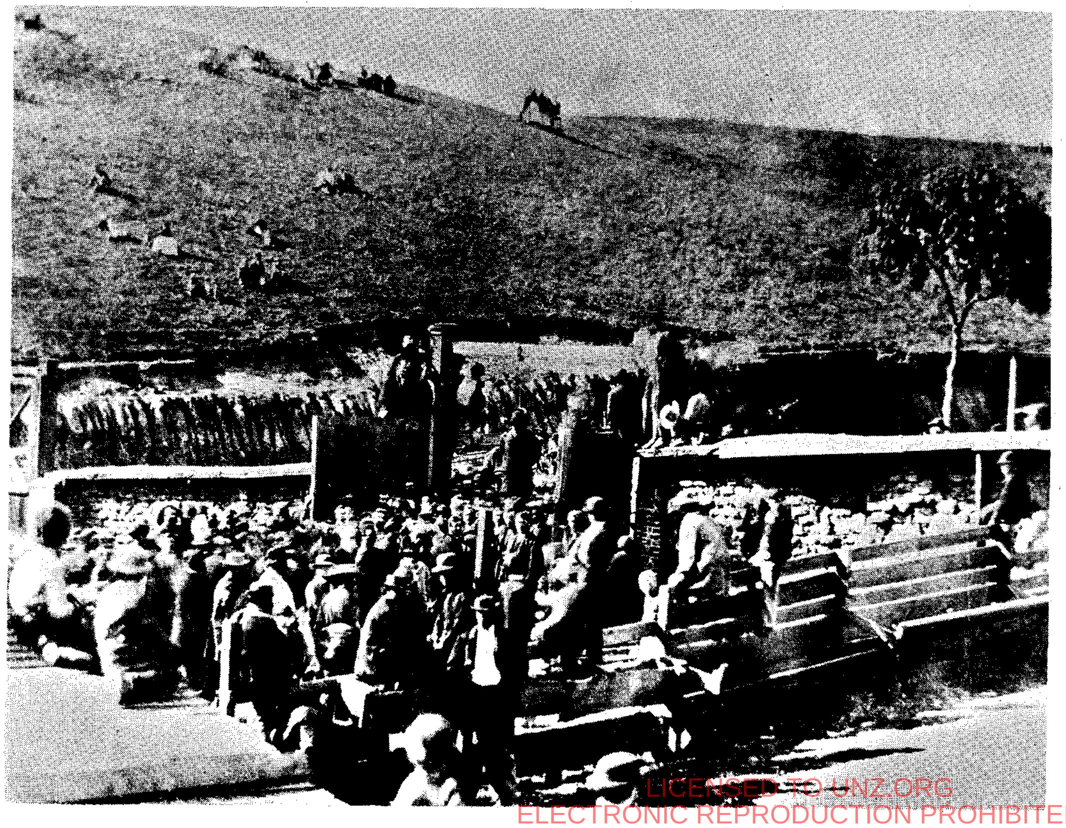
When he had first arrived in California, Foster had made the acquaintance of Don Antonio Maria Luga, one of the wealthiest and most prominent landowners in the state. He had had occasion to buy beef for the Mormon Battalion from him, and it was in this way that he met Lugo's charming, widowed daughter, Dona Merced. Being able to speak the language gave Foster an advantage over the other Americans, but above this, he found himself naturally sympathetic to these native Californians and got along well with them. On August 18, 1848, Foster and the lovely Dona Merced were married amid one of the most gala celebrations of the season.

WHILE going through the criminal records of the city, Foster had noticed several dockets relating to an Indian neophyte of the San Fernando Mission. He had been accused of burglary, horse stealing and murder but every docket ended with the statement that he had broken jail. Juan Antonio was his name, and he was generally employed as a vaquero. When accused of some crime, he would flee to the San Joaquin Valley and live there with the wild Indians.

One day Juan Antonio was captured and brought before Alcalde Foster. Steve had heard enough of his character and escape record that he wasn't going to take any chances. Juan was handcuffed hand and foot, the two shackles being joined by rivets to an iron bar. He was then placed in jail while Foster proceeded with his case. Two weeks later the Alcalde had just stepped into his office when he was met by the jailor who displayed Juan Antonio's broken shackles. The jailor then pointed out the hole that the prisoner had bored through the old jail wall and through which he had escaped.

An 1870 vigilante lynching in Los Angeles. Dave Brown was disposed of in the same manner as Mayor Foster fulfilled his vow to the people.

Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles



Later that day the reports started coming in from various ranches with the information that several large herds of horses had been stolen. The next day more reports came in, one of them stating that Juan Antonio had been recognized among the thieves who were heading towards Tejon Pass, which led toward the San Joaquin Valley.

It was April, 1849, before Foster again heard of Juan Antonio. A group of about 400 Indians had captured him when he became drunk in their camp and caused trouble. The chief had caused him to be tied up and brought to Foster's home. Steve had heard so much about this outlaw that he looked at him closely. He was very drunk and his clothes were all ragged and torn, showing that he had put up a desperate fight. He appeared to be about forty years old, and Foster thought that he had largest arms that he had ever seen.

The Indians and Foster hauled the outlaw down to the city jail and turned him over to the jailor. The Indian chief looked in at the cell and told Foster that Juan Antonio would escape from there before morning.

"Tie him up, then," returned Foster, "but don't be any harder on him than necessary."

The chief took thirty feet of rope and wrapped up the outlaw as if he were a mummy—starting at the shoulders and ending up at his heels. At every turn of the rope, the chief knotted it until Juan Antonio was completely helpless. He was then thrown into his cell.

In the morning Foster hurried down to the jail to see if the prisoner was there. The sergeant of the guard was still on duty, and he told the Alcalde that during the night he had looked in on the Indian and found Juan Antonio sleeping in one corner of his cell and the rope thrown in another corner. Foster couldn't believe that such a thing was possible, and he hurried over to the cell. Sure enough, the Indian was sleeping peacefully and unfettered. Evidently he had been too drunk to try to escape his cell.

That same day many witnesses appeared before Foster testifying to twenty years of crime that could be laid at Juan Antonio's door. He was accused of everything from murder to robbing churches, and although he had been captured many times, he had invariably escaped. John Warner testified that he once caught him stealing from his store, and had chained him to a post overnight. The next morning, both the chain and Juan Antonio were missing.

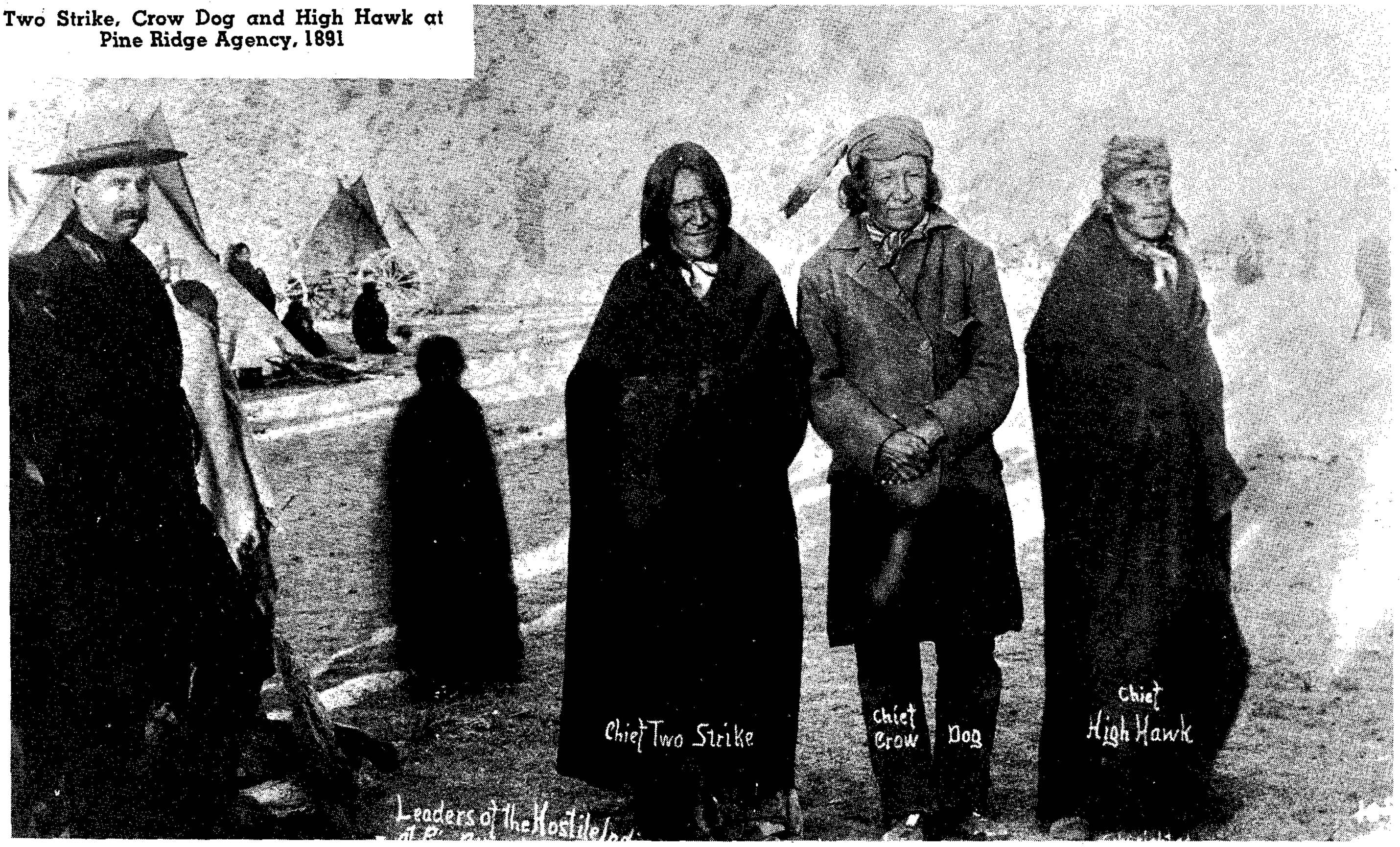
Foster had had instructions from the governor regarding civil court cases, but he knew nothing about criminal proceedings. Nevertheless, he summoned a jury and tried the Indian on what he termed a case of "general cussedness." The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and read a statement to the effect that the prisoner was a continual threat to the community and that no jail in California could hold him. They recommended that he be executed. Foster had no choice but to sentence Juan Antonio to death.

The military forces in the city were under instructions not to interfere with any civil matters, but Major Graham asked Foster one day how he was going to execute the Indian. Since Steve had been instructed to act under Mexican law, he told Graham, who was the local garrison commander, that Mexican executions were by shooting.

(Continued on page 80)

WARRIOR'S PLEDGE

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY



Two Strike, Crow Dog and High Hawk at Pine Ridge Agency, 1891

Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

Crow Dog found it easier to die with a silent throat than to escape and spend his remaining days in fear and dishonor

ATTORNEY A. J. Plowman hurried along the single street of Deadwood, Dakota Territory, on the bleak afternoon of November 1, 1883. The lawyer was on his way to visit a client in jail, a Brulé Sioux named Crow Dog, convicted of murdering his chief, Spotted Tail, and sentenced to hang for it by a white man's court. Crow Dog had met Spotted Tail in the road and shot him down, the motive apparently being jealousy of Spotted Tail's high position as head chief of all the Brulés. The killer calmly admitted the crime, which had been observed by a dozen witnesses.

The mass of evidence clearly indicated this to be an indefensible case of murder. Yet defense attorney Plowman, refusing to enter a plea of guilty for his client, had fought hard for Crow Dog's acquittal by basing his eloquent argument on the firm fact that the Government had given the Sioux the legal status of a separate nation by treaty.

"This court has no jurisdiction in this case according to law," claimed Plowman. Unmoved, the frontier jury had quickly brought in a verdict of guilty. After the death sentence had been pronouncd, Plowman promptly filed notice of appeal to the Supreme Court in Washington. Now, nearly eight months later, the lawyer was still waiting for the supreme court of the land to hand down its decision.

Plowman found Crow Dog squatted in his cell carving a wooden pony from a block of wood. "You wanted to see me?" he asked, sitting down beside the Indian.

"*Hau* (Yes)," replied Crow Dog. He held the toy horse at arm's length, examined it critically, added a few deft touches with his knife, and placed it in his visitor's hand. "This is yours, keep on desk. Remember Crow Dog."

Plowman was moved by this unexpected gesture for over the hard months since the trial he had come to like and respect the red man. "Why, you're not going to hang! An execution date can't be set until the Supreme Court hands down a reversal or a confirmation of sentence. I'm sure we'll get a reversal."

Crow Dog shook his head. "No, my brother. The great *akicitas* (counsellors) of your nation will not free *me*—an Indian. I am ready to die—but I have one thing to ask of you first."

"Yes, of course. Anything at all."

Crow Dog took a long time filling his pipe. The lawyer struck a match for him and waited while he completed the customary ceremonial long puff that traditionally precedes an important Sioux council. Plowman accepted the proffered pipe, puffed once, and returned it.

Tapping out the pipe-bowl with the hilt of his knife, Crow Dog laid the pipe aside. For nearly a minute he sat quietly, obviously formulating the request in his mind. Plowman waited, with the grave courtesy expected of him.

"Brother," said Crow Dog finally, "I must make ready for my long journey to the Shadow Land. There is much to be done. I must return to the reservation and see a *wichasha wakan* (holy man). I must say goodbye to my friends and give away my things to my relatives. All this must be done in the right manner or the Ancient Ones will not welcome me to their Sky Lodges in the Shadow Land. When all is finished, I will come back to be killed according to the white man's law. I will be here before the first day of the Moon of Popping Trees (December)."

Plowman was astounded. "Let me get this straight. You would come back to be hanged if we let you go home to fix things up before you die?"

Crow Dog nodded. "I give you my word. I will give the judge my word. *Kola*, you know I do not lie. You told me that you would not speak for me in court if I spoke with a forked tongue. So when you asked me if I had killed Spotted Tail, I told you yes. I did not lie about that. I will not lie about this."

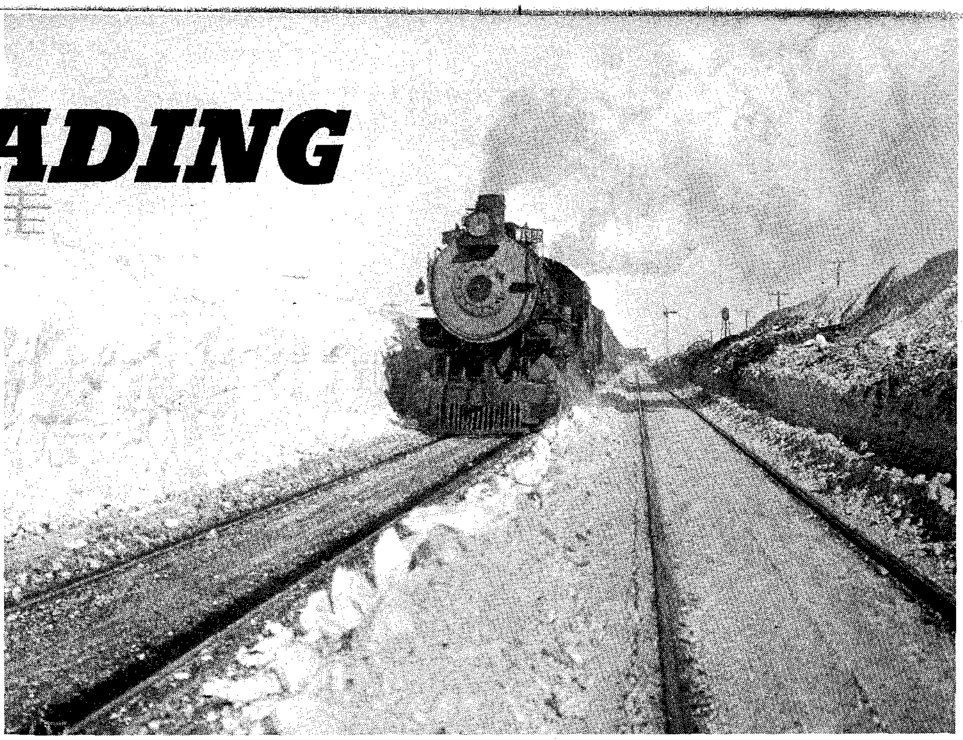
The lawyer spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "I know, Crow Dog, I know! But, you see, Judge Moody doesn't know. Such a request is most un-

(Continued on page 67)

RAILROADING BY SMOKE

By FAY EMORY SMITH

Photos Courtesy Author



IN MISSOURI I came close to achieving more or less permanent tenure in the ranks of the unemployed. It appeared that the Santa Fe Railroad had an aversion to juveniles and I was only nineteen. They wanted their telegraph operators to be at least twenty-one. By releasing a burst of oratory that I didn't know I possessed, the chief dispatcher took a chance and I got the job.

I couldn't blame them; a telegrapher had responsibility—an error in a train order on single track and two opposing trains might crash head on.

I called it a good job: 63-hour week, wages $57 a month, board, room with a fine family and laundry, $16 per month. I was rich, $41 a month clear with nothing to buy but beer and Bull Durham—payroll deductions had not yet been invented. Going to work at 2 A.M. seemed a bit early after an evening on the town, but there was nothing I could do about it.

It was in the "Jesse James Country." To my elderly landlord Jesse was a hero and I enjoyed listening to his tales of what fine men the James boys were. (I heard the same thing about Billy the Kid when I was in New Mexico.) As I hadn't met any of these notorious gentlemen I was content to accept the opinions of those who had.

I liked Missouri and the little town of Snyder. A few dates I had with a charming young lady helped. Night life there was something less than Las Vegas. The only way I could spend anything on this little lady was the purchase of ice cream sodas at the drug store. We had two choices of how to enjoy an evening—sit on her porch or walk. There was a saloon, but few females entered a bar in those days and they weren't called bars; she was too young, anyway.

I WAS sweeping the floor when I saw the snake; it was about three or four feet long and resting quietly underneath the telegraph table where my feet had been most of the night. I had a heavy railroad broom so I swept it out and killed it. I showed it to the agent when he came in at 7 A.M. and he said it was a "spread-head"—local name—because it spread its head flat when it struck. The proper name was adder.

The door of the waiting-room was open all night and there was no step. The floor was on the same level as the platform outside. The snake just wandered in. So that was that, and I forgot about it, but the next morning underneath the table was another snake. I was rapidly developing a dislike for them, especially spread-head adders. The agent told me that occasionally a snake will follow the trail of its mate sometimes as much as twenty-four hours later. I had never heard of this phenomenon or superstition. There was little light, just the kerosene lamp on my desk and the little signal-oil hand lantern.

I wasn't watching anyway, but I wondered and I still wonder what might have happened if I had disturbed one of those reptiles with my feet.

After that I parked my little lantern down there and kept a constant watch, but no more snakes appeared. This was at Curtis, a small town in the sandhills country of western Oklahoma on a streak of rust known as the Southern Kansas Railway Company of Texas.

NEXT WAS the Pecos Valley Railroad job in Artesia, New Mexico, a little desert town in the southeastern corner of the state.

I recall the time I sold a ticket to a tall, spare, kindly looking gentleman and the agent told me that he was Sheriff Pat Garrett who shot Billy the Kid.

There was a little incident there when I looked down the muzzle of a Colt .45: We had one passenger, express and mail train each way each day. One hot summer afternoon I was unloading express among which was a case of beer—the old-fashioned kind of case made of wood with a hinged cover. Inadvertently I brought it out of the car upside-down. The lid opened and a couple of bottles fell, caromed off the baggage truck on which I was standing, bounced under the car, and one hit the rail and exploded.

The character who owned the beer was standing there watching. He drew his gun and pulled down on me. I jumped into the car and got away from the door, but fast. His bullet went through the door into the roof, missing me purposely, I think.

Express messengers seem to resent bullets entering their cars, and this messenger was wearing a gun as they all did. He drew and pulled down on the man with the Colt. Knowing he was wrong, the guy folded. I watched him holster his gun; it had no trigger; by this I mean the trigger was tied back, wound solid with string, so the only way that it could be fired was by letting the hammer slip from under the thumb or fanning the hammer by slapping it with the left hand. This indicated a man who was right handy with a gun.

Just part of a days' work, and no man was ever arrested in the Southwest, in those days, for firing a wild shot that hit no one.

I LIKED Dale Creek. Set in beautiful mountain country, it was a colorful and interesting place, an army supply

Telegraph office, Cooper Lake, Wyoming. Here the author worked nights and commuted by saddle horse six miles each way.

Only the days were lonely. At night there were corpses to load, wounded cowboys to ship to the doc, hoboes to feed, and maybe a Winchester barrel fanning the breeze if a money shipment were due!

camp. There was a small detachment of soldiers and a large camp of civilian freighters hauling hay, grain, food, quartermaster and ordnance supplies to the Pole Mountain Maneuver Grounds ten or twelve miles over in the mountains where the cavalry from Fort D. A. Russell in Cheyenne spent that summer of 1910. The country was so wild they could conduct target practice with cannons, shooting from one mountain to another.

There was a commissary, where I boarded—food was wonderful—a beer (warm, no ice) saloon in a "rag-house"—a tent spread over a wooden frame—another rag-house for poker and crap games and the long picket lines for mules and horses. Just across the tracks was a small cluster of log buildings known as the "Hog Ranch." No hogs, all they raised was "hell," with some help from women and whiskey.

The commissary was presided over by the very efficient Mrs. Frank Carroll. Frank gave her such assistance as might be expected of an old-time cowpuncher; but he did one job quite well each morning—he was an exterminator.

The livestock attracted flies, thousands, maybe millions. Those cool, high altitude mornings (8,000 feet) found them roosted on the inside of the low-roofed commissary in such numbers that the roof was black. It was just a board shack, no screens, no floor, no lining, with cracks between the boards.

Frank would take a crumpled sheet of newspaper, set fire to it and sweep it under or over the flies. They fell to the tables, floor and benches until they were black too. A broom took care of the tables and benches but the flies on the dirt floor were of no importance.

"WHEN will No. 6 be here?"

"She's on time," I replied.

"I asked you when she would be here," was the next I heard.

"In about five minutes," was my answer as I looked up from my work at the telegraph desk and turned in the darkened room to see who my surly visitor was.

The only light in the office was from a small kerosene—Union Pacific Stores called it headlight oil—lamp on my desk shaded with a yellow telegraph blank next to the chimney and a little signal lantern on the floor by my feet. I saw the forms of two men, one with a Winchester rifle and the other wearing a six-shooter. The guns didn't bother me; many men carried them.

The man with the rifle said, "We want to go to Cheyenne."

"No. 6 doesn't stop here. It is a fast mail and express from San Francisco to Chicago."

"It will stop tonight," he predicted.

"What makes you think so?" I answered, still too dumb to know I was in trouble.

"Because you are going to stop it long enough for us to get aboard between two cars." He shoved the end of his rifle barrel half-way through my guts.

"Maybe you're right," I gasped, "I'll stop it."

"You better if you expect to live through the night."

If I didn't expect to, I hoped to, and I reached for the telegraph key as they went outside. I told the train dispatcher in Cheyenne that I was held up at gun point by a couple of saddle bums who demanded that I stop No. 6 so they could get a ride to Cheyenne.

"Don't you do it! They won't dare to hurt you!" said the dispatcher.

And so I learned the hard way that telegraph operators are expendable.

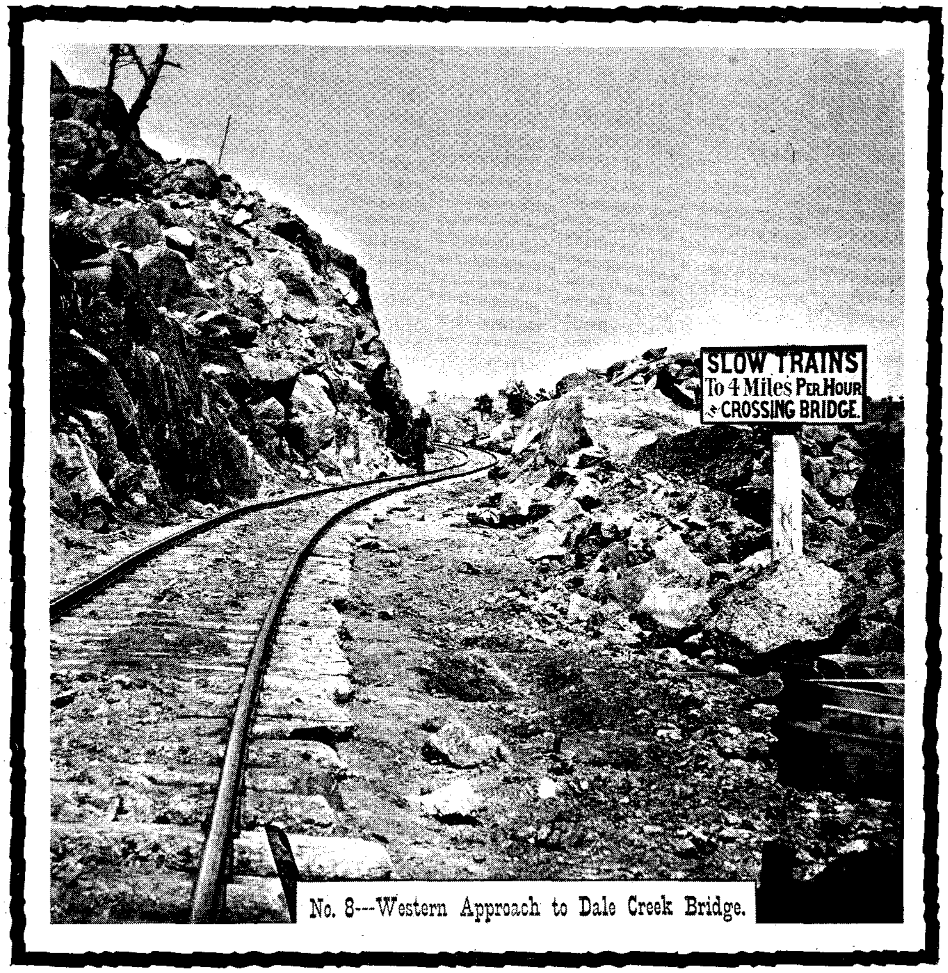
When No. 6 called for the board, one of the men came back in the office to make sure that I wasn't reaching for the semaphore lever to change the light from red to green. I didn't. The train was going so fast it roared by the office before the hoghead could get it stopped, the whistle screaming all the way, as my red signal was unexpected. I had a clearance written and ran to meet the conductor as the train backed to the office. Top sergeants and muleskinners have lurid vocabularies but few could equal that conductor who was sure that I had been asleep and failed to clear the board. I told him of the two gunmen but he considered that the wildest alibi he had ever heard from a sleepy operator.

I reported the train "arrived and departed" to the dispatcher, instead of "by" and got more hell. I started wondering how soon I would be fired and where to go when it happened.

I CAME ALIVE again when I caught a glint of light from another Winchester—and I knew I was now allergic to Winchester rifles. But it was only my friend Sandy padding in wearing his buckskin shirt and moccasins. Sandy was an old-time scout, a hangover from Indian days, kept on by the army to ride herd on on a new crop of young, tenderfoot officers. He told me that the army paymaster's chest, which had arrived by express that afternoon, had been stolen and asked me if I had seen anyone.

Said Sandy, "The dumb sentry was marching back and forth in front of the door and the thieves raised the rear of

The way the street in Rock River, Wyoming, looked about the time the "free-loading" cowboy was "on the town."



Sidetrack on Union Pacific Railroad, Dale Creek, Wyoming, showing rocks where robbers hid the Army money chest.

the tent and dragged it out. I trailed the tracks until they reached the rocks and then I lost them. I'll try again in daylight."

I told him about the two men, feeling sure they had cached it—a metal box about the size of a footlocker—as it was too heavy to carry.

I called my ex-friend, the dispatcher, again, told him the story, and suggested that police pick them up when the train stopped in Cheyenne. But the train was stopped in the yards going in and the robbers disappeared.

Sandy couldn't find the chest in daylight either, so he started working nights, watching and waiting for the crooks to return for more of the loot as they could not have moved it all that first night. Gold and silver are too heavy.

One night about a week later, he came busting into the office and said, "Fay, I saw two men walking. Get your gun, come help me capture them and I'll split the reward with you."

"Sandy, my friend, those two guys are rugged! I haven't lost any bandits and I have enough money in my pocket to keep me in beer and Bull Durham until payday. Besides, I can't leave the office when I am on duty even if I am about half-fired. You just corral 'em all by yourself and you can keep all of that reward money."

He gave me a look which said mostly *yellow* or *coward* and left. He was hardly out of sight when the same two men were in my office again. "How about stopping No. 6 for us again, Buddy?"

"Yes, Sir!" I answered with alacrity as I looked down that rifle barrel. This I did.

Before the train pulled out, in came Sandy all out of breath. I told him, "Your men just got on No. 6 blind-baggage! You get on, too, and I'll have the cops meet the train in Cheyenne!"

Again No. 6 was stopped in the yards and the men got off; but Sandy was right on their tail. He followed them into town and at the first well-lighted street pulled down on them with his rifle and managed to hold them until a police officer arrived. Their pockets were filled with gold coins and more was found in their room.

The next time I saw Sandy, he, two peace officers and the two robbers, handcuffed, alighted from No. 3 one afternoon. They were bringing the men to locate the cache. It was in a rock crevice, walled up with rock and well hidden. All or much of the silver was still in the chest and some of the gold.

Sandy had collected his reward money and got all dolled up with new high-heeled cowboy boots, an enormous Stetson hat, a scarlet neckerchief and a new six-shooter with a beautiful holster and belt—but he still wore his buckskin shirt.

And he didn't even buy me a beer.

OLD-TIME telegraphers on far western railroads were as much a part of the Old West as cowboys and prospectors, and the Old West saw to it that the bizarre and the off-beat happened to me.

One freezing, blizzardy, winter night about 10 o'clock when I checked in at Rock River, Wyoming, the operator going off duty told me I had a dead man to load on No. 6 and that the body was on the baggage truck in the freight room.

Shortly before train time I went to roll the truck out on the platform expecting to find a coffin box. When I saw this man, a couple of butterflies hit my stomach. There was no box. This cadaver was the most gruesome, grotesque and horrible corpse I had ever seen. The dim light given by my little lantern pushed away the shadows in that cold, empty warehouse; it was eerie.

He was a large man wearing a sheepskin coat, one overshoe, and one mitten. One leg, apparently broken above the knee, stuck out at a right angle to the body, the other leg at a lesser angle and bent at the knee, one arm above the head, the other out, the head turned more than half around and too far back. I pulled his finger to see if I could straighten the limbs and the whole body moved. It appeared that rigor mortis and freezing had fixed the body in this position.

The express messenger took one look, shuddered, refused to touch the corpse or help me load it and I couldn't lift it alone—it must have weighed 200 or more. The floor of the car was a couple of feet higher than my truck. I literally up-ended that cadaver and let it crash to the floor, fearful lest one of the limbs break off. None did, but the noise, when it struck, sounded like I had dropped a large rock. The messenger still refused to help and ordered me to move it to the end of the car out of sight. I grasped a leg and dragged it.

In that little town there was no doctor, no coroner, no peace officer. The man was a track laborer, a Greek who had been working between the rails when a switch engine backed a car over him. The enginemen had not seen him in the dense storm, nor he, the car. When found he had frozen in this position. The body reminded me of the roots on the stump of a fallen tree in a forest, limbs protruding in all directions.

Another incident at Rock River caused that express messenger on No. 6 to dislike my town and me even more. One night when I came to work, there on the floor in the office lay a semi-conscious cowboy with a little pool of blood under one leg.

"Load him on No. 6 for the hospital in Laramie," said the operator whom I relieved.

"I can't handle him alone," I pleaded. "If we put him on the baggage truck now, he'll freeze before train time."

"Get that hobo in the waiting-room to help," suggested the operator. "He'll be glad to go along with him for a free ride to town."

The railroad had a rule that a passenger, unable to care for himself, cannot travel unaccompanied, especially in a baggage-express car. By telegraph I explained the situation to the train dispatcher in Cheyenne. He gave me authority to write a telegram pass for both the tramp and the cowboy.

When we pulled the truck to the car door the messenger greeted me with "What the hell kind of a town is this, anyway? If you don't have a dead man to load you have one almost dead."

The operator told me that this cowboy had ridden into town, stabled his horse, bought a drink and thawed out by the stove in one of the two saloons. Feeling better, he went to the other and just for the hell of it drew his gun and refused to pay for the drink. This was fun, so he went back to the first, had another drink and again refused to pay. Back and forth between the two bars he spent the afternoon drinking for free at the point of a gun.

The bartenders weren't cowards but experienced men who had seen many drunken cowhands and figured a few drinks of whiskey weren't worth a gunfight even though every bar had a six-shooter right handy for a barkeep to reach.

Later, in one saloon, several men were standing at the bar. The cowboy, by now quite drunk, covered them and shouted, "Which one of you s-o-bs is going to buy me a drink?"

Silence. He cursed them and they all retreated to the far end of the bar. One man, unseen by the cowboy, dropped to the floor behind the others, shot between the legs of the men and hit the cowboy just below the hip. He fell to the floor, and the alert barman, with gun in hand, rushed around the end of the bar, got the drop, pinned the cowboy's gun hand to the floor with his foot, and disarmed him.

This little tale has an epilogue. Some days later the cowboy appeared again in Rock River and went to both saloons, walking with a limp and sober this time. He grinned, apologized, paid for his drinks and promised not to do it again. The bartender who had taken his gun grinned, also, as he handed it back to the somewhat remorseful celebrant.

USUALLY I worked a nine-hour shift, a sixty-three hour week, with never a day off, lived in small desert towns or batched in quarters off the office when there was no town. Only the days were lonely; at night the clatter of the telegraph instruments kept me in touch with the outside world.

The small, coal burning, hand-fired steam engines could not handle the long trains that present-day diesels pull. So, with no highways and no over-the-road trucks, there were many trains, especially on the long-haul, transcontinental lines. With trains running in both directions on single tracks, telegraph operators kept them moving by train orders sent by telegraph from division terminals by train dispatchers.

Railroad telegraph offices were passenger stations, freight depots, Western Union Telegraph offices and Wells Fargo Express offices. There was usually a tidy sum of money in the safe. Many hoboes or tramps rode freight trains. Most railroad men were lenient as we felt sorry for them. I let them sleep in the waiting-room if they would keep the fire burning and this they were glad to do in cold weather.

In Bosler I let one hard-looking character spend the night. I noticed that he hung around town all the following day, and by dark he was back in the waiting-room. This made me suspicious, for many trains had passed during the day; some had stopped and he could have boarded one. I buckled on my gun (we usually kept it in a drawer; Wells Fargo furnished all its offices with revolvers).

I had to go outdoors frequently to hand up train orders to passing trains. The back door which opened from the freight room was kept locked. I went out and in through the waiting-room. The character sat on the settee before the fire. Before entering, on my return, I always glanced through the window to see if my tenant remained there before the fire. The only light in the room was from the open door of the stove and what little came from the ticket window.

Coyote Bill, long-haired, buckskin-clad, colorful old-time telegrapher. The author wintered with him in 1912.

This time he wasn't in sight. The only place he could be was behind the door. I didn't like to have him there, for he could have only one reason to be there—to smack me on the back of the head.

I opened the door violently. It flew back and struck him as I jumped in and away with my gun in my hand. He had a club. I ordered him out; he demurred but went; I followed and told him to start walking up the track; he refused, but a shot near his feet changed his mind.

The telegraph desk was in a bay window giving a view of the track both ways. I felt like a sitting duck in that window, so with no light I made a couple of trips out the back door and around the building to see if he had returned. He hadn't.

NOW it can be told. Forty-five years have passed and that train crew has voluntarily left the service of the Union Pacific—I hope.

I was sitting at my desk in the telegraph window, when, glancing up the track eastward, I saw this string of eight or ten empty gondolas (steel coal cars) moving down the track toward me, no engine attached, no brakeman in sight. My switch, at the end of the double track, was set for an eastbound train, and here were these cars going west, down a steep grade, headed for the eastbound track and a tremendous wreck. A runaway!

I grabbed a brake club on my way out, mounted the first car and set the brake, climbed and ran to the next, and the next, and the next, I don't know how many, setting brakes, with the runaway cars gaining speed all the while—just too much tonnage for one man to handle with hand brakes.

I figured if old Fay was going to get out of this mess alive, he had better unload, but I was going so fast I was afraid to step off. I knew there was a high earth fill about a half-mile west and that would have to be the place. I hurled myself backward against the forward movement and landed sitting down on the soft, steep slope of the fill. I had made no attempt to land on my feet. Striking at such a gentle tangent, I was unhurt, did not roll, just slid to the bottom.

Then I saw that my brakes were taking effect. The cars slowed and stopped and here came the engine with the excited crew. To say they were scared is an understatement; also they were so relieved and embarrassed that nobody said a word. If a man knows how and is active, he can mount and dismount safely from moving trains at surprisingly high speed.

At that station, Hermosa, the railroad was building a second tunnel to complete double trackage. Cars loaded with gravel and crushed rock were set out on a spur track for use by the concrete gang lining the new tunnel. The engine was caught on the spur behind loaded cars. The brakeman was at fault for not setting brakes properly, but the conductor would be held responsible for leaving unguarded empties on the main line. This incident was not reported to company officials; no one was disciplined.

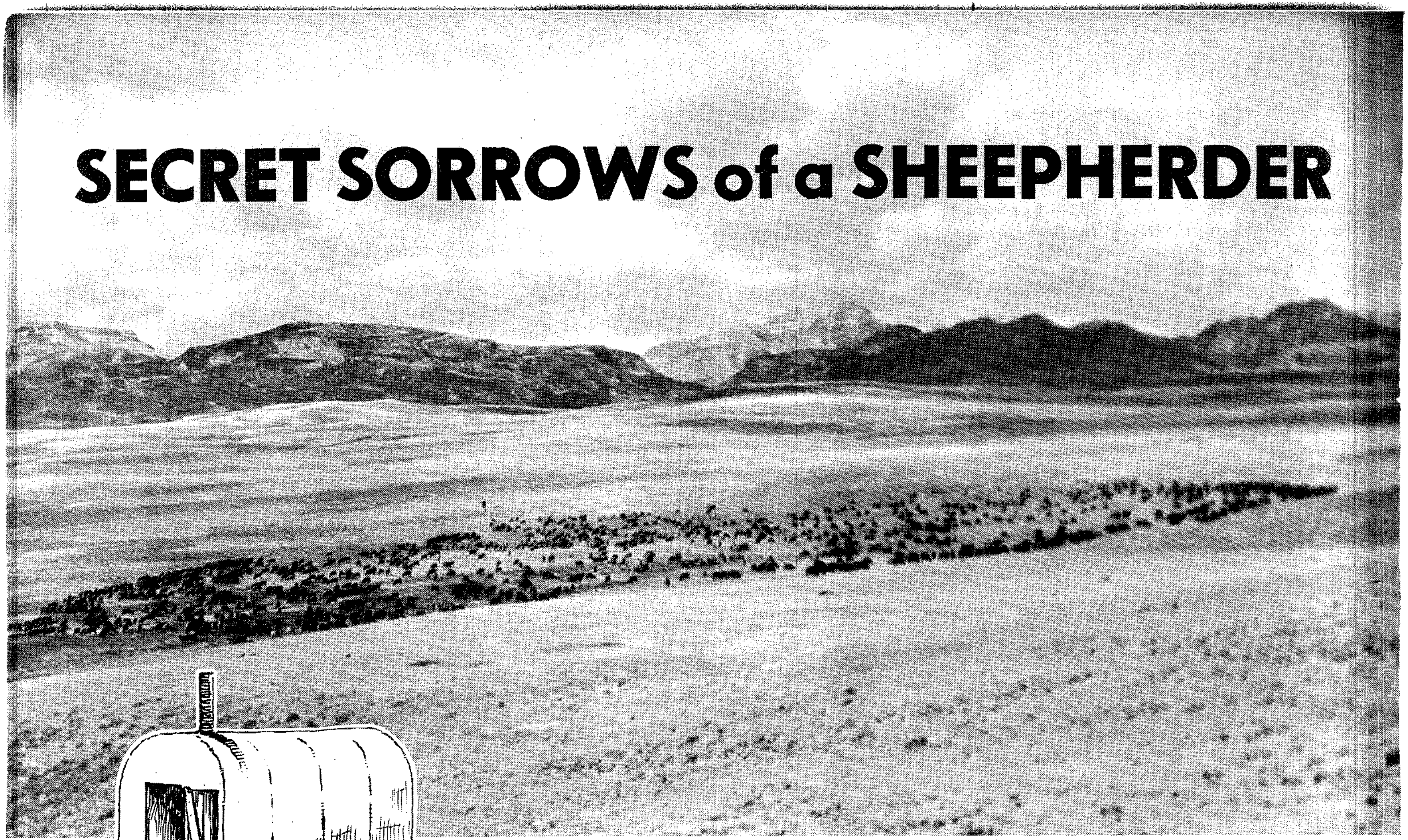
On his next trip, the following day, the conductor brought me a quart of whiskey. Again, no words were spoken, other than my thanks for the drink.

He should have given me a new pair of pants; the seat of those I was wearing, when I unloaded, just didn't exist anymore.

Railroading in the Old West was rugged, but never monotonous, and I liked it.

Main Street, Curtis, Oklahoma, home of the spread-head adders

SECRET SORROWS of a SHEEPHERDER



Band of Montana sheep (Carmichael's) on the range. At extreme right is Sheep Mountain; Lighter peak near center of picture is Steamboat Mountain.

There were three! One you might suspect; the others will be a surprise . . .

AMONG the personal papers of the late J. H. Carmichael was recently discovered a speech written by an old sheepherder and delivered at a Woolgrowers Association Convention at Helena in 1924.

For most of his life Carmichael was the single largest sheep owner in north-central Montana. This unusual piece of Western Americana has been made available through the courtesy of his niece, Mrs. Florence Carmichael Patrick, who found it.

Almost all sheepherders are generally accepted as silent and moody. This unknown spokesman, however, reveals the concealed human side of these men in their lonely calling. Only one who has been through a herder's unusual experiences could possibly tell their story in simple language so directly. He does so, using a breezy, witty style, yet presenting an understanding picture of them as deeply meditative men. His characterization of them is more true today than forty years ago.

It is unfortunate that this man did not append his name to his singular small work. He may have been one of Carmichael's herders before Mrs. Patrick took up residence at her uncle's sheep ranch on Flat Creek Valley near Bean Lake.

The Montana Woolgrowers Association was contacted in an effort to identify the unknown author but without result. Newspapers mention other speakers at this convention but not the man who delivered "The Secret Sorrows of a Sheepherder." Seven retired sheepmen of wide acquaintance among sheep growers were interviewed, but none could recall his name although each remembered him vividly to a certain extent. They described him as a man well known for his dry humor and they heard him make talks on several occasions.

Since he has faded so thoroughly from the memory of men in his own profession, it would appear logical that for most of past four decades he has been herding woollies in the sheepherders' special heaven.

No editing whatever has been done to the original script. It appears exactly as the unknown sheepherder wrote it.—Maurice Kildare

LAST YEAR I addressed an audience in South Dakota on "The Trials and Tribulations of a Sheep Herder." Now, there is probably nothing new that I could tell this audience on a subject like that. Probably the sheepmen present know that story by heart. The chances are they could repeat it backward and forward. But if there are any new sheepmen present who have not yet acquired this information, I can very easily tell them how to obtain it. All they need do is get on a horse and ride in the general direction of their sheep wagons and as soon as they get within earshot they will begin to acquire this information about the trials and tribulations of a sheep herder, and they will keep on acquiring it until they ride out of earshot again. For this happens to be the herder's favorite topic of conversation.

But what I wish to speak about today are "The Secret Sorrows of a Sheep Herder." Now, you may not believe that a herder has any real sorrows, whether secret or otherwise. But if you check up on it, I think that you will find that men of every class and occupation have their worries and anxieties and sorrows, with the sole exception of a sheepman.

It will probably surprise you to know that the first of the herder's secret sorrows is the sheepman himself. All of you know what a sheepman thinks of a sheep herder, but what a sheep herder thinks of a sheepman is probably a closed book to you, unless you can remember back that far.

Now, I am not so foolish that I am going to tell you exactly what a herder thinks of a sheepman. I couldn't tell it to my own boss, and to tell it to five hundred bosses would simply be the equivalent of suicide. I will merely state in passing that sometimes when I get very pessimistic I think that all a sheepman really knows about sheep is what his herder tells him—and there is about ninety percent of that he doesn't believe. But while I don't intend to go into detail on the subject, I would like to suggest an experiment which will enable you to find this out for yourselves,

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Florence Carmichael Patrick

in case you have any curiosity on the subject.

YOU KNOW, they say that when a man is half awake, half asleep, if you ask him a question while he is in this condition, and if he answers you, his answer will be the truth whether he is in the habit of telling the truth at any other hour of the twenty-four or not. The theory is that being only half awake, he has just sense enough to grasp the import of the question, but not sense enough to lie about it. For most of us it requires some degree of concentration to lie successfully, and a man who is only half awake cannot concentrate.

So, I propose to you, that when you go home to your ranches after this convention, you go early some morning to your sheep wagons or bunkhouses, shake your herder gently by the shoulder, and when he is half awake ask him just exactly what he thinks of his boss. But I advise you to take your check books with you, for if you carry out this experiment, there are going to be a number of herders who will wake up that morning to find a check beside them on their pillows, and this check will be labeled, "Wages to date in full." And I am very much afraid there will be a few herders who will never have a chance to wake up at all.

But, of course, this is only another way of saying that the herder is a human being, for men of all classes and occupations seems to reserve to themselves the privilege of cussing the boss. The sheepmen, of course, have no bosses, so what do we find them doing? Why, they cuss the tariff, or Summer Street,(1) or the banks, or anything else that they think stands between them and their due. You might even say that they substitute the banks for the boss, although perhaps it would be just as well not to go into that. **(1) Summer Street—Center of entertainment in a town, "Whiskey Row" or "Skid Row," where sheepmen blew in their money foolishly.**

Of course there is a brighter side to the picture. We all know of men who have herded for the same boss for a number of years. We read that Jacob herded sheep and then married the boss' daughter, although it took him seven years to talk the old man into it. In my own case, the boss has promised me his daughter if she is unmarried at the age of thirty. I will myself be sixty-five at that time, and that isn't considered old now-a-days.

THE SECOND of the herder's secret sorrows to which I wish to call your attention is the cowboy. Why is it that the herder is seized with an inferiority complex every time he sees a pair of chaps in motion? Is there any intrinsic reason why the man who herds cattle should be an exalted, half-mythical figure while the one who herds sheep is either a joke or anathema?

Let us examine the two occupations a moment. The herder is in sole charge of fifteen to twenty thousand dollars' worth of property, and the safety and well being of his charges is largely dependent on his faithfulness and good judgment. The cowboy, supposing he still exists, is not actually in charge of anything, but handles the stock from day to day as directed. The herder is his own boss a large part of the time and plans his own work. The cowboy may be able to carry more than one day's orders in his head, but he rarely has the opportunity of proving it.

The herder's wages will run from ten to fifteen dollars a month higher than the cowboy's in summer, and are frequently double the latter's in winter. But in spite of this, there is no denying the fact that every kid in the range country looks forward to the time when he can get hold of a Stetson hat, a Miles City saddle and a Sears, Roebuck pair of chaps, and then cultivate a bow-legged walk and hire out to a cattleman. If he has ambitions to grow up to be a herder, his family will never know it unless he talks in his sleep.

It is amusing to watch the evolution of the modern cowboy. We see a boy going to school year after year, dressed like the rest of us in workshirt and overalls, and then one day he suddenly blossoms out in full cowboy regalia, no detail missing, and another cowboy is born. Clothes may not make the man, but strip a cowboy of his big hat, his chaps and his spurs, and it would take a whole detective agency to tell him from a hired man.

In literature we find the herder again the underdog, as he is in life. For in literature he is apparently confined to two roles. He either serves as an animated target for the drunken and high-spirited cowboy, or himself drunk, he serves as a foil for the virtuous, noble, and high-minded cowboy. Once in an O. Henry story we find a herder who seems about to become the hero of the tale, but it turns out that he is an escaped convict, still on the downgrade.

The herder really yearns for higher things. He would like to follow the cowboy's example as the latter rides in concentric circles looking for the locoed heifer that was last seen in that vicinity three years before. But, alas! The herder has a standing agreement with the sheep thirty-one days out of the month.

He would like to rescue the schoolma'm from a fate worse than death, but the chances are that the school-ma'm would prefer even that fate to the ignominy of being rescued by a herder.

But when the ignorant herder watches the cowboy risk his neck breaking a bronc for five dollars, he comes to the conclusion that either the cowboy's neck is worth only five dollars or that his brains are located at a point in very close proximity to his saddle.

We all know that throughout a large part of the West today cowboy stuff is simply a phase that boys go through, like playing Indians or soldiers, only some of them never grow up. There will probably always be in the West a certain type of young fellow that cannot go out and drive up the milk cows without buckling on chaps and spurs. But with the present stringent laws against murder, there is probably nothing that can be done about that. It is all a part of life in the great open spaces, where cowboys will be cowboys, and where *The Virginian*, the novel that started it all, is still widely read as a book of etiquette.

THE THIRD of the herder's secret sorrows of which I wish to treat this afternoon is the kind of competition he will have to face in the future. For there is a very definite movement in some regions to substitute women herders for the present ones. Now this is a matter of very serious concern to those of us who try to make our living at this occupation. For it would seem that there ought to be some trade or profession that is not subject to competition by the so-called weaker sex. So it would, I trust, not be out of place if I were to point out certain considerations which would seem to indicate that women would not make successful herders.

In the first place, with no more than a discreet allusion to the three quickest means of communication, can you picture a woman engaging in an occupation which would leave her more or less in the dark with regard to the doings of even her immediate neighbors? And of what use would it be to her to whisper a "dead secret" into the fuzzy ear of a sheep, when she knew that the sheep was physically incapable of passing that secret on to where it would do the most good?

Then, too, the love affairs of the sheep are all conducted with the greatest openness, and there is no room for speculation, innuendo, or scandal.

Furthermore, it is well known that the favorite animal of a woman is the cat. Now it would be almost impossible to train cats to herd sheep, whereas a dog seems to take to it by nature. Of course it might be possible to train sheep to be herded by cats, but only a woman would think of tackling the problem from that end.

Then, too, in the matter of vocabulary, women would be very seriously handicapped. As you all know, there are frequent occasions in herding when the feel-

(Continued on page 82)

J. H. Carmichael (1859-1944). This photograph was taken in 1924, the year he came into possession of the unknown sheepherder's manuscript of a speech delivered that year before a state convention of Montana Woolgrowers.

BEHIND THE DONNER MONUMENT

By ETHEL BANGERT

Photos Courtesy Author and Pioneer Collection, California State Library

EACH WINTER the deep snows near Donner Lake, California, are the goal for many who enjoy winter sports. Not too many years ago, similar white drifts formed a monstrous grave for a group of courageous people—the Donner Party. During the winter of 1846 and 1847 it stormed and stormed until the snow reached a depth of twenty-six feet. The families who survived these storms lived through a tragedy rarely equaled in human suffering.

Today, a huge statue is placed off Highway 40 facing toward the rugged peaks of the Sierra Nevada Divide. This "Monument to the Pioneers" was erected in 1918 and over 230,000 people a year visit the park-like area surrounding it.

The memorial perpetuates the memory of the achievements and hardships of all pioneers of the West, but specifically the heroic Donner Party, who set out for California from Springfield, Illinois, in April, 1846 on what proved to be one of the most terrible treks in all the annals of American history.

The wagontrain was well organized by wealthy, aging George Donner and his brother, Jacob. They were assisted by James F. Reed who had once been a merchant, a railroad contractor and a manufacturer. His high-wheeled wagon was an elaborate two-story affair and he had hired a servant, Eliza Williams, to do the washing and cooking for his family on the long journey to California.

By the time the train reached Independence, Missouri, in May, other people and their wagons had been absorbed until the party was about 300 strong. All went well until Fort Bridger was reached. Then the party took a fatal step.

The Reed-Donner group broke off from the larger one and followed the so-called "Hastings Short-cut." Lansford W. Hastings had been to the Coast and was supposed to have reliable information regarding his proposed "easy" passage through the high mountains. However, as soon as the party took this alternate route they were in trouble. As an example, it took them twenty-one days to hack out thirty-six miserable miles!

Almost insurmountable difficulties were encountered on the desert. Oxen died, wagons collapsed, household goods had to be abandoned. Even toys were left behind and little Patty Reed knew she was disobeying her parents by hiding a china doll in her dress. This little doll, with other poignant mementoes of the cruel journey—curved sewing awl, gun flints, metallic buttons, bridle-bits—may still be seen in Sutter's Fort in Sacramento.

AS THE hard days dragged by, tempers flared. A grave quarrel between Reed and a young driver, who was much admired by some of the members of the group, resulted in a fight in which the boy was killed. Reed, despite his honest plea of self-defense (the boy had almost killed him with a whip butt until Reed drew his weapon), was found guilty by a quickly organized wagon court and was banished. Leaving his frantic wife and young family, Reed started west alone, determined to return later for his kin.

Soon the immigrants found themselves in a terrific blizzard. They struggled on, however, until they reached Mountain Lake which today bears the name, Donner Lake. Sixty people camped here in a few tents and three rough cabins left by earlier pioneers. There were nineteen men, twelve women and twenty-nine children. Due to an accident which had seriously injured the leader, George Donner, the families of George and Jacob camped six miles from Donner Lake at Alder Creek. There were twenty-one people in this group—six men, three women and twelve children.

This happened in October and by February, as we learn from a poignant notation in Patrick Breen's diary, they were all desperate. *"February 4, 1869. Snowed hard until twelve o'clock. Many uneasy for fear we shall all perish from hunger. We have little meat left and only three hides. Mrs. Reed has nothing but one hide and that is on Graves' house. Milton lives there and will likely keep that. Eddy's child died last night."*

They were staying alive on ox hides that had been boiled into a glue-like soup. That such people, starving and nearly frozen, could have dredged up the strength to try to scale the icy cliffs to get help, seems impossible; but a few of them *did* try it and of this group, seven made it to safety!

This was the party afterward known as the "Forlorn Hope Group." They struggled on for thirty-two days on crude snowshoes made of ox-bones and hide thongs. They endured snowblindness, terrible cold and starvation; in their desperation, they turned to cannibalism in order to continue the struggle to get help for their dying families. Five women and two men finally reached a ranch and subsequently four relief parties, over a period of weeks, were sent from Sutter's Fort to attempt the rescue of those held prisoner by the deep snows.

Perhaps among the women the courage of Tamsend Donner was the most outstanding. Although strong enough to walk out herself, she had chosen to stay behind

Children of a great tragedy—grown old with the country that had seemed so new—gather to see their parents honored

with her dying husband. She sent her little daughters ahead with the others, and they reached safety and grew to womanhood.

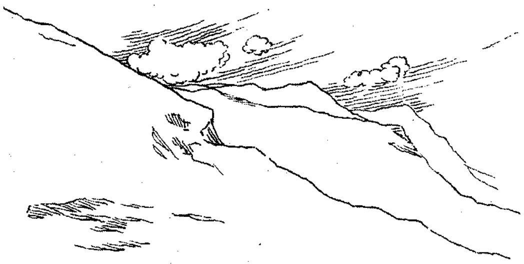
All of the Reeds survived, too, and later prospered in San Jose as did most of those who reached Sutter's Fort.

THIS SEEMED to end the Donner story. Two men, however, felt the bravery of these people should not be forgotten. Dr. C. W. Champen and R. M. Rutherford were so determined about building a memorial that their enthusiasm fired other people. In 1910 the foundation base was laid in the forest on the site of the poor cabins. The sculptor chosen for the task of creating the monument was John McQuarrie of San Francisco. He turned his model over to the De Rome foundry of Oakland, in 1914, and a bronze casting was made.

According to a writer of the time the statue represents a typical pioneer family "worn out by the long march but with a glow of anticipation lighting their faces as they look off toward the west from the crest of the mountains. In the mother's arms is a newborn babe—the first native son!"

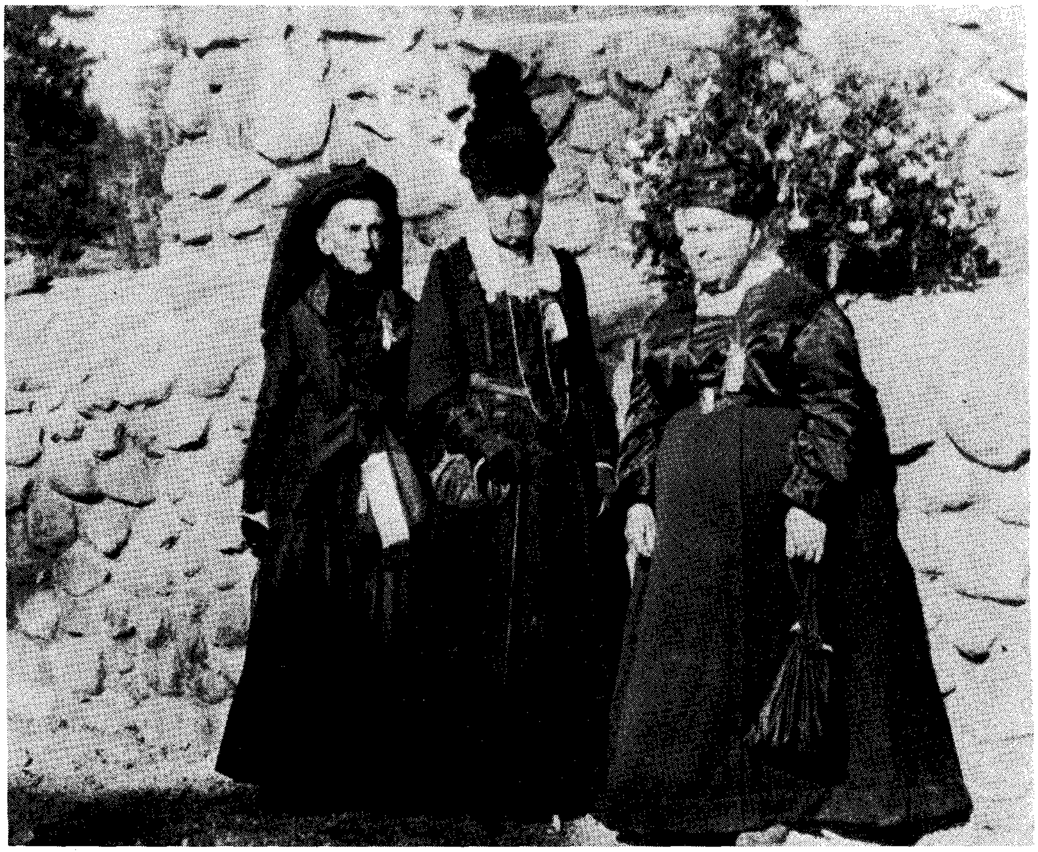
On the base are words composed by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, then President of the University of California. "Virile to risk and find; kindly withal and a ready help. Facing the brunt of fate; indomitable, unafraid."

The cost of the eighteen-foot, ten-ton bronze—$28,000—was shared by the State, by Nevada County and the Native Sons and Daughters. On the day of dedication three survivors of the "ordeal by hunger" were seated in places of honor. Two were the daughters of the Donners. Also present was tiny Patty Reed whose brave father made two terrible trips over the mountains to rescue her and the rest of his beloved family.

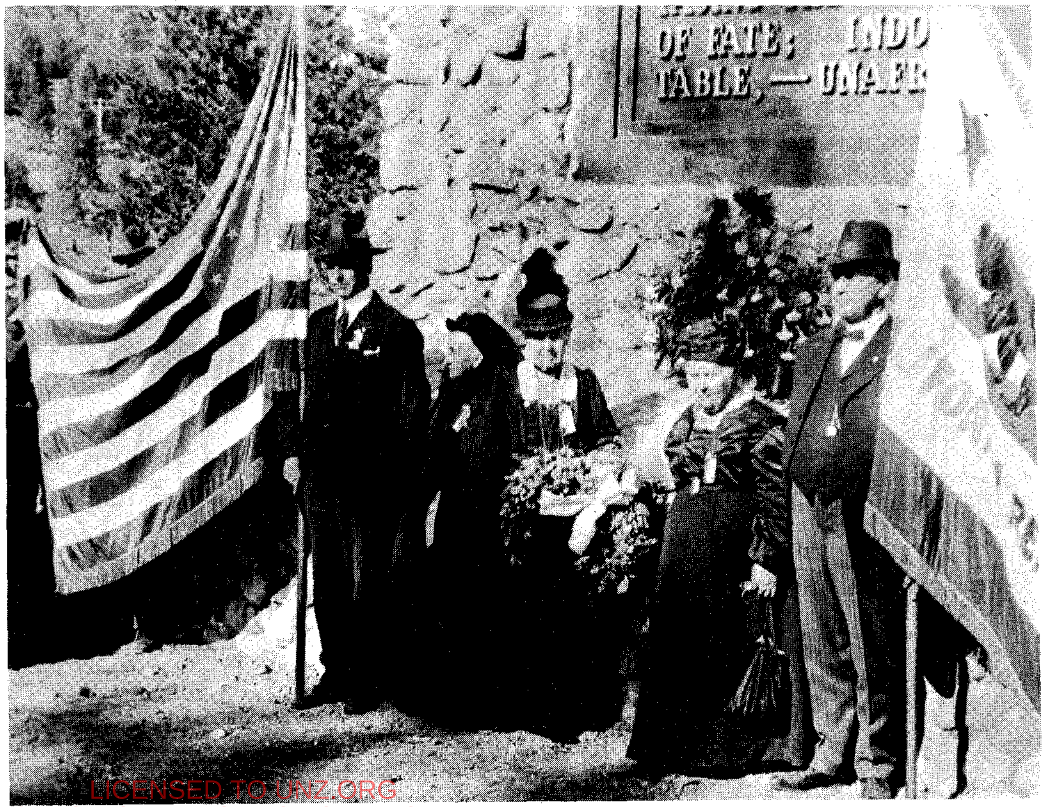


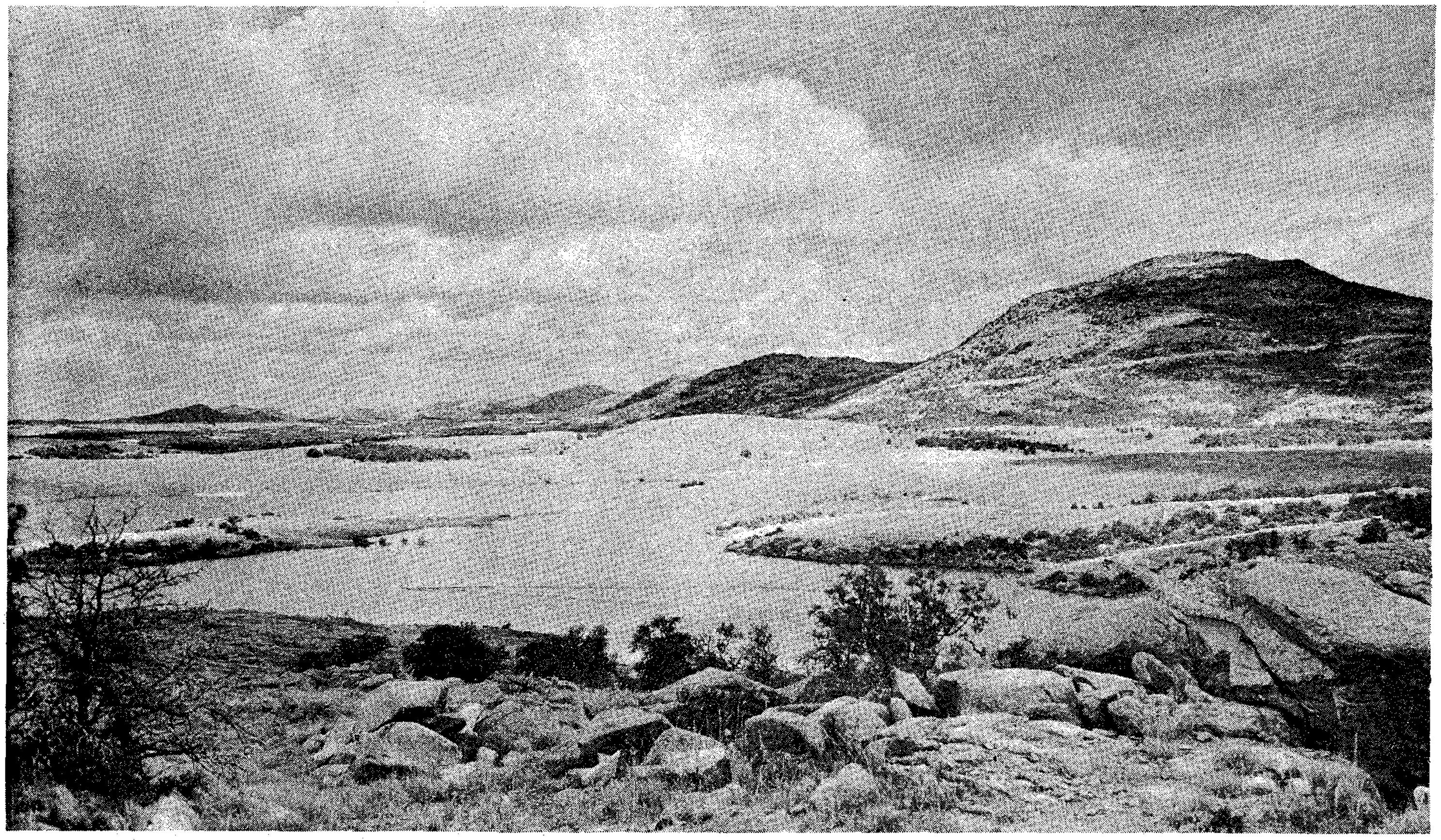
Governors Emmet De Boyle of Nevada and William D. Stephens of California lent interstate significance to the unusual drama taking place in the same forest that had once enclosed a much more tragic scene.

Governor Stephens said in part, "In a broader sense we are here to dedicate this monument to the courage, the valor and the unconquerable spirit of the California Pioneers—the men and women who braved the burning desert and the snowbound summits to help build on these far Pacific slopes a free and enlightened commonwealth."



These pictures were taken by T. E. Stanton at the Pioneer Monument Dedication at Donner Lake, June 6, 1918. Above, from left to right, Mrs. Martha Jane (Patty) Reed Lewis, Mrs. Eliza P. Donner Houghton and Mrs. Frances Donner Wilder. At the base of the monument, below, the ladies are flanked by Nevada's Governor Emmett Boyle, left, and California Governor W. D. Stephens beside his state's flag.





Somewhere in these Wichita Mountains lies the golden treasure.

My father said his cousin Bob Herring was loco when he told about burying that $31,000 in gold in the Wichitas. He also said that if I didn't quit hunting for that money, I was going to be as loco as his Cousin Bob. But I can't help what my father said . . .

I Still Dig for Buried

By JOSH DRAKE, JR.

HUNDREDS of treasure hunters have wandered over the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma looking for gold buried by such desperadoes as Jesse James, Joe Baker and Bob Herring. I am positive that Joe Baker never buried a penny in those mountains. I have always been skeptical of the tale that Jesse James buried over $50,000 in those hills. However, I am positive that Bob Herring did bury slightly over $31,000 in gold in the Wichitas and that it is still there. He was my father's cousin, and I heard the story from his own lips.

Cousin Bob was born in Eastland County, Texas, in 1870. He had a weakness for good horses. At the age of fifteen he stole a thoroughbred race horse and fled to the Indian Territory. For the next nine years he stole horses in Texas, Kansas, and from ranchers in the Territory which is now the State of Oklahoma.

In 1894, he joined Joe Baker and two other outlaws near Vernon, Texas. They robbed some cattlemen of over $35,000 in gold and headed for the Wichita Mountains to lay low for a few months.

Baker kept the gold in saddlebags and promised to split it four ways when they established a camp.

WHEN they reached their hideout in the Wichitas, Baker sent Cousin Bob out to shoot some game for supper. Cousin Bob suspected that they were plotting against him, so he slipped back on foot. He overheard Baker and his pals discussing how to get rid of him, so they would have to split the loot only three ways. They had worked together for years, and Cousin Bob was a newcomer. They decided he was not entitled to a share.

Baker was in favor of shooting Cousin Bob as soon as he returned, but the other two were more cautious. They were afraid that if they drew on him while he was awake, he might be able to throw some lead in their direction before he was killed. They wanted to shoot Cousin Bob after he went to sleep, and Baker agreed.

Cousin Bob slipped back through the bushes and walked a quarter of a mile to his horse. He returned to camp with two jackrabbits, knowing he would have to get the drop on those three or he would be a dead pigeon before morning. He tossed the rabbits beside the campfire and started rubbing down his horse.

Two of the men had stripped to the waist, but Baker had a .45 tucked in his belt. Cousin Bob walked between the men and their guns, whipped out his pistol and covered the trio.

They raised their hands, but it was easy to see that they were looking for a chance to jump him. He made them all lie down with their arms outstretched. Then he removed the .45

from Baker's belt. He took the gold, all firearms and horses, and headed north, while the three tough boys shook their fists and swore they would get him.

Cousin Bob knew he should have killed them and hidden their bodies in the rocks, but he couldn't make himself shoot helpless men, even if they had conspired to take his life. He was a thief and robber, but he was not a killer. He had never shot anyone and hoped he would never have to.

Cousin Bob rode all night and led the tired horses. The next morning he picked out the best two mounts and turned the others loose. He rested an hour, then loaded the gold on one horse and mounted the other. He traveled all day and then felt safe to sleep when night fell.

Baker and the two men whom Cousin Bob remembered only as Buck and Six Toes would probably have to walk two or three days before they could steal or buy horses from the Comanches or some rancher. Then they would start trailing him.

THE next day as he was about to ride out of the Wichitas into the short grass country, Cousin Bob decided to hide most of his loot, for he knew his pack animal would be a dead giveaway. Not only was the Baker gang looking for that gold, but there were probably a few U. S. marshals interested in it, too.

Cousin Bob selected a certain spot on a certain mountain and buried $31,000. He kept $4,000 for traveling expenses and to spend on strong liquor and wild women when he found them.

He turned the pack animal loose and headed north on the best horse. He drifted into Kansas, into Montana and back to Texas.

The Baker gang split up, but they were all looking for Cousin Bob. Baker trailed him to Montana but was killed by a sheep herder one night while he was trying to steal a fresh horse.

The Texas Rangers caught Six Toes a year later and he was sent to the Texas State Prison at Huntsville for a killing in Austin. Six Toes was killed trying to escape in 1899.

That left only Buck. Cousin Bob heard nothing from him during those five years but he knew Buck was still looking for him. He didn't dare go look for the gold he had hidden until he learned that Buck had died or had been captured. The authorities had a good description of Buck and were still looking for him. However Cousin Bob was not identified as one of the Baker gang, so he made his home in Dallas and nobody suspected him.

Treasure

Quite by chance, Cousin Bob, who was a good poker player, met Buck in a gambling house. By then, gun toting days were about over and neither of the men were armed. Bob hurried to his hotel for his gun and waited.

Buck came after him, and they shot it out in the dimly-lighted hall. Buck was killed, along with two innocent bystanders. In the dark, Bob hadn't been able to tell which was Buck, so he fired at everyone who ran down the hall.

The citizens were angry because the innocent people had been killed and they demanded that the judge throw the book at Cousin Bob. He was sent to the Texas State Prison for 35 years. He started serving his sentence in 1900.

NOW, I will explain how I came to visit Cousin Bob in prison. My father came to the Indian Territory when he was a boy in 1900, and his father filed on a quarter section of land.

In 1907, the Indian Territory became the State of Oklahoma and the gun toting bad men disappeared.

My father had never seen his notorious cousin but his adventures had become a legend in our family.

In 1920, my father bought a cattle ranch near the Wichita Mountains. Every year he made a trip to Texas to buy beef. One time he found himself only a few miles from Huntsville, so he visited his cousin. Every year after that when he went south to buy cattle he visited Cousin Bob.

In 1930, when I was 13 years old, I went with my father on his annual cattle buying trip, and we visited the fabulous Cousin Bob. I had heard so many stories about him that he had become a sort of hero to me.

The prison doors clanged shut behind us, the doors that had kept Cousin Bob away from his treasure for thirty years. He wasn't the fierce looking man that I knew from old family photos. He was old, bent and sick.

He shook my father's hand, and I was disappointed when he cried as we were introduced. They had brought him from the infirmary to the visiting room.

We talked for a few minutes, and Cousin Bob said to my father. "Josh, I've got T.B. and I'm dying. You're the only kin of mine that has come to see me since I came here. I've got five more years to go, and I can't make it. I'm going to tell you where you can find some gold."

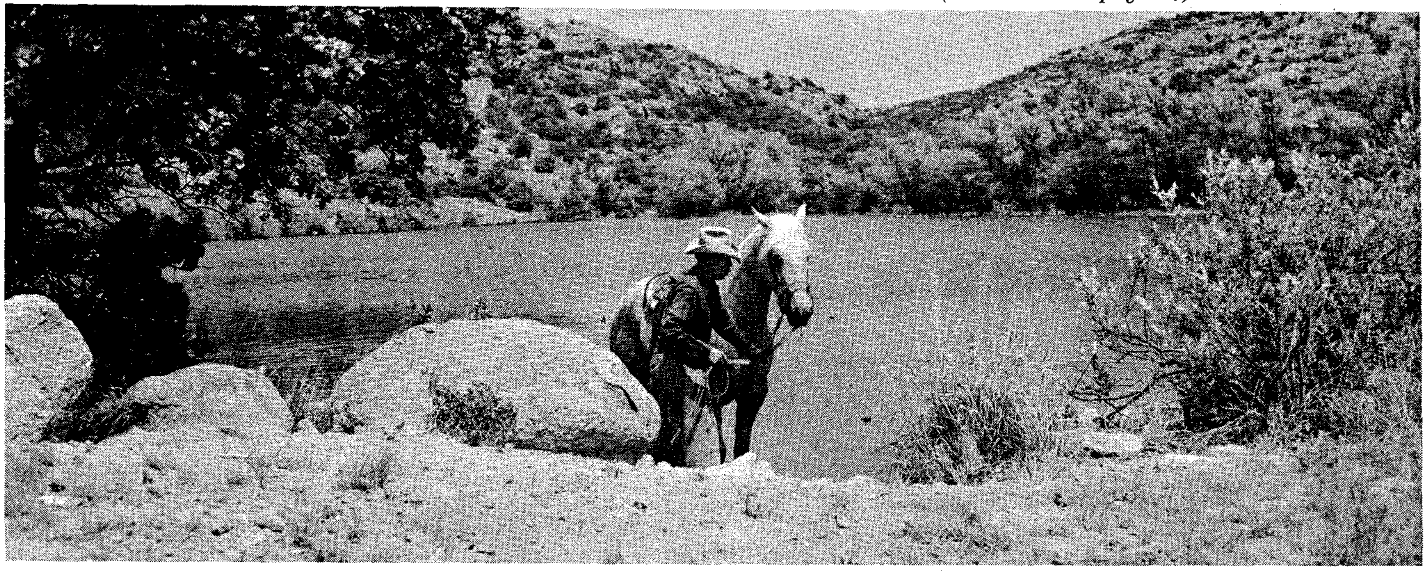
He told all about his taking the gold from the Baker gang and told which mountain he had buried it on. He slipped a sketch to my father.

On the way home I was excited as only a thirteen-year old boy can be. But my father hadn't believed his cousin. He said the whole tale was only a sick man's ravings and that he had taken the sketch only to humor his relative. However, he kept the sketch.

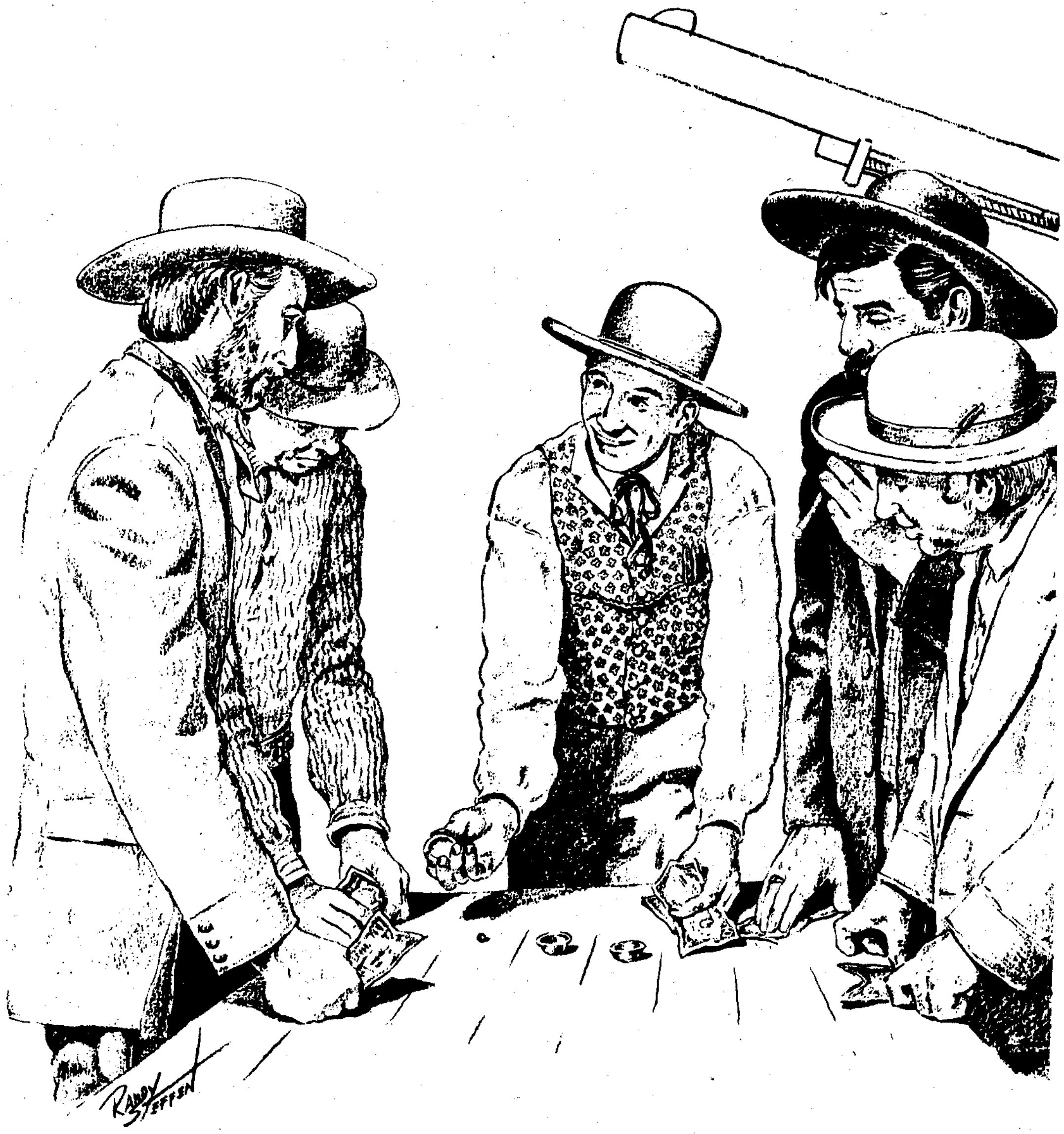
Five months later we received word from the prison authorities that Cousin Bob had died and had been buried in the prison cemetery as he had requested.

AFTER that, I couldn't get that buried treasure off my mind. I kept pestering my father until he went with me to look for the gold. We located the mountain, but we couldn't locate a rock that resembled the one Cousin Bob had sketched and said the gold was buried under.

(Continued on page 64)



Joe Beaver, Comanche Indian, who helped the author hunt. Joe is shown with his favorite horse.



Bunco artist and king of Western con men, Soapy Smith wore a grin so infectious and confidence-inspiring that a group of outraged Yukon miners finally froze it to his face—permanently

DEVIL'S

WHEN young Jeff Smith lost his full month's cowhand pay to a smooth gent operating a shell game on a San Antonio street corner, he was overjoyed. This, he felt, was the luckiest day of his life; he had learned an invaluable lesson. His perpetual grin grew wider.

"This is for me," Jeff told himself. "Why spend my life pushin' Texas longhorns over the plains, when I can stand on a street corner in town and make a fortune—"

"Hey, cowboy!" yelled the shell manipulator. "Either play or stand back an' let somebody else play."

Young Jeff stepped aside. "I ain't a cowboy, mister. Not any more, I ain't!" He grinned at the shell man.

"If you ain't a cowboy, what are you?"

"I'm your hired hand," said Jeff. "From now on, I work for you."

"You're crazy, son!" laughed the shell man. "But I'm kinda crazy myself. Maybe we can work a deal."

Closing the game, picking up his small folding table and placing the shells in his pocket, the shell game operator led the ex-cowboy to a saloon to talk things over.

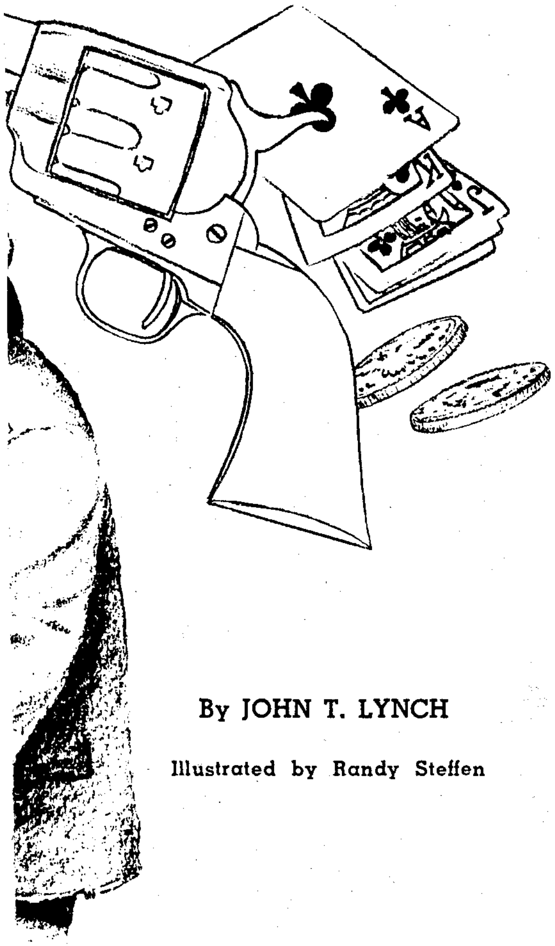
For several months, while Jeff Smith was learning to manipulate shells, he earned his keep and travel money by acting as his mentor's "shill." Young Jeff would take his place in the crowd gathered around the small canvas-topped table, and wait for a lull in the play. Then, still looking like a gawky, guileless cowboy just in from the range, he would pretend to play the game. He never failed to point to the shell under which the pea was lying. With a shout of joy he would pocket the money he "won" and hurry away. Others in the crowd, figuring that they could guess right also, rushed to place their bets and lose their hard-earned cash.

Three hours every night Jeff practiced placing the elusive pea under one of the shells, then sliding pea and shells around quickly, until the pea rested under a different shell. Within a year, Jeff could work the shell game like an expert and was off on his own.

Leadville, Colorado, was at the height of its gold boom when young Smith arrived there and set up shop on the corner of Third Street and Harrison Avenue. For several days he had no opposition in separating the suckers from their money via his little game. Profits rolled in, and Jeff's friendly grin seldom left his face.

One morning Jeff looked across the street and saw that competition had arrived in the form of a high-hatted, frock-coated elderly gentleman bedecked with diamonds. Smith watched enviously as the crowd ignored his stand and flocked around that of the fancy old rooster across the way. He also noticed that the crowd remained intact, loath to leave the spot. Jeff closed his table and sauntered over to find out what the great attraction was.

The bejeweled old gent was making a spiel. On the table in front of him was stacked a number of two-inch square cubes of soap. To his right lay a neat sheaf of blue wrapping papers. On the left side of the table was a large stack of greenbacks, with a hundred dollar bill



By JOHN T. LYNCH

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

GRIN

showing on top.

"GENTLEMEN," said the elegant pitchman, "surely you have all heard of soap. By the looks of many of you, you haven't been near a bar of soap for years. The white cubes you see on the table, gentlemen, are made of soap."

At this strategic point, the spieler held up a piece of soap for all to see. Then he would pick up a piece of the blue paper and start to wrap the bar of soap. Seemingly as an afterthought, he would reach out and pick up a bill of large denomination from the money pile and wrap both soap and bill in a sheet of blue paper, talking as he wrapped. The gathering noted that he placed a greenback in every third or fourth package. He dropped the wrapped parcels in a growing pile in the center of the table.

"Now, gents, step forward," droned the pitchman. "You have watched me wrap big bills in many of these packages. The soap alone is worth a dollar--but, for one dollar, you can take your pick of the stack of packages. You can win a hundred or fifty dollar bill for only one dollar! Who's first, gents?"

The crowd fought to be first. Every man handed over a dollar for one of the packets. In five minutes the stack was sold out.

Young Smith was so impressed that he watched the newcomer work all day. His shell game was petty larceny compared to *this* racket!

Early in the day, Smith had flashed the elderly pitchman the universal sign of the bunco brotherhood. The old man acknowledged it, and, at the first opportunity, invited Jeff to drink and dine with him that night after the day's play was over.

The meeting of the old soap pusher and young Jeff proved interesting and profitable for both.

"My name is V. Bullock Taylor," said the old man at dinner that evening. "I am proud to state that I am the sole originator of the soap game. What's *your* line, young man?"

"I'm just a shell game man," confessed Jeff. " I thought I was doing pretty good until I watched you. Now I know I'm just a punk—"

"Tut! Tut!" smiled his host. "You are not a punk, my boy, although hardly in my class as an artist. Many shell men have tried to copy my soap-wrapping stunt, but all fail."

"How many greenbacks did you actually wrap in those packets today?" asked Jeff.

The old pitchman smiled again. "Not a one, my boy, not a single one!"

"Seems like some of the customers would get wise. In my shell game, one of 'em is bound to get lucky once in a while. But when your crowd notices that nobody gets a greenback—"

"Ah, but they *don't* notice!" laughed Taylor. "Nobody wants to look like a fool, or an easy mark. They open the packets, peek in, and maybe pretend that they haven't been cheated. That's what makes my game so pleasant. Never any trouble."

By morning, Taylor and young Smith had formed a partnership. Once again, Jeff Smith learned the tricks of another's trade from a master of the art. Eight months later, Taylor cheerfully admitted that young Jeff was better at the soap game than he was. Then the old man conveniently died, leaving the soap field to his protegé, Jeff Smith.

AFTER giving his mentor a fine funeral in Leadville, Jeff decided to try Denver. At that time, in the late 90's, Denver was quickly becoming a city of importance. The population was rapidly increasing.

Jeff Smith set up his equipment on Seventh Street, started his spiel and was in business.

After six months in booming Denver, Smith found himself getting rich. People came for miles to play his game. Jeff's glib tongue and fast fingers paid off handsomely. Such was his warm, friendly personality that even the clipped suckers liked him. "Ol' Soapy's a corker!" they'd say to themselves—and walk away, shaking their heads in admiration.

One night Soapy was starting to count the day's take when a knock sounded at his hotel room door. Never one to take chances, Jeff leveled his six-gun at the door and said, "Come in."

A tall, gaunt, impressive-looking individual, dressed in black broadcloth and white linen, stepped into the room.

"Drop the gun, young man," he suggested suavely. "I want to talk to you."

Soapy lost his grin. "Who are you and what the hell do you want?"

The tall stranger stared reprovingly at Jeff. " I am Doctor Lemuel Baggs and—as I have already told you—I want to talk to you."

Smith tossed the gun on the bed. "Hell, why didn't you say so? Sit down, Doc. I'm proud to meet you."

Doc Baggs, as Jeff well knew, was the smartest of all con men—the originator of the gold brick selling game. Doc's artistically gold-coated lead oblongs had been bought by suckers throughout the West, but so far he had managed to keep a jump ahead of the law.

"You didn't notice me today, my boy, as I watched you operate," smiled Baggs. "I couldn't help observing that you are wasting your talents in a picayune game. I can help you make big money—not the nickels and dimes you are making now. It so happens that I am temporarily in what we might call semi-retirement—at the request of the local constabulary. However, I will guide and instruct you in the operation of three fine plays I have just polished up. You will lead my other boys in the transactions—at great profit to us all."

Soapy jumped at the chance to become associated with the great Doc Baggs. Never again did he sell another bar of soap. He quickly went on to other and bigger things.

SHORTLY after being trained in the operation of big bunco games by Doc Baggs, fate gave Jeff Smith another assist. Doc conveniently cashed his checks, leaving Soapy with his fertile schemes and well-knit organization. Under the new leader, the nefarious outfit expanded tremendously. Soapy Smith and his gang would even dictate choices for high political offices; fixing, bribing, stealing, cheating and marauding. They ruled entire towns. Soapy became an evil power in the West.

The larcenous crew that Soapy inherited from Doc Baggs, plus new recruits, became the most successful bunco gang of all time. Their lurid exploits have never been equalled. They originated con games that are still in operation. They sold fake mining stocks and claims, ran phony horse races, peddled nonexistent hidden treasures and lost mines, duping suckers from coast to coast in person or by mail.

Soapy Smith had come a long way from the long nights and hot, dusty days along the Texas trails up to the Kansas railheads. The ex-cowboy, the man with the wide grin, had become a king of the underworld.

Outstanding members of Soapy's crew were "Reverend" Charles Bowers, "Judge" Norman Van Horn, and—as court jester—"Ice Box" Bernie Bolton.

"Reverend" Bowers, innocent and gentle in appearance and sanctimonious in manner, was the chief "steerer" for the gang. He lured the victims to the kill. The "Reverend" made "friends" easily and quickly, as he knew every secret grip and sign of every existing fraternal organization—and had buttons and pins to match.

(Continued on page 46)

Devil's Grin

(Continued from page 45)

"Judge" Van Horn had bestowed the title on himself, after being disbarred and expelled from the practice of law in almost every state in the Union. Van Horn, once a brilliant lawyer, was addicted to the use of opium and cocaine. His value to Soapy was great in many ways.

"Ice Box" Bernie Bolton, a skinny pock-marked character, was of no value whatever except for laughs. Once Bernie had aspired to be a great safe blower, and had worked as studiously as his limited mentality would permit to achieve his ambition. After years of study, the boys finally permitted Bernie to tackle his first job. He was selected to blow the safe in a large wholesale meat market.

On the appointed night, Bernie was hoisted through a jimmied window of the butcher shop. Using his "light torch" to find the safe, Bernie set the charge and departed. Within seconds the entire rear wall blew out of the place, and the waiting thugs dashed in to collect the loot. They found the safe intact, but the floor, wall and ceilings covered with pork chops, beef sides and hunks of mutton. Poor dumb Bernie had made a slight mistake. He had blown open the big metal ice box instead of the safe.

Henceforth, Bernie was "Ice Box" Bolton to everybody. Soapy Smith took pity on the forlorn oaf and took him on for laughs.

BY the time of the big silver strike in Mineral County, Colorado, in 1892, Soapy had forty assorted criminals working for him. Among them were specialists in every type of crime. The outfit was well equipped to take advantage of the tempting situation existing in the boom towns of Mineral County. Soapy's men scouted the towns and reported that Creede offered the best set-up. Smith moved in promptly and took over.

Backed by his tough henchmen, Soapy cut himself in on the profits of every saloon and gambling hall. He also built a large place of his own and cut nobody in.

The only real opposition Soapy encountered, at first, was from Bob Ford—the man who had won himself a reputation of sorts by shooting Jesse James in the back. Ford had reached Creede early, and opened the first combination saloon and gambling hall in town. He resented the appearance of Soapy Smith, as he had planned on being Creede's Big Chief himself. A clash between the two men seemed inevitable.

At his own convenience, Soapy strolled over to Ford's saloon to straighten Bob out. The pair sat together at a table in a back room, and Soapy was seen to lean across the table and speak to Ford in a low voice. The words, whatever they were, scared Bob Ford half to death. Next day he announced that "Mister Smith" was his full partner. Bob remained abjectly subservient to Soapy until the day a young stranger came quietly into Creede and unquietly blasted the life out of Ford with a shotgun.

Soapy's brilliant, twisted mind was beginning to get bored with his rich set-up in Creede when, in the summer of 1897, gold was discovered in Alaska. Gold in the Klondike! Big Chief felt the call to new adventure on a raw, new frontier and accepted the challenge.

Dyea and Skagway were each trying to outdo the other as the main jumping off place for the trail into the Klondike, when Soapy, his grin and his gang, arrived on the hectic scene.

Making a thorough study of the situation, Soapy rightly decided that Skagway would emerge as the favored entrance to the gold fields. Smith figured correctly that most of the thousands of gold hungry prospectors would prefer to get to the Yukon by the route that led from Skagway over White Pass, instead of chancing the dreaded Chilkoot Pass that led from Dyea to Lake Linderman, then to the Yukon.

WITHIN four months, Soapy Smith was Lord of Skagway. Buying off local officials, bribing local lawmen, quietly murdering anyone who dared stand in his way, Soapy, once again, ruled an entire town. Not a wheel turned, not a card dealt, nor a drink sold, that the man with the grin did not get his cut.

Up until his Klondike venture, Soapy had been able to control his lust for wealth. But silver and greenbacks were one thing and gold—yellow, shining gold—was quite another. In his insane craving for the precious stuff, Soapy lost his balance. Nothing, he believed, could stop him now from becoming the richest man in the world.

Nothing did stop him, for a long time. Bunco games were abandoned—they weren't fast enough for Soapy now. He replaced his more genteel criminals—the con men—with a group of strong-arm thugs and ruthless cut-throats. This leering, bullying, murderous mob, led by the dim-witted but vicious "Ice Box" Bolton, specialized in robbing prospectors, newly in from the Yukon, of their pokes of gold.

Murmurs of discontent and rebellion began to be heard around Skagway. The respectable element organized a vigilante group. Soapy grinned at the news, and continued to loot more and more gold.

Lemuel Stewart had spent back-breaking months with pick and shovel, pan brother to every man he met, by methods known only to himself. and rocker, in the Yukon. Not so successful as the average Klondike prospector, Lem had gathered $2,700 worth of gold dust and was content to call it quits. With his little fortune in a moose-hide poke, he was heading for home in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Skagway was, of necessity, Stewart's first stop on his way home.

Trail weary, Lem rented a room, slept a few hours, then started out to find a place where he could exchange his gold dust for greenbacks.

As he left the rooming house, he was spotted by Crimp Neff, one of Soapy's steerers. Neff, roughly dressed like a prospector, joined Stewart on the street and had no trouble striking up a conversation. Lem promptly accepted Neff's offer to buy a drink at Jeff's Place—Soapy Smith's big saloon.

After a few drinks, Stewart confided that he wanted to find a place where he could exchange his dust for greenbacks.

"Glad you told me," smiled Neff. "Don't go to any of these merchants. They charge a big commission for changin' gold. They're a bunch of crooks. I know a man who won't charge you a cent for changin' your gold. Matter of fact, I'm meetin' him here soon."

Soapy's men, seeing that Crimp had brought in a victim, swarmed around. They bought drinks and slapped Lem on the back. They hefted his poke and played a hilarious game at guessing how many ounces it contained.

"Why don't you show Lem the eagle?" asked one of the gang.

"Sure thing!" replied another thug. "Hey, Lem, they got a big eagle out in the back. Wanta see it?"

With several snorts of red-eye under his belt, Lem thought that seeing an eagle was a helluva good idea. He picked up his poke and followed Crimp out the back door. Two of his new "friends" tagged along.

LEM looked around the cluttered yard. "Where'sh the eagle?" he asked thickly. Nobody answered. Instead, Crimp pinned Stewart's arms behind his back while a confederate snatched the poke. Suddenly, Lem found himself, cold sober, standing alone in the yard. His "friends" had vanished.

Stewart ran back into the saloon and excitedly told the bartender what had happened. Soapy Smith, who had just arrived, grinned.

"You're mistaken, stranger," said Soapy. "I own this place, and nobody has ever been robbed here. I wouldn't permit it."

The bartender howled in delight as Lem dashed out the door. Stewart ran down the street yelling, "I been robbed! I been robbed!"

Bill Severn, editor of Skagway's little newspaper, the *Alaskan*, came running from his office, as did many other shopkeepers and merchants. Soon Lem was surrounded by an indignant group of citizens, listening to his story. Soapy's boys, in the background, tried without success to drown him out with shouts and curses.

Editor Severn snapped, "This has gone far enough." He raised his voice so the crowd could hear his words. "Men, how much longer are we going to stand for Soapy Smith and his crew? Must Skagway always be ruled by thugs and murderers?"

Frank Reid, the city engineer, stepped forward. "Every man who is tired of Soapy Smith and his rule be at the town hall at ten o'clock. Spread the word all over town."

"That's the spirit!" approved Editor Severn. "Let's make it a big meeting! But right now—who will go with me to get this man's gold back from the crooks?"

Thirty armed men appeared at Jeff's Place within an hour.

Soapy greeted them at the door, grinning broadly. "Gents," he said, "I know what you've come for. My boys told me you were on the way."

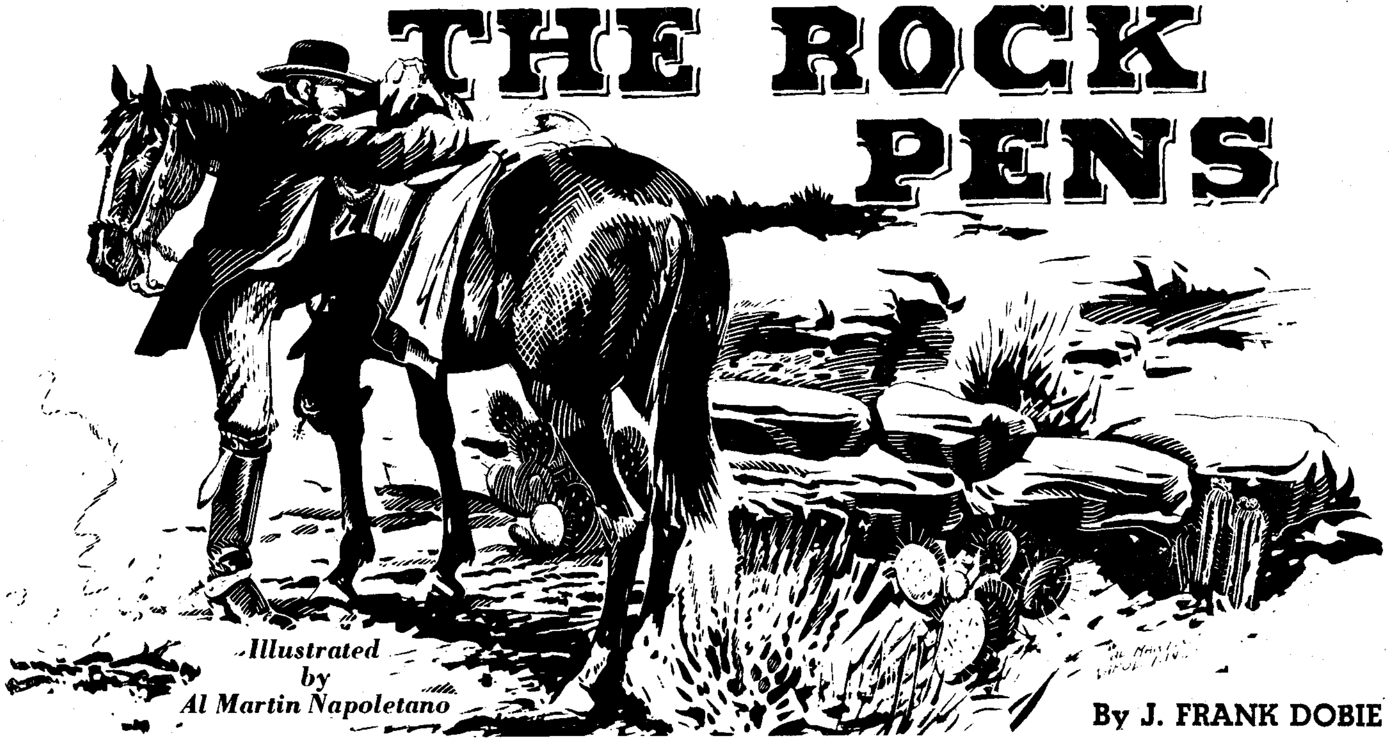
"We've come to get Stewart's gold back," said Severn. "*Now!*"

Soapy reached down to the floor behind him, and brought up the moose-skin poke, still full of gold dust. "Here it is," he chuckled. "My boys were just having a bit of fun with that green prospector."

Severn took the poke and handed it to Stewart. Nobody listened to the rest of Soapy's explanation. The group of

(Continued on page 64)

WASH BARKER AND THE ROCK PENS



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Several people knew about the Rock Pens, and a few knew about the thirty-one mule loads of Spanish silver buried there. (Or was it only seven?) But now where in all that vast tangle of prickly-pear and chaparral along the Nueces River are the Rock Pens to be found?

THE vast brush country through which the Nueces River winds has hidden many men who wanted to remain unfound. It has never hidden a man as noted or as long sought for as a certain, but very uncertain, man-made structure called the Rock Pens. Several people have seen the pens by accident, but nobody looking for them has ever sighted them. Chaparral and prickly-pear are wonderful concealers.

I grew up understanding that the Rock Pens hold "the spoils of thirty-one mule loads of Spanish silver," and my understanding was all but first hand. Pay attention to that "all but." My mother's half-brother Ed Dubose was one of the most energetic and sanguine treasure-hunters who ever acquired a "way-bill" or dug a hole. He accumulated a store of testimony on the Rock Pens and made various expeditions into the big brushy pastures of the region where they are supposed to lie—lie mighty low.

A prime item in Uncle Ed's evidence was the eye witness account by Mr. Pate McNeil. Pate McNeil's ranch in Live Oak County joined the east side of our ranch. Pate died while I was a child, but I knew all his ten sons. The silver has never interested me; I have no faith in it; but the rock fascinates me; I'll believe in it as long as the brush grows.

As Pate McNeil's story went, the year after the Civil War ended, he was driving with his young wife in a buggy from Dog Town (now called Tilden) in McMullen County to Lagarto, in Live Oak County. He was driving two horses and leading a saddled horse. This was, of course, before there were any fences. On the south side of the Nueces River, "somewhere in the Shiner ranch country," Mr. Pate saw a fine red maverick heifer running across an opening. He halted the buggy, gave the lines to his wife, untied his saddle horse, jumped into the saddle, and playing out a loop in his reata, started on a dead run after the heifer. She went into the brush, but he roped her, tied her down, made a fire, took the running iron tied to his saddle, and branded her with his well known brand, in box car letters, PATE.

After the branded heifer was released, he noticed as he started to mount his horse, that he was right at some low rock pens. He supposed that early-day Mexicans had a ranch at the site and thought no more of the matter until years later when an old settler told him that Spaniards had got into a fight with Indians and buried thirty-one jack loads of silver bar in the pens. He went with the old settler to locate the pens, but the country had been fenced, grown up in brush and changed so much that he could not find them.

I told this and a good deal more in *Coronado's Children*. Twenty years after the book was published I met Jim Nichols in Beeville, Texas. He belongs to an old-time family of the brush country.

He said, "I want to tell you something else about the Rock Pens with those seven loads of Spanish silver." He said *seven* —not *thirty-one.*

ONE day many years ago, he told, he and two other men were talking on the street in Beeville when the subject of the Rock Pens came up. Near them, but not taking part in the conversation, was Wash Barker, a noted character. After the other men left, Wash Barker stepped over to Jim Nichols and said, "I know where those pens are. I was helping drive a bunch of horses in McMullen County. A filly ran out of the bunch and while I was rounding her in, I saw the pens. This was on the north side of the Nueces, not far from the old Mud Crossing."

Now Wash Barker had an eagle's eye for seeing things, but the things he saw were generally mighty real. He left Bee County in the night and stayed gone for maybe thirty-five years before returning to get a man and to die in peace. He had been gone so long that he was supposed to be dead, and all indictments against him had been quashed.

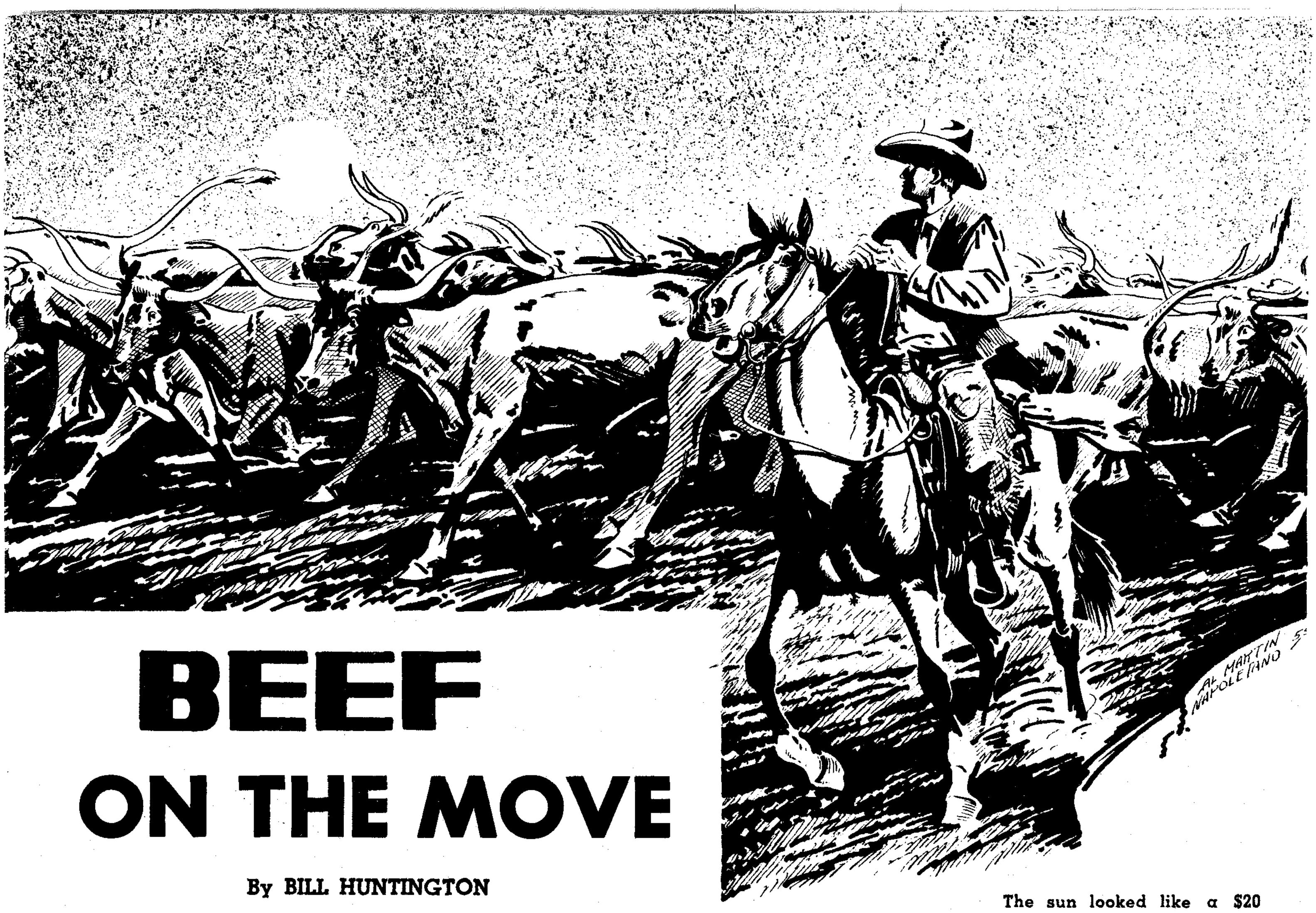
One time while he was on the dodge, he rode up to a saloon in a town in west Texas four hundred miles away and was about to get down when he saw Dave Walton's saddle on a horse tied to the hitching rail. He rode on. Dave Walton was from Bee County.

"You mean you recognized Dave Walton's saddle?" Jim Ballard asked Wash Barker when he told of this incident.

"Certainly I recognized it. I'd seen him riding it while we were running cattle. As far as identification goes, it was as much a part of him as his eyes."

Another time while he was on the dodge, Wash Barker was down in Mexico wearing a money belt well lined with gold. One evening his horse was nearly played out when he rode up to a ranch. He was acquainted with two men who lived there. He unsaddled this horse and tied him in a motte of trees. In

(Continued on page 66)



BEEF ON THE MOVE

By **BILL HUNTINGTON**

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

The sun looked like a $20 gold-piece, way off in space.

That sure was some roundup on the Powder River back in 1895!

I had never ridden the Powder River country before the year 1895. From my first look, I didn't think much of it. There wasn't much grass growing in the valley, but lots of sage brush and alkali flats. The river was not very wide, and when I was there, in August, there wasn't much water in it. The river bed was sand. You could scoop the sand out with your hands most anywhere and find water. Cattle could walk in the river bed and the water would come up in their tracks, so they could get a drink. It was a treacherous, dangerous stream with lots of quicksand. In case of a cloudburst or the runoff of spring snows, the Powder got plenty high. Many a cow had lost her life in that ol' river.

We stole the Powder River country from the Indians and we ought to give it back. Although there was lots of grass when you got out into the rolling country, there were also coulees and water washes that you couldn't cross and you'd have to ride way around them. There are plenty of badlands, where it is hard to herd cattle, although cattle get fat off the rich badlands grass.

When I was there in 1895, working for the CY outfit, there were more steers than cows and calves in that country. Most of the outfits used to stock it with southern steers, keep them a couple of years, and ship them to Omaha for beef. They were longhorn cattle, of different colors, and all wild as deer. They were mighty hard to handle. Some of those Texas steers could run about as fast as a good horse.

Clay Robinson and Company had made a special order for four or five hundred head of three-and-four-year-old steers. There were thousands of cattle in that country, belonging to big outfits. It was a tough job, short-handed as we were, to gather those wild cattle and hold them, with all the different brands running there.

We had only eight men—a cook, horse-wrangler, and six riders. It took two men to hold the beef herd, as those steers tried to get away all the time. We had to let them scatter to graze. If we let them scatter too much, a bunch of them would throw up their heads and start off on a long trot. By the time we headed them, some on the other side of the herd were going the other way. As they were on their own range, they didn't care which way they went, just so they got away.

We rode herd all day and rode night guard three hours. It took two men on each guard, and sometimes it took us all, if the cattle got scary or it was an extra dark night. We didn't dare take any chances of a stampede and losing them, for they would mix with the other cattle and we would have all the work to do over again. The weather was hot as hell. The water wasn't fit to drink—it was warm and had lots of alkali in it.

After gathering the middle fork and the south fork of the Powder River, we crossed the old Bozeman Trail toward Pumpkin Buttes and the head of the Belle Fourche. We had about two hundred seventy-five head. As there were several little creeks south toward Orin Junction, the foreman said that with good luck we could get enough cattle in the next two days; the third day we would corral at Orin.

The heat was terrific. A hot wind blew out of the southeast, burning your face and hands so you could hardly stand it. When we got our tally, it took us all to hold the cattle that night. It was windy and hot. There was dust in the air, making it dark and hazy. We got started early in the morning. You couldn't see very far through the dusky haze. The sun looked like a $20 gold piece, way off in space. The wind quit blowing about noon and it was so hot and close you could hardly get your breath!

We camped early, as it was too hot to drive cattle. Just before sundown, a big white cloud with a reddish cast to it came sailing in from the southeast.

The foreman cocked his weather eye on it and said, "We'll probably get a water-spout out of that. When it hits, I want every man on herd. I sure don't want to lose them steers now."

(Continued on page 66)

Bat Masterson's saloon and gambling hall was hardly the place for a preacher!

They Stole the Parson's Pants

They listened to the sermon. Then--

Illustrated by Evan Keith Soward

By STAN ZAMO

AMONG the clergy and the parishioners alike, it never has been considered good policy for a minister to go about without his pants. But there was a time when it proved a good policy, and that is why "Parson Tom" Uzzell is remembered in Creede, Colorado.

For more than a score of years, the gaunt preacher had traveled the Methodist trail through the isolated mining camps of Colorado. In the summer of 1890, he forged across the jagged Rockies astride a weary old mule to sinful, silver-booming Creede.

There being no hotel accommodations to house the great stampede of fortune hunters, Parson Tom rented a small tent. From the very beginning, he was convinced that this citadel of wickedness was desperately in need of his services.

The town was not only crowded with gamblers, painted women, and reckless tin-horns, but was ruled by the notorious "Soapy" Smith. Its three most popular poker dealers were the cigar-smoking sisters—Poker Alice, Calamity Jane, and Killarney Kate.

The following day, Parson Tom went forthwith to the Denver Exchange, a notorious gambling saloon run by Bat Masterson. The parson had heard about the legendary gunman, peace officer, Indian fighter, and gambler. The place hummed like a bee-hive on a sunny day—the click of the chips, the rattle of dice, clinkling glasses, and the shouts of faro dealers. Everyone was too busy tempting the wheels of fortune to be bothered with the black book under his arm.

THROUGH the cigar smoke at one of the faro tables, the parson sighted Bob Ford, well out of range of any window. On top of the table, within easy reach, was the gun with which he had killed Jesse James. At another table was "Troublesome Tom" Cody and his deadly swordcane. Cody trimmed thousands of suckers in the slippery pea and walnut-shell game.

Parson Tom introduced himself immediately to the proprietor and said that he would like to go to work immediately on the business of saving souls. Masterson hesitated a second, eyeing the parson in his black, shabby suit. To close the gambling tables and the busy bar even for half an hour would cost him a small fortune.

"Right now?" he asked.

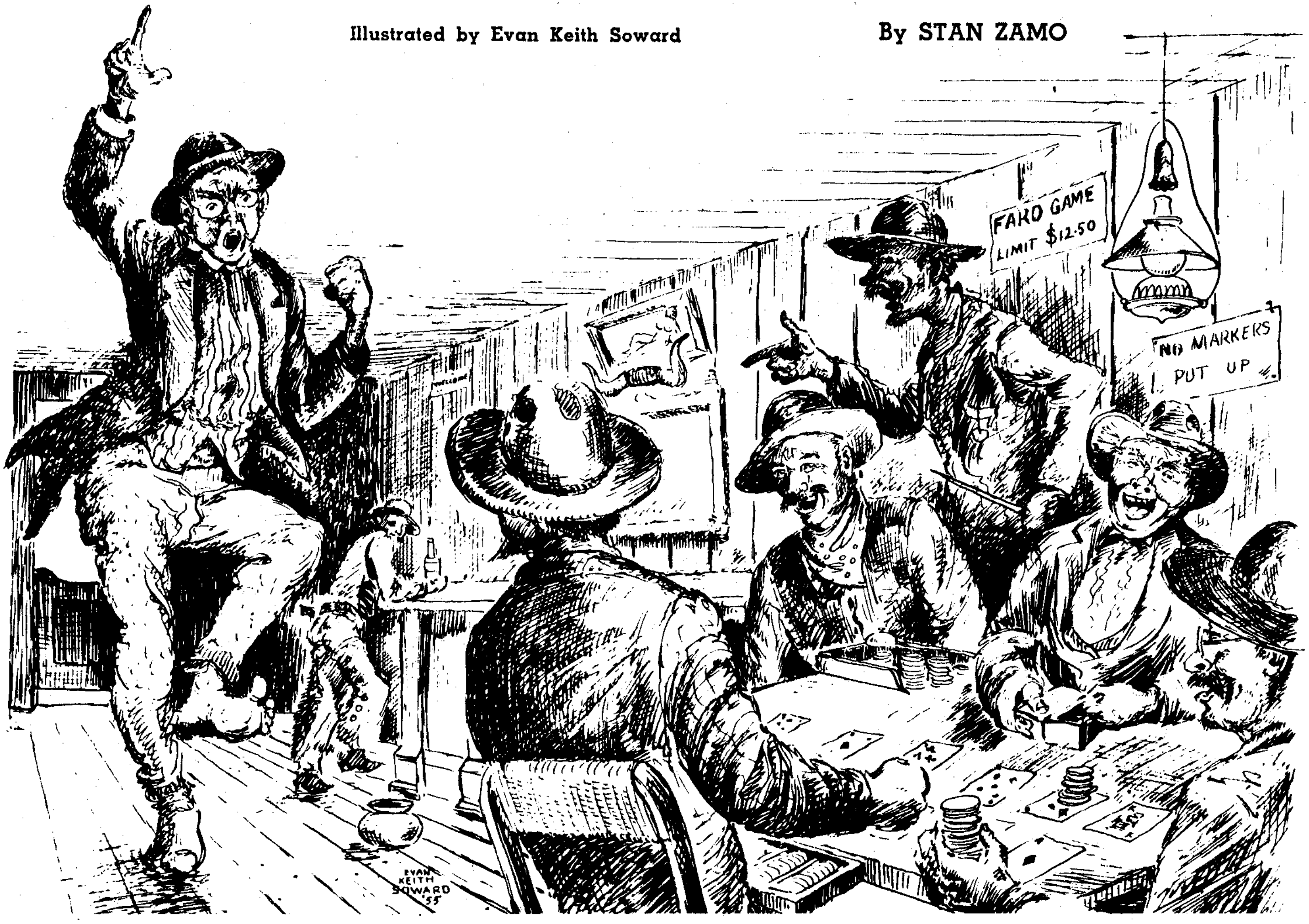
"Right now," answered the parson.

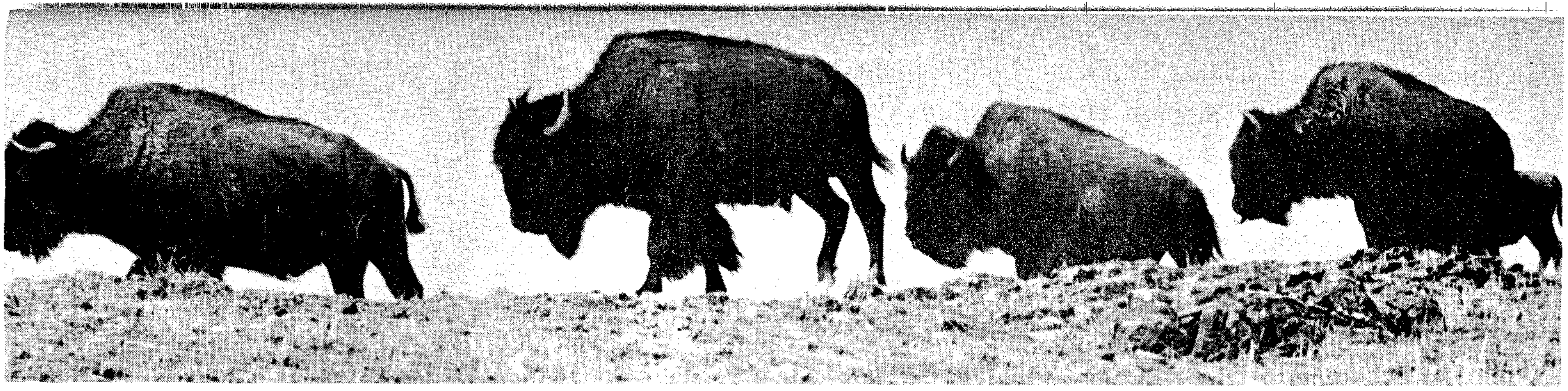
Masterson ambled to the bar, grabbed a whiskey bottle, and beat on the shiny mahogany.

"This here's a preacher," he said loudly, pointing at the frock-coated figure. "He'd like to make a sermon, so take off your hats."

The parson laid his derby on the bar and from the top of a pool table gave his sermon. It was about the Prodigal

(Continued on page 54)





After a recent roundup of the critters, the only buffalo Jack White of Catalina Island wants to see are those on nickels!

BUFFALO ROUNDUP at SEA

Originally published in 1955

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

Photos Courtesy Author

A favored few vacationers on California's famed Catalina Island recently witnessed an event that matched in thrills and incredibility some of the tallest tales of the old west. They saw hard-riding veteran cowboys round up a herd of wild buffalo whose home is 25 miles at sea!

The great shaggy bison have roamed the island's lonely mountain fastness for three decades. No publicity stunt, the roundup was necessitated by the herd's growing size, the aggressiveness of the animals and their recurrent threat to the human population's safety.

In recent years the bison have become the popular resort's biggest headache. They've stampeded cattle being fattened for market on Catalina's hillsides, chased cowboys, frightened tourists who ventured into remote canyons and generally made themselves obnoxious. One nosey bull, more sociable than the rest, strolled into the town of Avalon last year and routed patrons of a bistro when he poked his massive head in the front door and bawled loudly for a drink.

The herd had its beginnings in 1924 when 13 bison—all bulls and stags—were left behind in the canyon wilderness by one of the many motion picture companies that have long used Catalina's rugged mountain scenery as a background for western movies. Film cowboys ferried the beasts to the island on a boat but spent a futile week trying to round them up for shipment back to the mainland when the picture was completed. Finally, in despair, the buffalo hunters from Hollywood went home, leaving the animals to shift for themselves.

"At the time, we laughed at the movie company's exasperated efforts to capture the critters," recalls grizzled Jack White, Catalina's ranch boss for a generation, who was in charge of the more recent roundup. "But when we tried to shoo the herd into corrals last summer we became more understanding of the film folks' problems in herding bison. I've handled 'most every kind of cattle there is, in my time, but I want to tell you that the American buffalo is the most stubborn, cussed, frustratin' animal alive!"

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., the late chewing gum magnate who owned Catalina Island, decided in 1934 that it might be a good idea to import some buffalo cows, turn them loose with the bachelor bison already there, and let nature take its course to build up the herd as a tourist attraction. Accordingly, he dispatched Jack White to Colorado where a deal was made to buy another 17 head—mostly young cows.

"We dropped off five head at a resort hotel that Mr. Wrigley owned in Arizona," White explained, "then shipped the other twelve on to the Los Angeles stockyards. There we packed 'em into big wooden crates and took 'em across the channel on the Catalina steamer."

The newly-arrived buffalo became oriented to their sea-island home very readily, White said, and until the recent roundup, were allowed to wander at will about the 48,000 acres which comprise the coastal island's rangeland. In the intervening years the herd increased to a total of 65 animals, and included some of the original movie bison still living.

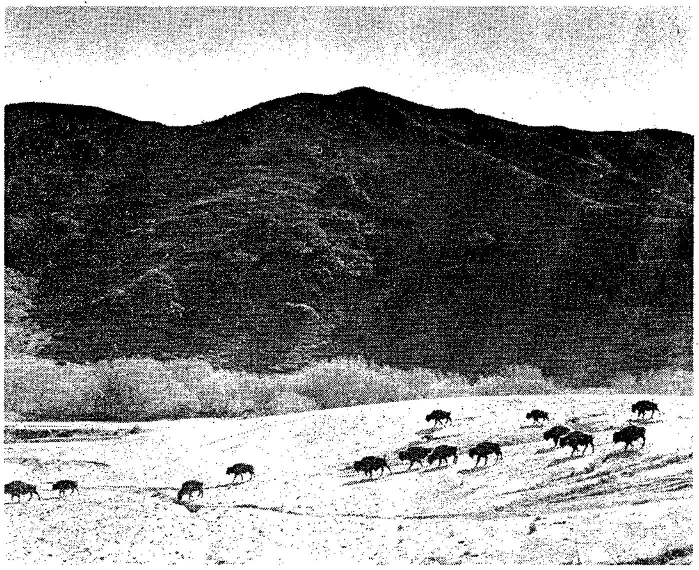
"Bison are hardy and there have been about a half dozen new calves born each year," White stated. "Old ones die off only at the rate of one or two a year." One reason for the older bulls' demise, according to Jack White, is that they are chased away by the herd when they get on in years and are forced to spend the rest of their days alone in the bushland. He thinks that loneliness—rather than the infirmities of age—cause them to just lose interest in living.

About three years ago the buffalo began giving island residents a bad time. First, golfers on Catalina's nine hole course complained that the buffalo were interfering with their game. One frisky young bull appeared on the course one day and playfully chased a foursome up a tree. Another went to sleep on a green and refused to be evicted.

A Catalina resident, preparing food for a garden party, placed a large bowl of freshly made mixed salad on a patio table while he went to greet some arriving guests. He returned a few minutes later in time to see the last of his salad disappearing down the cavernous gullet of an uninvited buffalo who'd dropped in for a snack.

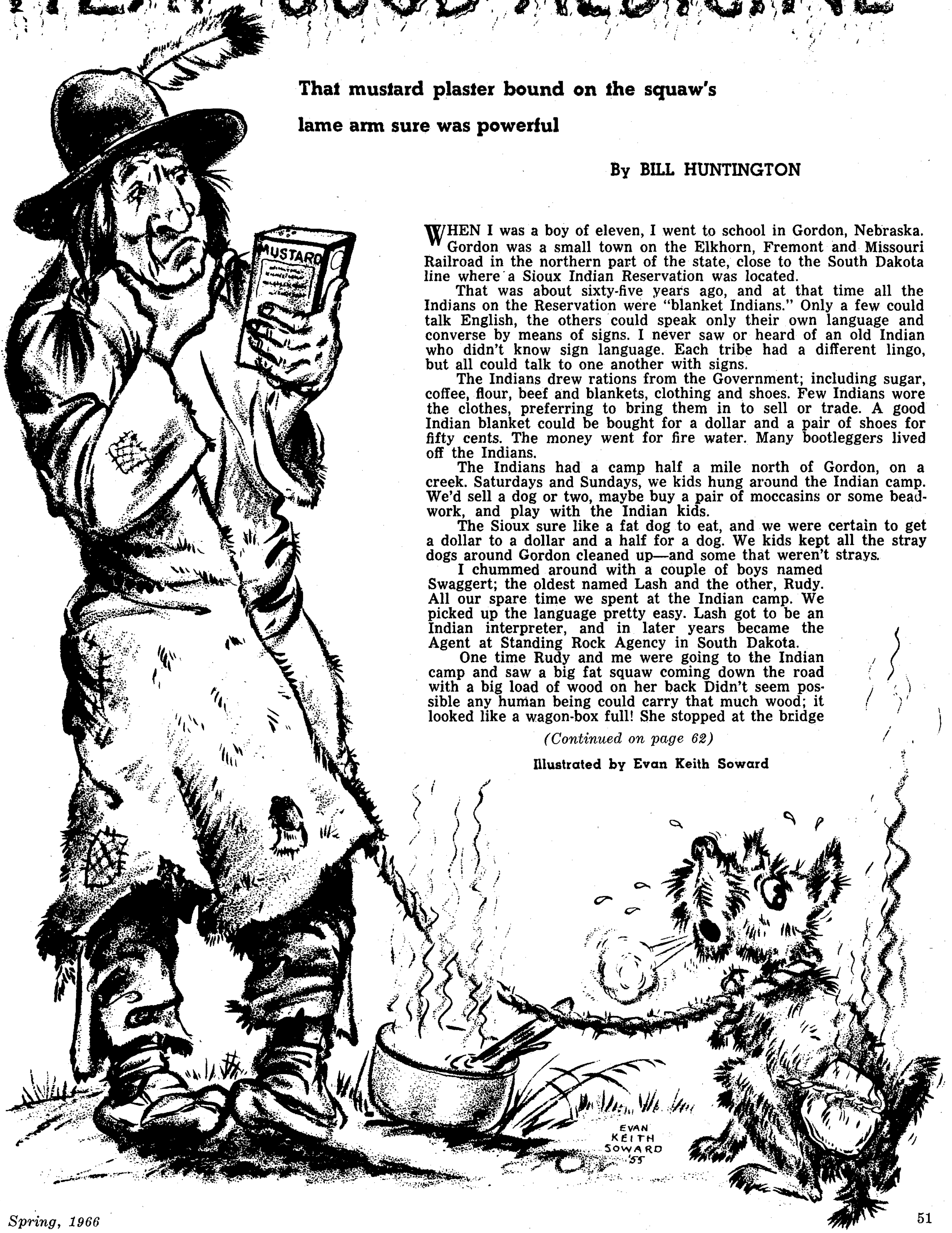
Bus operators reported that bison frequently blocked roads by lying down on the pavement and thus made it difficult for the drivers to maintain schedules. And one island visitor was frightened into a heart attack when a pair of bison appeared suddenly on a path where she was strolling and showed a hungry interest in a bouquet of flowers she'd gathered.

(Continued on page 52)



Wild buffalo being rounded up on the slopes of Mount Orizaba, Catalina's highest mountain

HEAP GOOD MEDICINE



That mustard plaster bound on the squaw's lame arm sure was powerful

By **BILL HUNTINGTON**

WHEN I was a boy of eleven, I went to school in Gordon, Nebraska. Gordon was a small town on the Elkhorn, Fremont and Missouri Railroad in the northern part of the state, close to the South Dakota line where a Sioux Indian Reservation was located.

That was about sixty-five years ago, and at that time all the Indians on the Reservation were "blanket Indians." Only a few could talk English, the others could speak only their own language and converse by means of signs. I never saw or heard of an old Indian who didn't know sign language. Each tribe had a different lingo, but all could talk to one another with signs.

The Indians drew rations from the Government; including sugar, coffee, flour, beef and blankets, clothing and shoes. Few Indians wore the clothes, preferring to bring them in to sell or trade. A good Indian blanket could be bought for a dollar and a pair of shoes for fifty cents. The money went for fire water. Many bootleggers lived off the Indians.

The Indians had a camp half a mile north of Gordon, on a creek. Saturdays and Sundays, we kids hung around the Indian camp. We'd sell a dog or two, maybe buy a pair of moccasins or some beadwork, and play with the Indian kids.

The Sioux sure like a fat dog to eat, and we were certain to get a dollar to a dollar and a half for a dog. We kids kept all the stray dogs around Gordon cleaned up—and some that weren't strays.

I chummed around with a couple of boys named Swaggert; the oldest named Lash and the other, Rudy. All our spare time we spent at the Indian camp. We picked up the language pretty easy. Lash got to be an Indian interpreter, and in later years became the Agent at Standing Rock Agency in South Dakota.

One time Rudy and me were going to the Indian camp and saw a big fat squaw coming down the road with a big load of wood on her back Didn't seem possible any human being could carry that much wood; it looked like a wagon-box full! She stopped at the bridge

(Continued on page 62)

Illustrated by Evan Keith Soward

DoughBelly's Doin's

LOOKING BACK

By doughBelly Price

Wherein The Sage of Taos takes a wry squint back over one shoulder to see if he can tell in which direction we're heading.

Originally published in 1955

When I was just A kid, and that has been A long time back, I was told by my father to go over to A neighbors ranch and help him round up his cattle. He was broke, and the Bankers and Commission men was coming to close him out.

We worked the range and got the herd together and throwed them in on the bed ground, and late that afternoon the vultures arrived at the ranch, had A fine supper and then went into the big front room to A long table and got to the job of figuring out what each one was to get.

The conversation was going like this: so many yearling steers, so many yearling heifers and so many cows (calves dident count them days) and they will bring about so much when they are on the market. Well, he owes me so much and you so much; and if the cattle bring this figure, you can expect about seventy five per cent of what you have coming. And so on down the line, paying No atten to big Ed setting over by the big fire place.

About eight o'clock, big Ed stretched and yawned and said: "Well, boys, I am going to bed. I have got to go on guard at twelve and there is just two things I would like for you to leave me when you get done. That is old Dusty, my old cutting horse. He is too old to bring any money. And leave me the manure on the bed ground. I will be eating tea Bone steaks when some of you boys is Yodeling soup."

Now mind you, that was in the days when cowmen rode horses, not Cadillacs. He didn't run screaming to the Federal government for price supports or ask for money.

I had A chance to have A talk with him fifteen years later, and he was worth A considerable amount of money for them days. And he done it in the cow business, the only thing he knowed. He stepped out and leased A little ranch and got him a string of cattle on the shares and went from there.

The boys that done the figuring that night had left him old Dusty and his saddle. Old Dusty had long since gone where all good cow horses go and his wife had gone on also. Big Ed had long since turned the afternoon of life.

But he told me that afternoon that I had the talk with him, with that far away look in his eyes, that the only thing that he regretted that them two could not be with him to share the setting of the evening sun.

And we are today on the eve of history repeating itself, as in big Ed's case. The cowmen of today has graduated from cow horses to Cadallics and they are even with the world, owe as many as they don't owe, and pay day is just over the hill.

I think (but that dont change A thing) when old father time closes the door of nineteen fifty four with A bang and fifty five comes marching in that it will be A year when the cowman will jump way wide and some to the left. And if he is A cowman and depending on cattle to make it, he is almost A dead stinking fish.

The greed for gold and Cadallic cars has led them way out in deep water and many of them will never make it back to the shore. The lure of so called cheap Insurance money has been too great. The false demand of high priced cattle with registration papers has took him in from A cowboy bed to A beauty rest mattress, from A bed ground with the sky for A roof to A steam heated room, from beef steak gravy and sour dough Biscuits to toast and tea with lady fingers in it, from answering the call of nature A safe distance from camp to A warm toilet just off the kitchen, from building A fire with cow chips to striking A match and turning on the gas, and instead of going and looking to see how the cattle is doing he waits for the weather report on the Radio and then goes to see his attorney.

And today instead of the hired help Saddling A horse and riding bog or the fence, they get A comb and brush and curry the hair of the registered cattle. And if he has not got A degree from some A & M college and learned what he knows from books he is not getting very much money. If he works eight hours A day he is sick and he don't get two weeks vacation with pay and sick leave he is not with you long. And about the highest ambition that them college graduates has is A hangover from Saturday night and an old age pension.

And the world in general. The cowman in particular is not happy, for when you break the cowman you have broke the backbone of the whole shebang and that throws A dark shadow on everything, for beef is the Sustance of our living and they dont have to be registered to be good eating and the hair dont have to be marcelled ever day for the hide to make good boots.

Shore, I know that this is called the age of higher entelligence, but I am not so sure about that. It is owning to the way that you define entelligence.

In the days that I first mentioned we was happy because we had confidence in our fellow man and dident know any better. When A neighboring cowman had branding to do, there was A gathering and the work was done and confidences and ideas was exchanged.

Now we have no confidences and the main idea is to get your hand in your neighbors pocket just as quick as you can and as deep as you can. Tell him nothing and if you do tell him something, be sure that it aint the truth.

I may have been borned too soon or to late and I may be old fashioned, but this is just how I see it today. The old cowman like the old cow horse and the long horn cattle is A thing of the long ago.

The foreclosure that I spoke of at the start took place just A little ways north of Fort Worth, forty-five years ago, when Automobiles was very uncommon. The areoplane was in the diaper stage. North Texas was A cow country and it was not run on oil money.

Yes, we have come A long ways but I dont know if it is the right way or not. There was not many schools. And colleges, so far as I know, was something you dreamed about but dident think you would ever see one. You learned from horses and cattle and old mother nature, the wisest most tolerant teacher that has ever been produced but sometimes hard.

This great United States was run by men that had brains and got the knowledge from hard knocks, facing the Summer's sun and the Winter's rain, not in class rooms and lecture halls. And, I repeat, was happy. And I cant say that that is true today.

Buffalo Roundup at Sea

(Continued from page 50)

To effect the roundup, Jack White divided the entire island into thousand-acre areas on a map and then deployed a dozen cowboys, in three teams, to search every nook and cranny of Catalina, taking one area at a time.

USING horses and jeeps, the advancing herders combed virtually every square yard of the island, shooing buffalo ahead of them as they moved forward steadily toward a fenced compound previously prepared for the animals on Avalon's outskirts. The search encompassed an ascent to Mt. Orizaba, Catalina's highest mountain which towers 2109 feet above sea level, and a descent to the bare volcanic mounds that line the shore across the island at China Point. White took his men into deserted Silver Canyon, scene of a historic gold hunt, and prowled the town alleys of Avalon.

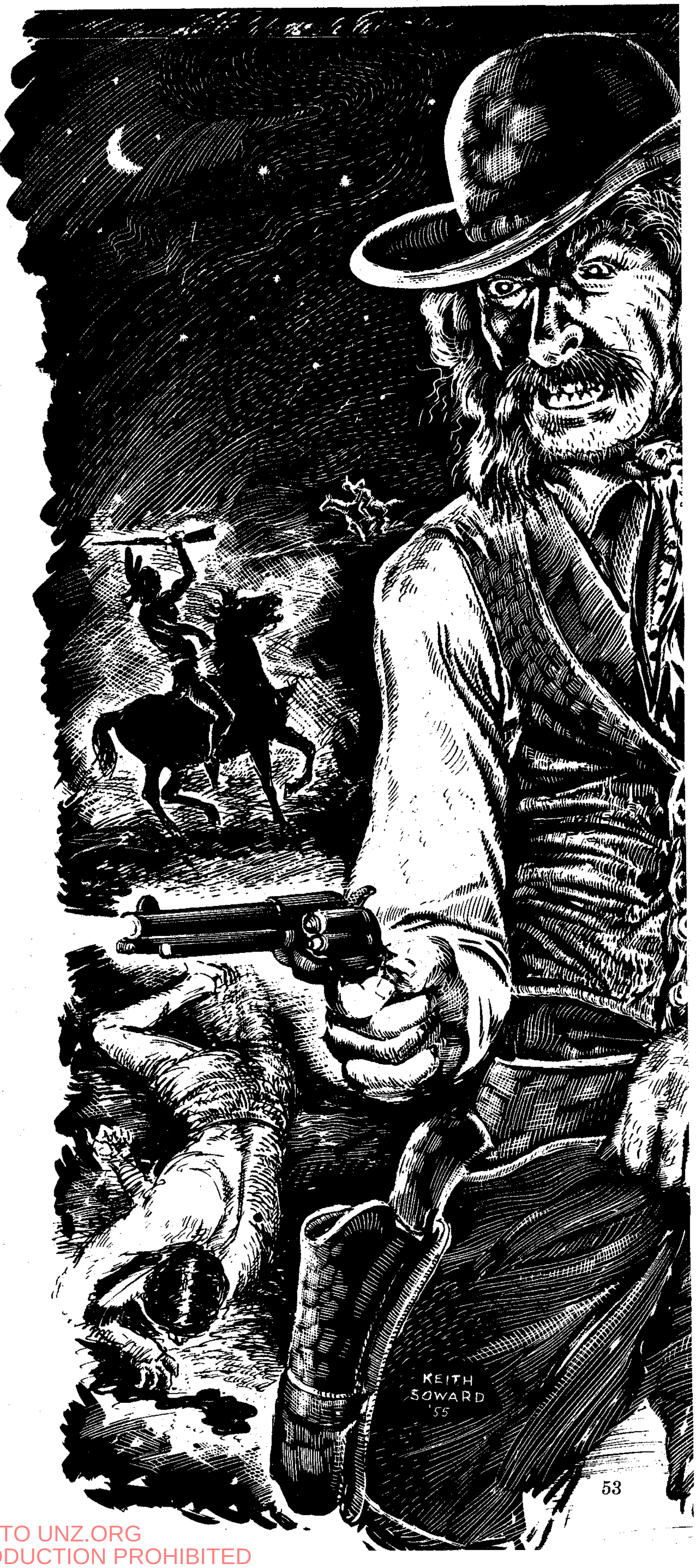
"In four days we'd accounted for every buffalo on the island," he declared, "but before they were all safely in the new compound, another three days passed. And what days they were! Two jeeps were wrecked, five horses injured and one of my men broke his leg. We'd handled four buffalo stampedes, had to shoot two of the critters when they attacked us, and even fished a half dozen of 'em out of the ocean after they broke away and started swimming toward the mainland.

"As for me," White concluded, "the only buffalo I want to see from now on are the kind they put on those shiny nickels!"

Hell-For-Leather PIKE!

Jim Pike was a real bullheaded gent. So bullheaded, in fact, that it finally killed him!

By ROSS PHARES



JAMES Pike had the tenacity of a bulldog and the pluck of a game cock. If Texas had anything that could buffalo him he didn't find it—and he gave the wildest of it ample opportunity. He wooed adventure like a mistress—as Texas Ranger, minute man, scout, buffalo hunter, wild horse tamer, and being just plain bullheaded with his opinions. Nothing, it seems, could stop Pike except himself. He finally, in a wild rage of temper, took his own self out of this world in one of the strangest exits a heroic man ever made.

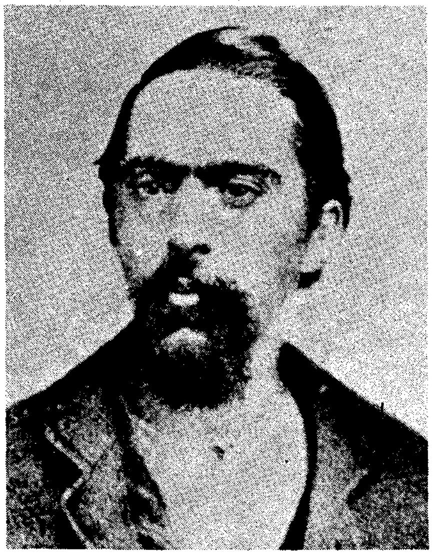
Pike, a dark complexioned, strongly-built man with long, black hair, came to Texas from Ohio in the spring of 1859 driving a bunch of stolen horses—for the other fellow. He did not know the circumstance of the horses until he got into an argument with their supposed owner who made a play for his six-shooter. Pike got the drop on him with his rifle. And then the men talked things over.

"You said you would go to Texas with me. What's the matter now? You scared?"

"I've never seen anything yet I'm scared of!" the youngster replied. And he carried out his bargain—until the horses were turned into the rustler's corral near Dallas.

Pike was on his way to Austin to get a job as a printer. He stopped in Bell County and broke broncos for a while to make traveling expenses. Here he heard of fresh raids by the Indians—stealing horses, looting homes and carrying off women and children. With such horrors going on, he couldn't think of sitting in an office all day snatching metallic letters.

He rode out with a party in pursuit of a band of marauders and gave such a good account of himself that the Texas Rangers asked him to join them, and got him without an argument. *(Continued on following page)*



Texas Ranger James Pike

"They ran, seeking the corners of the house for protection, and emptied seven enemy saddles in the retreat."

Illustrated by
EVANS KEITH SOWARD

Hell-for-Leather Pike!

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Pike set out with the Ranger company up the Brazos. After several brushes with the Indians, they locked in a real battle with the Comanches under Chief Katampsie near the Caddo Village. Pike described the battle in his autobiography, "Scout and Ranger" thus: Thirteen of the Rangers were near a house "seated round in a ring, with our smoking mess pans filled with stewed vinson," when about ninety painted, yelling Comanches charged upon them. The Rangers ran, seeking the corners of the house for protection, and emptied seven enemy saddles in the retreat. The Indians circled. The Ranger leader gave orders to aim at the horses. Fifteen horses fell. At this loss, the Indians fortified themselves in a ravine within range of the house. Pike said that over fourteen hundred bullets hit the house. The Rangers sent for reinforcements at the Caddo Village. After twenty-eight hours reinforcements arrived.

AND then a strange thing happened that Pike could never forget. After the Rangers had been fighting for their lives for over two days, a white man came among the Indians. At a word from him they quit fighting. He was Major Lieper of the United States Army, an Indian agent from the reservation. The Comanches were reservation Indians.

Pike was disgusted at the reservation system. Here, the Rangers—wounded, exhausted, and hungry—after their lives had been in the balance so long, saw this white man take charge, and in effect, say: "You naughty boys, stop that fighting, and come home now!"

The Indians were ready to "quit and call it even." But Captain Knowlin of the Rangers was not so easily satisfied. He insisted that "Katampsie should give us six sacks of flour and two hundred pounds of bacon, as 'blood money;' and to this he agreed." But the chief refused to give permission for more than three men to enter the village for the provisions.

With the Indians howling in a noisy wake over their dead warriors, it was the consensus of opinion among the Rangers that three men would probably never bring supplies out of that camp. This was not the iron-willed Pike's opinion. He wouldn't have missed the trip for anything. As soon as he could find two men to go with him he set out.

In the village the Rangers found the mourning going "full blast." Pike observed that a wife in mourning "crops her hair off, and sacrifices her breasts, arms, and thighs by cutting with a knife as a token of mourning for her husband."

The old chief saw them coming, and jumped to his feet swearing vengeance. But when the Rangers prepared to defend themselves, several women seized him while he "raved and tore, jumped up and down, and cursed us in Spanish." Finally he tore loose, but seeing that he had no support, "instead of carrying out his threats he quietly sat down upon a dilapidated cracker box, folded his arms across his breast, and appeared for some time lost in meditation." Pike brought home the flour and bacon.

ON the Red Fork of the Brazos the Rangers went on a buffalo "charge" that began with the sounding of the bugle and ended with more than five hundred killed or wounded buffalo.

Once Pike and his Ranger friends found an abundance of especially delicious wild honey in the woods. After feasting upon it the men lamented the fact that they had no vessels for carrying it to camp. But not the determined Pike. He improvised a method for fetching the honey home, in a fashion that amazed even the Rangers. He and some of his friends took off their drawers, and after washing them in the creek, tied the legs together at the bottom, and filled them with "the delicious sweet." "We found this the easiest of all methods of carrying it, as we could hang it astride our horses."

When Pike left the Rangers, Texas was voting on the matter of secession. Pike thought the Secessionists were using strong-arm methods at the ballots. That alone was enough to challenge him to vote Union. He was the only man in town to vote against secession. Friends told him he would be killed for his foolhardiness. He advertised his sentiments just to see what would happen. He didn't get shot as prophesied, but he "got so mad" he announced he was going North to join the Union army. Nobody would have rated him a Chinaman's chance at reaching the Sabine or Red River. But he did. Furthermore, against all advice, he went through the towns instead of around them.

He fought through the war with the Union Army. He remained with the Army, and, according to the only specific information about his death, he died at a western fort. A surprise attack was made upon the post by hostile Indians. The soldiers seized their rifles and rushed out to repel the raid. According to the story, Pike's rifle jammed, and in an uncontrollable rage he smashed the barrel over a rock. This exploded the cartridge which gave him a fatal wound.

It was "do or die" with James Pike to the last.

They Stole the Parson's Pants!

(*Continued from page 49*)

Son and bellowed out with fire and brimstone. He offered a prayer, then led the motley crew in singing *Onward Christian Soldiers.*

As he headed for the door, the proprietor grabbed him by the arm.

"Wait—there ain't been a collection yet."

The hat was passed. It came back overflowing. Parson Tom left, a grateful man.

THE hush that had fallen on the crowd was gradually dissipated by a growing murmur. They resumed their gambling and once more gathered around the bar for spiritual libations and talked about the preacher. Just then someone got up and suggested that perhaps they had been too cautious with their contributions towards their salvation.

"Wonder how much he got?" asked another.

No one had any idea. "What ever it was, it oughta been more," spoke up a third party.

Soon everyone joined in that they should have given twice as much and would gladly give again. But no one wanted to broach the subject to the preacher. The most reasonable solution, it seemed, was to steal his pants that night, learn the contents of the billfold, and double whatever it contained.

There were many qualified to do the stealing, so the score of volunteers had to be cut down to three—one to take the pants, and the other two to keep an eye on each other, just in case.

Once the parson was asleep, they slit the tent and stole the trousers. Returning to the sporting house there was much concern over the trusting parson, since the collection of $400 could have very easily been stolen. The hat was passed around again and this time the count neared $1,000.

But a new problem arose about the return of the pants. Taking them back would spoil much of the night's fun. Worst of all, it wasn't safe now that every cutthroat in the place knew about the money. Men have been known to have killed for lots less. So they kept the pants.

EARLIER than usual they crowded the saloon, curious to see what the preacher would do. Sure enough, he stormed in, his long underwear showing from under his long-frocked coat. Though well out of breath, it didn't prevent him from shouting hellfire and damnation.

"You're all a bunch of conniving thieves," he yelled.

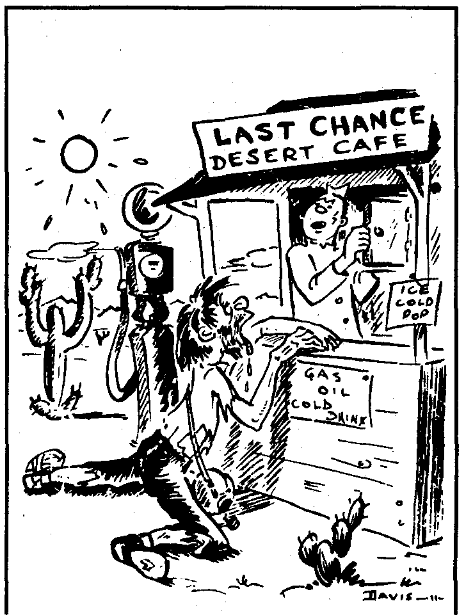
Everyone was a mask of innocence when Masterson asked. "Why?"

"Someone stole my pants and money," he thundered.

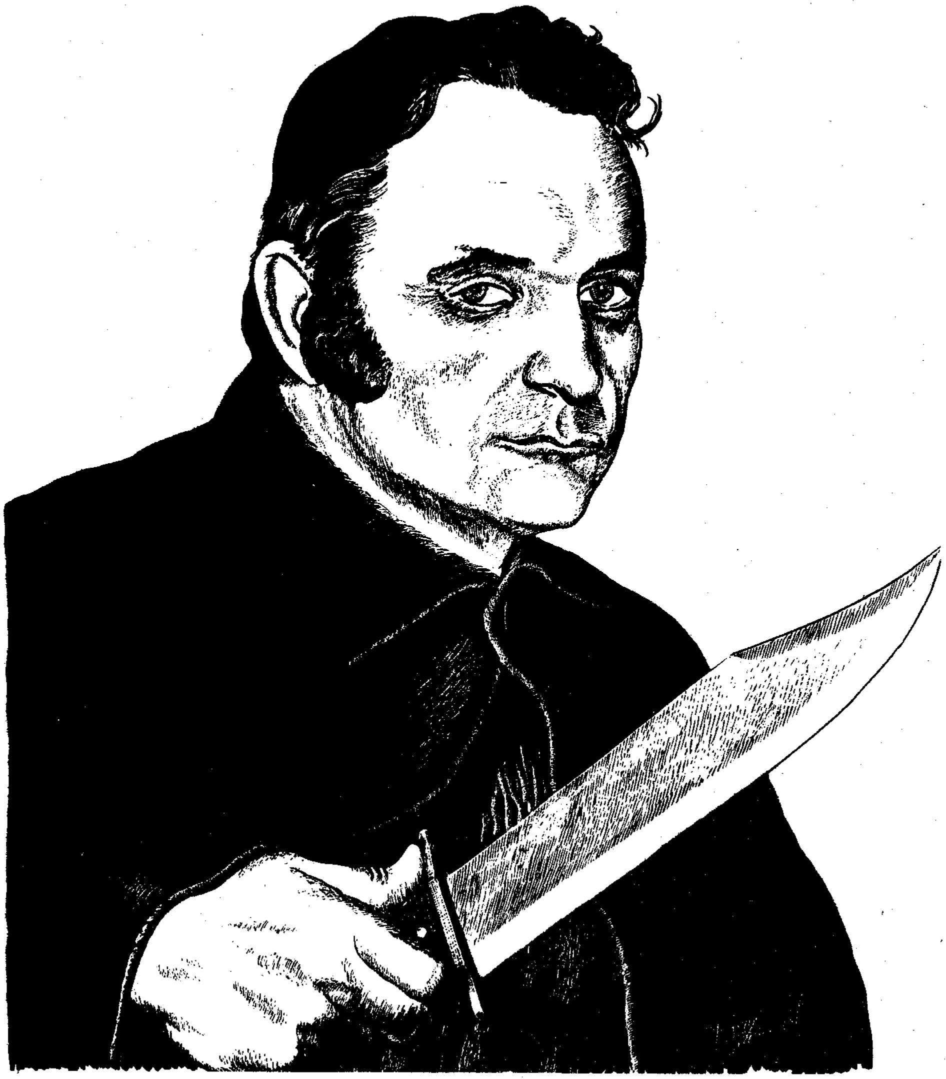
Seeing that no one could refrain much longer, Masterson stepped up, and a titter of laughter mounted to a roar as he handed the preacher his pants and bulging wallet, while he apologized and explained.

The bug-eyed minister stammered, grinned and thanked the miners and gamblers profusely. Having pulled on his pants, he started for the door with head bowed and face flushed with embarrassment. Then he remembered an iron-clad custom of the early West—the winner's circle. Striding back to the bar, he shouted lustily:

"The drinks are on me boys—milk!"



"Sorry, but we close at noon Monday!"



The ill-mannered Kentuckian took one look at Jim Bowie's knife and quickly decided

HE DIDN'T WANT TO SMOKE

By ROBERT E. PIKE

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

AN interesting anecdote about Col. James Bowie that has remained unknown to modern biographers is to be found in a curious book entitled *Excentricities Americaines,* published in Paris in 1858. The author was Xavier Eyma, who spent several years traveling all over the United States, and who wrote half a dozen books about the country. Here is a translation of his story about Bowie:

"The *bowie knife,* which plays such a great role in the public life of the United States, is a terrible weapon which owes its name to its inventor, a certain Colonel James Bowie, concerning whom Henry Clay relates the following occurrence, of which he had been a witness:

" 'While traveling in the West,' he said, 'I found myself one day in a carriage with three people, a lady, her husband, and a third individual wrapped in a cloak and apparently sound asleep. Suddenly an enormous Kentuckian got into the coach. He was smoking a cigar and he cast a glance around him that seemed to say: 'I am half hoss and half alligator, a true son of Kentucky, flower of the forests.'

" 'Then he puffed out thick clouds of smoke, without any regard for his fellow-travelers, and especially for the young lady, whom the smoke very evidently made sick. The husband courteously asked the Kentuckian to stop smoking. The latter replied:

" 'I have paid for my seat. I shall smoke as much as I please, and nobody in the world shall stop me!

" 'Saying this, he rolled his eyes fiercely and looked around him with a provocative air. Evidently he was not afraid of a quarrel, and if by chance there should one develop he seemed disposed to push it as far as possible.

" 'I hesitated a moment, wondering whether I should intervene; but I realized that I would have little chance against such an athletic adversary, and I thought of the impotence of the law, which offered me no recourse against him. But after all, it was none of my business, and I did not see any reason to play Don Quixote in taking up another's quarrel.

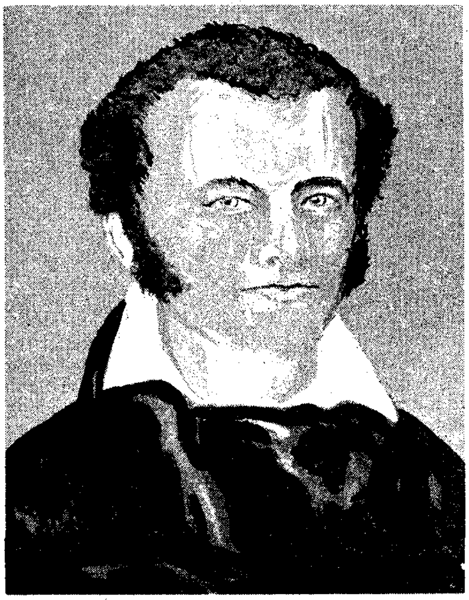
" 'It is then the traveler who had been asleep calmly unwrapped his cloak and sat up straight. He was a man of medium size, rather frail looking, buttoned from top to bottom. He fixed two piercing, gray eyes on the Kentuckian and before pronouncing a single word he reached behind his neck* and drew out a long knife, sharp as a razor.

" 'SIR,' he said then to the Kentuckian, 'my name is Colonel James Bowie well known, I believe, in Arkansas and Louisiana; if, within one minute, you do not throw your cigar out of the window, I shall stick this knife into your belly, just as true as I am going to die some day.'

" 'I shall never forget,' said Clay, 'the strange expression in Colonel Bowie's glance. It was something magnetic and fascinating. The Kentuckian bore it for a few seconds and then he lowered his eyes, took the cigar from his mouth and threw it out of the window.

" 'Colonel Bowie then restored his knife to its peculiar sheath between his shoulders, wrapped himself in his cloak, closed his eyes, went to sleep, and did not say another word during the whole trip.'

"Since that time," adds Eyma, "Colonel Bowie's weapon has acquired a sinister celebrity, and its use has become too frequent in the United States. If, on one occasion, that terrible knife performed the good deed of teaching manners to a coarse Kentuckian, it has, since then, created many mayors, aldermen, and judges! It has become the last argument in many elections in the U. S. A."



James Bowie, killed in the battle of the Alamo, March 6, 1836.

***Wyatt Earp told Stuart Lake that when he first came West in the early seventies, there were still a few old-timers who used bowie-knives. They carried them in a sheath hanging down behind their necks.**

Nobody could ride that man-killing Geronimo horse. Nobody, that is, except

THE BRONC-BUSTER FROM TEXAS

By **MILBURN C. HARPER**

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

THE instant I saw that chunky little rider climb on the cattle chute fence, I had a presentiment that I knew him. I was sure he had not been around Kiowa before—but he sure looked familiar to me.

During the spring and summer of 1901, before the Kiowa country was opened to white settlement, I was employed as agent for the Rock Island Railroad at Kiowa Station, now Hobart, Oklahoma. Kiowa was the principal cattle shipping station in that western country at that time. The railroad maintained large cattle shipping pens there.

Saturdays and Sundays saw large droves of range horses being driven to the railroad stock pens for breaking as both cow ponies and work horses. The bronc-busting brought cowboys, cattlemen, and Indians from many miles around.

Riding started early on Saturday and Sunday mornings and continued throughout the day. There was much rivalry among riders, and betting was heavy. The young riders got first chance at breaking the wild ones, and some of those babies got real rough. After several rounds of busting broncs for cow pony use, larger animals were broken for use as work horses. These bigger broncs required seasoned riders—and some of the best riders were thrown and hurt.

Word went around town that a young outlaw stallion called Geronimo would be in the Kiowa pens for the third time. His owner wanted him broken not only for breeding purposes but for safety to other range horses. Geronimo was mighty tough—he had thrown and busted up half-a-dozen riders.

One of my guests at that time was ex-Governor Richards, U.S. Assistant Secretary of the Interior. His party settled down in tents on the railroad right-of-way near the depot. The Secretary spent a good deal of time in my office during his stay in Kiowa. He and his staff were greatly interested in the bronc-riding contests.

This particular Sunday the Secretary came in and remarked: "Seems like a good day for the contests. There's a lot of horses in the stock pens and it won't be too hot. Let's get over early."

"All right," I told the Secretary. "Let's go over and find a seat on the fence before it's covered with folks like a telegraph wire with blackbirds!"

When we arrived at the pens, the Secretary noticed three men sitting off by themselves on the fence. They were talking earnestly. That's when I spotted the chunky fellow, one of the three, whose face was very familiar to me. I saw many cowboys watching them curiously, and heard them asking each other: "Who are these fellows?" Not even the oldtimers knew them, it appeared.

One leathery old cowpuncher remarked: "If those boys are bronc-busters, I'll bet that little short-legged monkey couldn't ride a billy goat!"

SECRETARY RICHARDS and I watched a few contests, then walked around the pens. We came to a fine young stallion in a pen all by himself. The Secretary looked him over with the eye of a horseman and declared: "This one will be hell to break. Just look at the muscles on him!"

I remembered seeing this stallion in the pens before. Several riders had tried to top him and one had taken a bad fall.

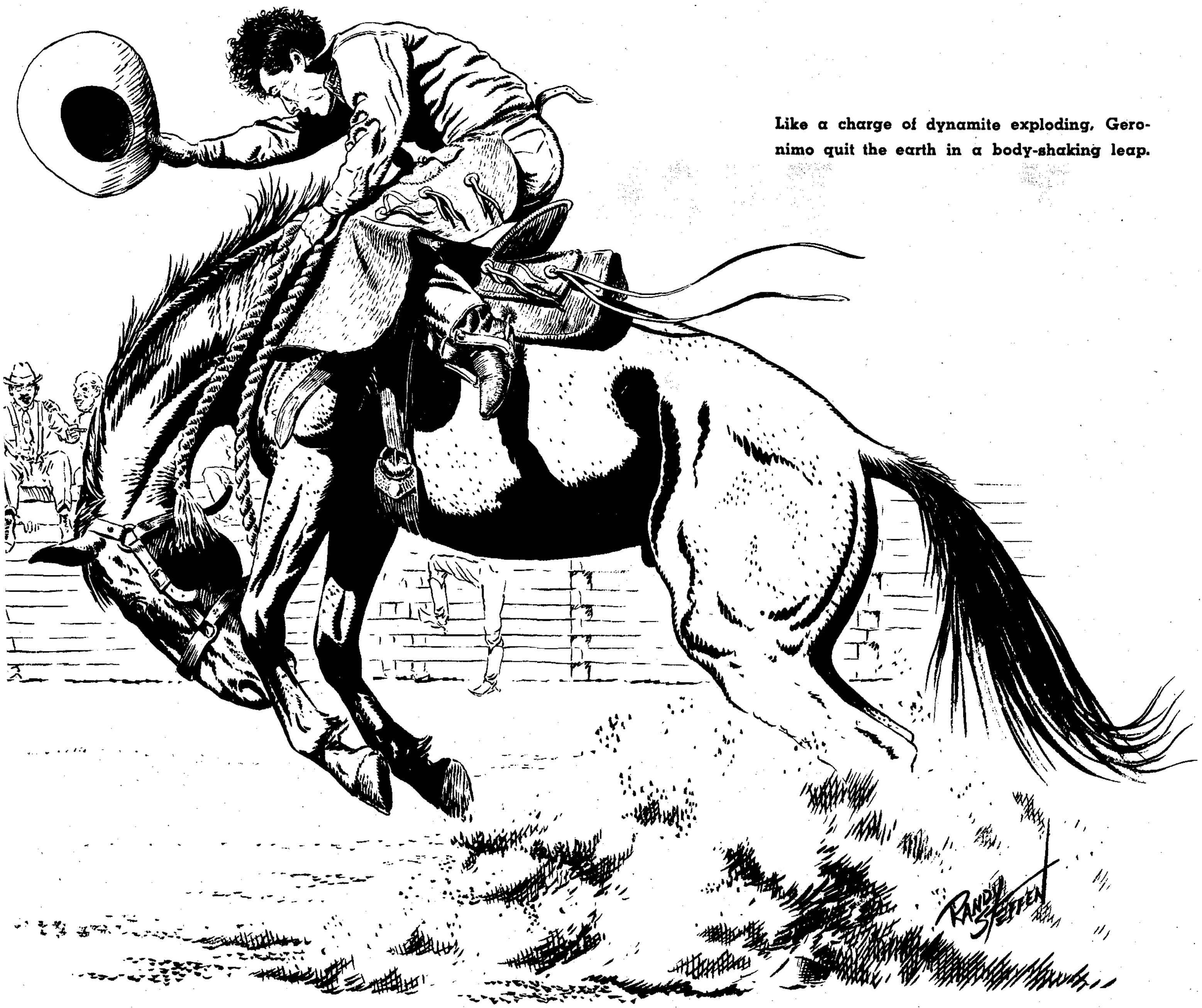
Soon the very stud we'd been admiring was driven into the riding arena, and a mighty yell went up from the crowd. "Geronimo!"

The owner, a ranchman from southwest of Kiowa, mounted the fence and waved his hat to attract attention.

"Boys, I've brought Geronimo here for the third time," he announced. "He's thrown every rider that topped him—and hurt some of 'em pretty bad. I want him broken. First, because he's vicious and has killed more than one stud. He's too dangerous to be left in a herd on the range. Second, he has the blood, looks and makeup for a good breeding stallion. I'm offering one hundred dollars to the man who can stay with him long enough to wear him down. However, I will not be responsible for damage done to any rider attempting to ride him. This is strictly up to the man who wants the hundred dollars bad enough to risk his neck getting it."

The cowboys whooped at the offer, and then started collecting money among themselves to add to the purse. Finally, they got up another hundred to add to the ranchman's hundred as prize money for the man who successfully topped and cowed Geronimo.

Secretary Richards and I walked over to where the boys were talking to the ranchman. The three strangers had just left his side when we arrived. The ranchman climbed the fence at once and made this announcement:



Like a charge of dynamite exploding, Geronimo quit the earth in a body-shaking leap.

"I have the pleasure to announce that Jobe Smith, of Colonel Hughes' Red River Ranch in North Texas, is about to tackle Geronimo! May he be the man to do the job."

All around us we heard folks asking: "Who is Jobe Smith?"

Aided by his two buddies, Jobe got his own saddle adjusted to his height and size. He was a little gent—standing barely five feet four.

GERONIMO was lassoed, tied to the fence and saddled. Jobe got on the fence and jumped aboard the stud from the top rail. Geronimo was turned loose. Jobe, with a wild cowboy yell, slammed his spurs home in the stallion's flanks.

At the rake of cold steel, Geronimo grunted and seemed to squat. For the space of a long breath he held that stance, as if gripped by some tremendous muscular pain. Then suddenly, like a charge of dynamite exploding, he quit the earth in a body-shaking leap that put the saddle skirts to popping.

He went straight up and high that first jump, tucked head and tail, and came down the same way. We heard the sledgehammer blows of his feet striking the earth and the loud *whoomp* the air made in his belly as he landed.

Then he took out across the corral, grunting and bawling and pitching, his leaps not so high now, but faster and harder, his every jump calculated to whipsnap the saddle against his rider's rump with pile-driver force.

It wasn't the flashy, high-rolling, body-twisting sort of pitching that makes a great show but seldom hurts a man if he can stick with his saddle. It was the heavy, choppy, bone-jarring kind that will set a man's nose and ears to bleeding, the kind that's been known to kill riders while still in the saddle.

But it didn't kill Jobe. It didn't even set his nose to bleeding. He sat his saddle like a monkey, always there, always spurring and yelling and waving his hat, yet never quite there either in time to catch solid those spine-shattering blows of the snapping saddle.

Around and around they went. The horse, having lived on the open range, running and fighting, had the power and the wind, and he used it. But it was all wasted effort. Jobe was still there when Geronimo began to tire, spurring him again, forcing him to expend all the strength and fight that was left in him. Finally, in a lather of sweat, Geronimo gave it up. He stood in his tracks, panting and heaving, while little rivers of sweat ran down the insides of his legs. He could only wince when Jobe tried to spur more fight out of him.

The Secretary turned to me and said: "That is the damndest bronc-rider I ever saw!"

The owner came up and bridled his horse without trouble; then turned to Jobe and handed him the hundred dollars.

(Continued on Page 62)

It took a long time for the U. S. Government to bring the Republic of Rough-and-Ready to terms

Rough-and-Ready's 100 Year

Originally published in 1955

THE onetime "Republic of Rough-and-Ready" has made peace at last in its 100-year war with the U. S. A.—at least with the U. S. Post Office Department—and conditions of the "treaty" included the recent reopening of that remote mining town's fourth-class post office. Thus closes a fantastic incident involving a century-long "cold" war that had its spectacular beginning in the rip-roaring days of '49 when the lust for gold and political power were the prime concerns of western empire builders.

The hamlet of Rough-and-Ready, situated four miles from Grass Valley, California, in the heart of the Mother Lode country, was a teeming gold mining camp in 1849-50 and lived up to its bellicose name in every respect. It was founded by Captain Townsend, who named the place after General Zachary ("Old Rough-and-Ready") Taylor.

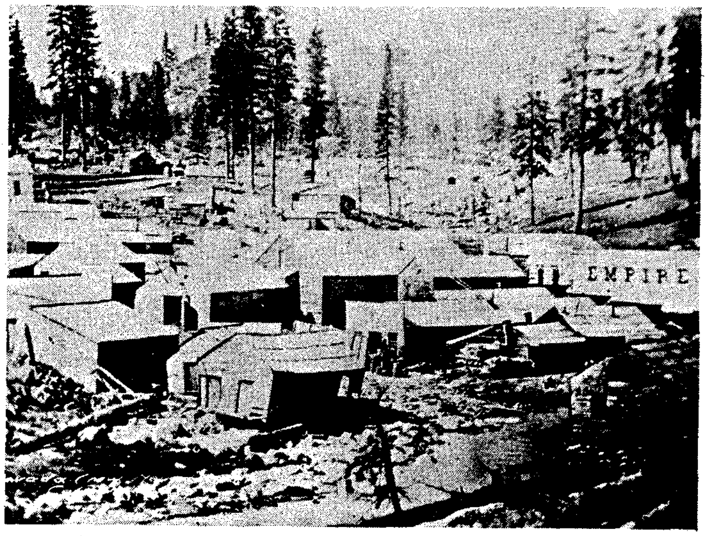
Townsend settled there with a company of pioneers from Wisconsin in 1849. Gold was found in abundance on the very day of the Townsend party's arrival, but all efforts to keep the fact a secret were unavailing. In a matter of weeks a clapboard town sprang up and the more than 500 inhabitants had staked claims for miles around.

Gold fever ran so high that mourners at a funeral once deserted the services to stake claims all over the local cemetery before the corpse was even buried. The loose dirt thrown out of the grave had revealed a rich prospect.

When the first white woman arrived in Rough-and-Ready, she was accorded a truly golden reception by the dashing men of the community. All the masculine population gathered to meet the stage and poured into her lap the first riffles of gold dust taken that day from the long toms and sluice boxes. The lady, Mrs. James S. Dunlavy, received 21 ounces of gold.

It was the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy that proved to be the tremendous trifle which ultimately evolved into the protracted feud with the Federal Government—though the lady herself was merely an innocent tool of circumstances.

JAMES S. DUNLAVY, a missionary sent west several years before to guide the religious activities of Rough-and-Ready's hard-bitten miners, achieved a classic reversal of form by opening the community's first liquor store and followed up shortly with a resplendent billiard-drinking-gambling emporium. Business flourished mightily, and Mrs. Dunlavy made the journey west to join her husband in his new-found vocation.



Nevada City, the town that caused neighboring Rough-and-Ready to secede from the U.S.A., as it looked in 1849 when the short-lived rebellion occurred

Glowing accounts of her golden welcome traveled fast to reach the ears of other eastern womenfolk, many of whom hastened to follow her example and migrated forthwith to the boom town to marry the prosperous gold hunters.

With arrival of the feminine touch, Rough-and-Ready soon shed many of its mining camp aspects and was transformed into a community of more substantial virtues. Civic interest blossomed and the village became the county seat and largest settlement in the area. Thus, under the influence of Mrs. Dunlavy and the influx of other housewives, the town became relatively staid for a place of that character and era. But as subsequent events proved, there remained plenty of individualism still burning beneath the newly-acquired broadcloth coats of the menfolk.

It looked as if Rough-and-Ready would grow into a political center for the entire Mother Lode country. Some optimists even hoped it might someday be a real metropolis, perhaps eventually become the capital of California.

But this was not to be. An opposing faction from Nevada City, another fast-growing town about ten miles to the southeast, pulled a political coup, snatched the county government from beneath the noses of Rough-and-Ready's citizens, and had the act ratified by territorial authorities in Washington, D. C.

To Rough-and-Ready, this was a disaster comparable to a Pearl Harbor debacle. A council meeting was called to order in Jim Dunlavy's barroom to map appropriate strategy. It was attended by every male citizen of voting age, and all were "greatly outraged at the turn of events," according to history accounts of the time.

Feeling ran higher and higher as community leaders voiced their indignation at the U. S. Government for its recognition of Nevada City's unethical shenanigans. Then Dunlavy inadvertently lit the fuse to the political powder keg.

"Boys," he announced, "this situation is going to take a lot of time to unravel. Now we're all mighty thirsty and I think we can arrive at a plan of action a danged sight faster if we oil our brains with a little whiskey. Therefore, as proprietor of Rough-and-Ready's foremost saloon, I hereby donate to the cause a full barrel of red-eye! Drink hearty, boys, and down with Nevada City—down with the U. S. Government, too!"

Evolution of events followed in quick order. Within an hour half the whiskey was gone, the council had voted unanimously to secede from California Territory and the United States of America at large. Every duly authorized Federal employee in town streaked it for the hills in fear of their lives, while mobs of irate-and-inebriated citizens howled at their heels. Government records were seized and burned, the post office attacked. Undelivered mail was flung into the gutter and all Federal-owned furniture smashed into kindling.

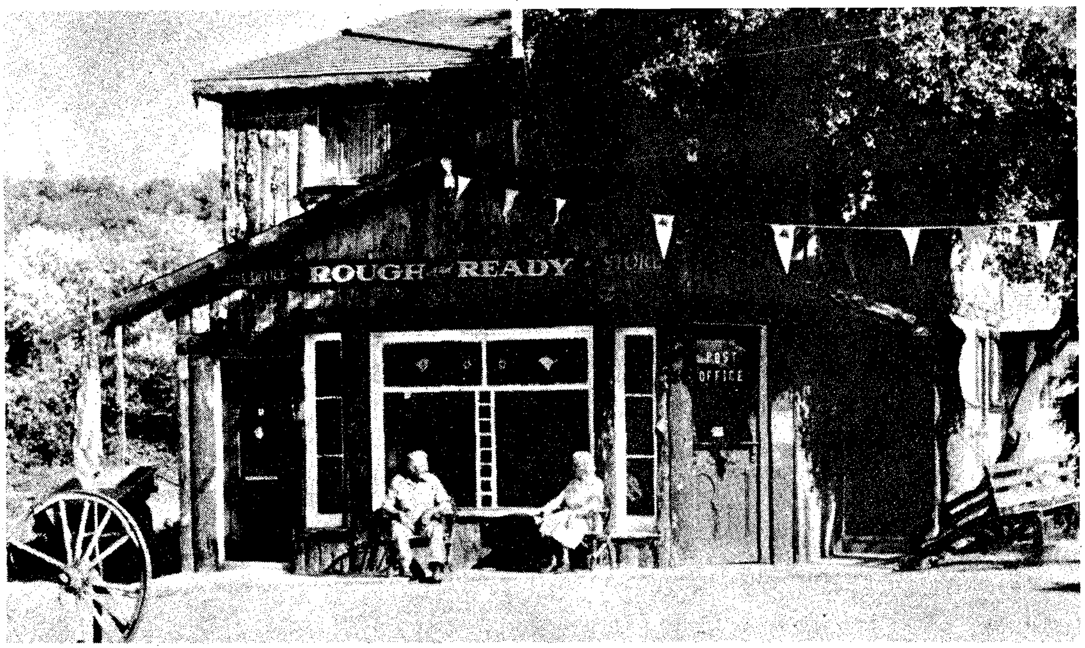
Next day the parched-tongued parliament met again to form a new state—and to finish the remaining half-barrel of whiskey. It was officially proclaimed that henceforth the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would be an independent sovereign state and would do business with all the world as such. The meeting was adjourned before a president and permanent governing body could be chosen or an identifying flag decided upon.

Meanwhile, the womenfolk were deeply concerned at the goings-on but dared to take no action to quell the disorder because they fully realized their men were in no mood for petticoat interference.

War

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

Photos Courtesy Andy Rogers



The Rough-and-Ready Post Office as it appears today. Mrs. Andrew Rogers, Postmistress, is shown seated (right) with her husband, who is a historian and author of Mother Lode country lore.

On the third day of the Republic of Rough-and-Ready's secession, however, the girls gathered in little groups to compare notes. Every man in town was suffering from a colossal hangover and obviously in no condition to resist successfully a counter offensive. The housewives thereupon seized this opportunity to retrieve Rough-and-Ready for the U. S. A. by destroying every drop of liquor left in town and then brought the men immediately to terms by threatening to leave town en masse.

Thus, was the rebellion quelled without the firing of a shot. But the U. S. Post Office Department took a dim view of the whole thing and was not willing to forget and forgive the incident so readily, even if the contrite citizens of Rough-and-Ready were once more law abiding. From that day, back in 1849 until recent months, Rough-and-Ready has remained in the official doghouse of the government for bookkeeping reasons. The Post Office Department couldn't balance its accounts on the town's postal business. Records showed that several hundred dollars had to be spent to repair and replace government property to make the local station function again and nearly a century later the Post Office Department was still out the money.

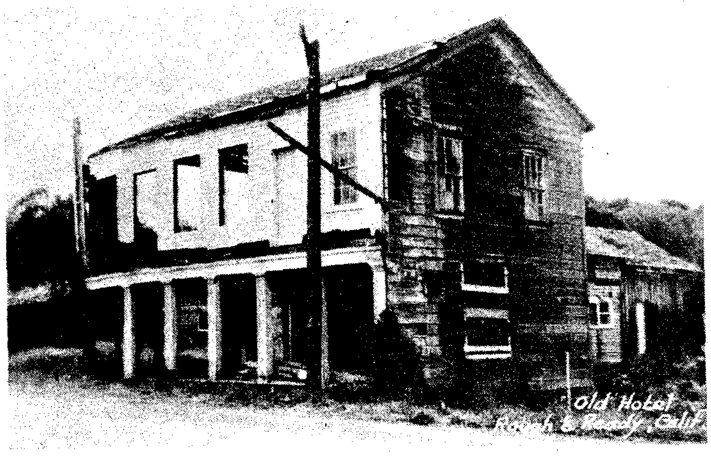
COLLAPSE of the gold boom and a series of disastrous fires during the 1850's cut Rough-and-Ready down to size. From a top population of around 600 in 1850, it was down to 24 houses in 1870. By 1940, the population was about 100. Several times during the intervening decades it dropped below this number, and each time the Post Office Department promptly closed the local office, to grudgingly reopen it later whenever the population count climbed back to 100 inhabitants. It was operated on a limited basis until 1942 when the Department used World War II as an excuse and closed it down again.

Present day citizens of the hamlet petitioned for reopening and thereupon discovered the historic reason for the Department's official "grudge" against their community. The whole thing was settled quickly and amicably once the situation was revealed. The town has officially "capitulated" and agreed to reimburse the government for damage costs and disruption of service a hundred years ago. The Department can now close its books on the incident and all is forgiven.

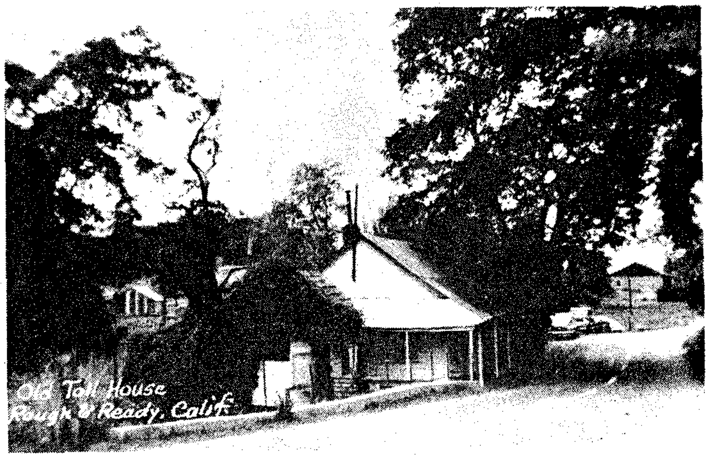
In return, a new fourth-class post office opened recently with a paid postmistress on duty. She is Mrs. Andrew W. Rogers, who forsook domesticity to take the post.

Apparently, the Federal Government feels more confident in having a woman at the helm of things in Rough-and-Ready. After all, had it not been for the womenfolk maybe the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would still be outside the Union.

But the men of the community aren't so sure. They point out that if it hadn't been for the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy and other girls in 1849 the place would no doubt have remained a rough mining camp without political ambitions. In that event nobody would have given a hoot where the territorial authorities had located the county seat, and therefore there never would have been a hundred year "war" to cause all this commotion.



It was in this now-crumbling building that the Rough-and-Ready rebellion occurred in 1849. Jim Dunlavy's saloon, scene of the historic occasion, occupied the ground floor.



This is Rough-and-Ready's main street today. The old toll house is in the foreground. It was also the Wells-Fargo office and stage depot in the town's old rip-roaring days.

Famous Mexican bandit leader, Pancho Villa

Frontier Pix photos

Wyatt Earp, as he appeared in 1926

Outlaws never die—like old soldiers, they just fade away. But—unlike old soldiers—outlaws invariably re-appear! Don't believe it? Read—

Outlaws Never

Originally published in 1955

By J. CHARLES DAVIS

"THE trouble with killing outlaws," said Sheriff Jim Bascomb, "is that you never *really* kill them. Specially if they got a price on their heads. You can take the doggone head in and lay it on the courthouse steps and collect your money. But somehow, outlaws just don't die. People won't *let* 'em die."

"Take the case of Billy the Kid . . . "

Jim paused and spit on the burning sand where a cholla cactus bristled defiantly in the blazing Texas sun. We were sitting in the shade of the 'dobe house Jim called home, on the outskirts of Presidio, deep in the Big Bend country. Before us twisted the muddy Rio Grande. Beyond the Rio Grande, in Old Mexico, lay Ojinaga, whose sole claim to fame is the decisive battle in which Pancho Villa carved his bloody way to leadership in Northern Mexico.

And, of course, Pancho Villa was still out there in those mountains. He never died—if you don't believe it, why just go down there and ask some of the Mexicans way up in the mountains. They'll tell you . . .

Jim talked on. He was a sheriff of the old school—a horseback sheriff. Retired when I talked to him, back in 1931, he sat in the sun, rolled cigarettes, and meditated on a life just about coming to a close. But, in spite of his years, he was lean and tough as a hickory nut.

"I was in Fort Sumner," the oldtime sheriff went on, "when Sheriff Pat Garrett, Deputies John W. Poe and Tip McKinney came after the Kid. I wasn't a sheriff then, just a cowhand in from the range. Garrett killed the Kid in Pete Maxwell's room, along about midnight. Poe and McKinney were on the porch outside Maxwell's room at the time.

"The Kid's body lay in a room in a deserted carpenter shop all the rest of that night and part of the next day. I saw him soon after he was killed. So did everybody else in Fort Sumner, I guess. He was lying there with a ring of burning candles around him—candles the Mexican women lit as they prayed the long night through. Prayed and wailed. The Kid was mighty popular with the women—that's how he happened to get killed so easy. He wouldn't stay away.

"In the morning, the justice of the peace held an inquest over the body, and declared the Kid dead. Garrett, Poe, and McKinney rode back to Roswell, their jobs done.

"But the Kid wasn't dead," the oldtime sheriff added, smiling as he lit another cigarette. "All that evidence just don't count for anything when some story about the Kid being alive gets started. It spreads like a prairie fire. The Kid is down in Mexico, alive and safe, and living with a new sweetheart. The Kid has reformed—he's a big rancher."

"See what I mean? You kill 'em, but they never die, the outlaws."

THAT was twenty-four years ago that talk I had with ex-sheriff Jim Bascomb. Since Billy the Kid was little more than a boy when Pat Garrett mowed him down, he wouldn't have been such an old man if he happened to be really alive in 1931.

But the "he's alive" story carries right on to today.

In fact, only a few years back, a "Billy the Kid" in El Paso was applying, through his attorneys, for a pardon for all those crimes committed back in the early days. And, as you might expect, there were people on hand who looked at this particular "Billy the Kid" and agreed, "Yes sir, that's the boy. That's Billy the Kid!"

They just don't ever die.

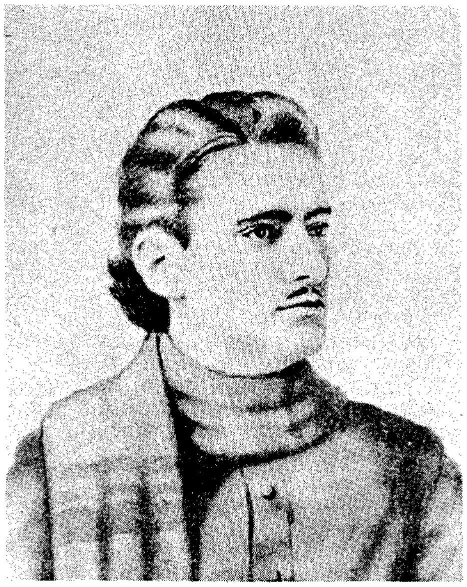
Take, for example, Jesse James, probably the most famous of all the outlaws.

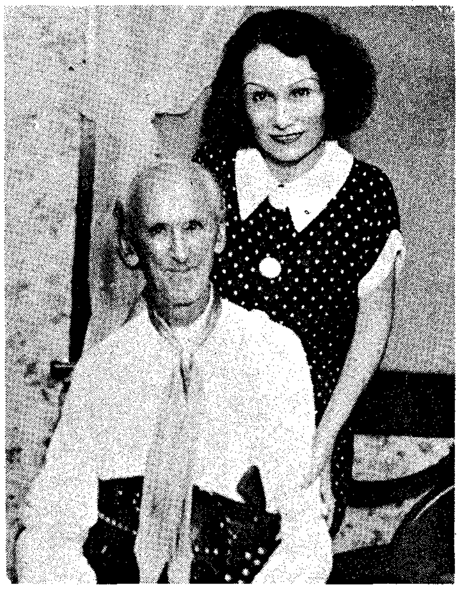
Western history books all tell how Jesse was shot in the back by a member of his own gang, a young fellow named Bob Ford. Jesse James' widow, who surely ought to have known him, saw the body and didn't have any doubts about its being that of her husband. The outlaw's mother was there at the funeral. You'd think a mother would know her boy, wouldn't you?

But people like to talk about a man like Jesse James, and even back in the early days after his death, folks got to spreading stories that it wasn't really Jesse that was killed. They'd talk about that wild battle at Coffeyville, Kansas, where the James-Dalton gang got pretty nearly wiped out, and they just didn't want to believe that a fellow as exciting as Jesse was dead.

You understand that—you make allowances for it.

Outlaw Frank Dalton, in later years


Joaquin Murietta, a notorious outlaw of early days in California


John James, who claimed to be Jesse James

Die

But how do you figure what happened just a little while back when J. Frank Dalton, a member of the gang, said he wasn't *really* J. Frank Dalton, he was Jesse James. The old boy got quite a bit of attention all over the country, and everybody got to talking about him. People began going back checking, and some newspapers "proved" that Dalton was, in fact, Jesse James.

Of course, there's that business of Jesse's wife and his mother . . .

Then there's that book by Emmett Dalton, Frank's brother, entitled "The Daltons Ride Again," in which Emmett tells about Jesse's death.

All that doesn't count. Outlaws never die—the people don't want them to die. Jesse's still alive . . .

TAKE Curly Bill, for example. You can believe that Curly Bill was just a plain horse-stealing, no-account, murdering gunman; or you can believe he was a fairly good egg who just happened to be on the other side of the fence from Wyatt Earp and the other Earps and Doc Holliday. You can believe either side you wish.

You can't though, if you read the records and all the accounts written at the time, believe Curly Bill is still alive.

But listen to this:

The scene was Willcox, Arizona. The Oldtimer and I sat under a shady tree on a small ranch near the edge of town, talking of the old days when Tombstone had its "man before breakfast" and Galeyville was the outlaw capital. That was when Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Ike and Billy Clanton, John Ringo, Curly Bill, and others were making six-gun history.

There I learned that Curly Bill didn't really die. Across the shimmering *playa*, through heat waves that would later turn to the afternoon mirage, we could see the Chiricahuas where wily old Cochise took refuge when the troops pressed too close. Far off to the right towered the Winchesters, and behind us lay Bowie and Stein's Pass. High overhead a buzzard wheeled slowly, endlessly cruising the blue until its sharp eyes spied carrion below.

"Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill at Iron Springs," my companion said. "Told me so himself, and Wyatt didn't lie. Blew him most in half with a blast from both barrels of his shotgun—and each barrel had nine buckshot in it. The charge took Curly plumb center, in the chest.

"But the story goes that Curly wasn't killed at all. Just galloped off into Mexico, where he settled down and raised a big family, got rich as an honest rancher, and may be still living for all I know. But I'm puttin' my money on his bein' killed that day in the fight at Iron Springs.

"Them stories never die," the Oldtimer went on. "Seems like every outlaw that gits hisself killed by a sheriff or a marshal, somehow manages to recover and slip away across the border. And down there he all of a sudden turns honest and gets rich. All mighty funny."

So Curly Bill lives on.

THEN there was Joaquin Murietta. You don't hear much about him, but he was actually the most notorious outlaw ever produced by or in California. And if there's a bloodier, more hair-raising account of the wind-up of a gunman in the whole history of this nation, you'll sure have to hunt to find it.

Joaquin was a tough one, a real killer. But he met his end begging the man who got him, Captain Harry Love, not to kill him. The begging didn't do much good. And neither did that of Jack Three Fingers, killed along with Joaquin.

There was a reward out for Joaquin, and Captain Love wasn't the kind of man to take chances on collecting his money. On August 14, 1853, the head of Joaquin Murietta and the maimed left hand of Jack Three Fingers was delivered in San Francisco to the proper authorities by the Messrs. Black and Nuttal, representing Captain Love. They carried with them many sworn documents, statements of people who knew the bandit well and who saw him dead.

There were such statements as that of Ignacio Lizarraga, to the effect that . . . he had seen the severed head of Joaquin . . . and deponent knew perfectly Joaquin Murietta, and that the aforementioned head is truly that of the celebrated outlaw, Joaquin Murietta.

And a statement from The Reverend Father Dominic Blaive along similar lines. The Reverend Father testified that—after examining the gruesome severed head of the bandit—it was the legitimate article, the right head.

The evidence was sufficient for the Governor of California to pay to Captain Love the sum of one thousand dollars, which the Governor had offered personally for Murietta's death or capture. It was sufficient for the California Legislature to vote Captain Love an additional $5,000 for the great service he had rendered the State.

While the identification of the head was taking place, the ghastly trophy was placed on display, on exhibition, at the saloon of John King at the corner of Halleck and Sansome Streets. King did a thriving business by charging one dollar admission for a view of the grisly object.

King put up signs:

JOAQUIN'S HEAD IS TO BE SEEN AT KING'S CORNER, HALLECK AND SANSOME STREET, OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN THEATRE. ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

The crowds came, paid their dollar each per person, and shuddered.

Then the head was taken from San Francisco and exhibited in many smaller

(continued on page 65)

"Heap Good Medicine"

(Continued from page 51)

that crossed the creek, put her load of der the bridge. We stayed at the camp perhaps half an hour. As we came back to the bridge, the squaw was just coming out from under it. She had a brand new baby in her arms. She went on to camp carrying the baby, but she left the wood.

I have attended sun dances and war dances by the Crows, and similar dances by the Flatheads, Shoshones, Arapahoes and Utes. I have never, however, seen anything to beat the dancing of the Sioux. Their regalia and war bonnets are outstanding. Buffalo heads, adorned with eagle plumes, are used as head-pieces by many of the dancers. Their bodies, naked except for G-strings, are painted in various colors.

While I was attending school at Gordon, the Sioux put on some kind of special war dance. Nearly five hundred braves camped at the camp grounds. They had just drawn their rations and had lots of blankets, clothing and other stuff to trade for whiskey.

The Indians formed a large circle and clasped hands. There was a large tom-tom in the center with six singers grouped around it. To me, the Indian songs seemed like a lot of hollering, but they kept time to the drum and sounded nice from about half a mile away. There were special dancers in the middle of the ring, and they went through a lot of fancy stepping. Some danced bent over, nearly touching their foreheads on the ground; then they would rise slowly until they were dancing on their toes. All this time, the outside ring would be dancing around in a circle. The warriors inside would dance until they fell exhausted. Others took their places at once. The dance went on all night, to the flaring light of two big fires.

About twelve o'clock it *really* got wild. All the Indians seemed to be screeching at once. I saw them open the circle up and turn in a wild white horse all dabbled with blood, or anyhow it looked like blood. Then they closed the gap so the horse couldn't get out. The horse was crazy scared, running around trying to get out, and the whooping Indians trying to keep him in. It sure was a spooky sight.

There were about a hundred and fifty white people from town and the surrounding country watching the Indian dance. Finally, an old half-breed came up and told us we had better leave, as the Sioux were all getting drunk and were talking bad about the white people.

Of course, we all got going. The last I saw of the dance was the white horse running round and round, scared crazy. As I remember, the white horse represented the white people and the Indians had them corraled. If they could hold the horse in, that was good; if he got out, that was bad.

THE oldtime Indians were a peculiar people. If they took a liking to you, they would do a lot of nice things for you. They never forgot a favor or forgave an enemy. They had sun worshipers, rain makers and medicine men. The medicine men doctored the people and the horses. I don't know what cures they used on people, but they would tie feathers and bright colored rags in the horses' manes and tails for medicine.

Indians like dogs but have no use for cats. They also like to prophecy the weather. I remember one time I was at Pryor Agency in the fall. An old Indian there spoke English pretty well, so I asked him what kind of winter we were going to have. He replied: "Heap cold, heap snow, lots of ponies freeze. Prairie dog got lots of dirt built up around holes."

He was right, too. We sure had one hell of a winter that year!

When I lived on Blue Creek, around 1900, the road from Pryor Agency went right by my ranch. I got acquainted with a lot of the Indians.

An Indian named Joe-Child-in-Mouth came to the ranch one day. It was in the fall, on a cold, rainy day. The roads were bad and his team played out, so I let him stay all night in the bunk-house. He could talk some English, but his squaw couldn't—or wouldn't. She had something the matter with her arm and it was paining her real bad. Joe came over to the house, said his wife's arm was sick and wanted to know if we had any medicine.

My wife and I went to the bunk-house to look at the squaw's arm. There was no sore or anything, so my wife figured it must be rheumatism. She thought a mustard plaster might ease the pain a little. I said it might help some, so she made one up and bound it on the squaw's arm.

We were just going to bed when Joe came over and said the medicine was making the arm sicker. We went and took the mustard plaster off. It was sure smoking. My wife had thought the squaw would take it off when it got too hot, but she hadn't touched it. Before the Indians left for Pryor the next morning, Joe told us the pain was gone but the arm was blistered.

IN about three weeks, Joe and his wife came again. They gave my wife a very nice pony, broken to ride nice and gentle. Joe said, "Heap good medicine; squaw's arm all right."

We kept the pony staked out around the house to use in getting in the cows. We had him about two weeks when another Indian, White Man, came along. He saw the pony and grunted, "My pony. Me take."

We didn't want to lose the pony, but didn't want any trouble, so we let White Man take it. The next time I saw Joe-Child-in-Mouth I told him that White Man had claimed the pony and taken it.

"Him no understand, me fix 'em," Joe assured me. "He my brother-in-law. I marry *his* sister. He marry *my* sister. His pony my pony, my pony his pony. All same. Me fix 'em. You get 'em pony back."

The next time Joe came along he fetched another pony and explained, "My pony, you keep. White Man no understand. Him sister, him pony. Him no savvy. Heap good medicine."

We thought every thing was settled, but then one day White Man came along and fetched the pony he had taken and said, "You keep. Me no savvy. Medicine heap good!"

Then Joe came back. I told him that White Man had returned the other pony, and now I had *two* ponies.

Joe grinned. "Heap good—you keep. White Man's squaw had big jaw, awful sick. Me take medicine your squaw put on my squaw's arm, put on White Man's squaw's jaw. Hide all come off, but it take away big jaw. White Man afraid big jaw came back if he don't take pony back. All same, heap good."

About a year later, Joe stopped at the ranch again. "Medicine heap good," he told me. "Cure squaw, cure horse, cure dog. Maybe so your squaw fix 'em. Medicine getting little. Me show."

He went over to his wagon and fetched out the remains of his mustard plaster. It was filthy dirty and drawn up to about the size of a man's hand. It looked like a cow chip.

My wife fixed up another mustard plaster, and told Joe when he wanted to use it to soak it in warm water. She showed him how to make the medicine, too. Joe left her a pair of beaded moccasins and went off happy with his "heap good medicine."

The Bronc-Buster from Texas

(Continued from page 57)

"Jobe," he admitted, "I didn't think that you or any other living man could do it."

"Thanks," said Jobe, looking admiringly at the broken stud. "That's a wonderful horse. I'd like to buy him."

"Not for sale," the owner smiled.

Cowboys and Indians crowded around Jobe, trying to shake his hand and congratulate him.

WHEN I finally got close enough to shake his hand, recognition came to me. He was little Jobe Smith—a schoolmate of mine back in Mulberry, Arkansas, years before.

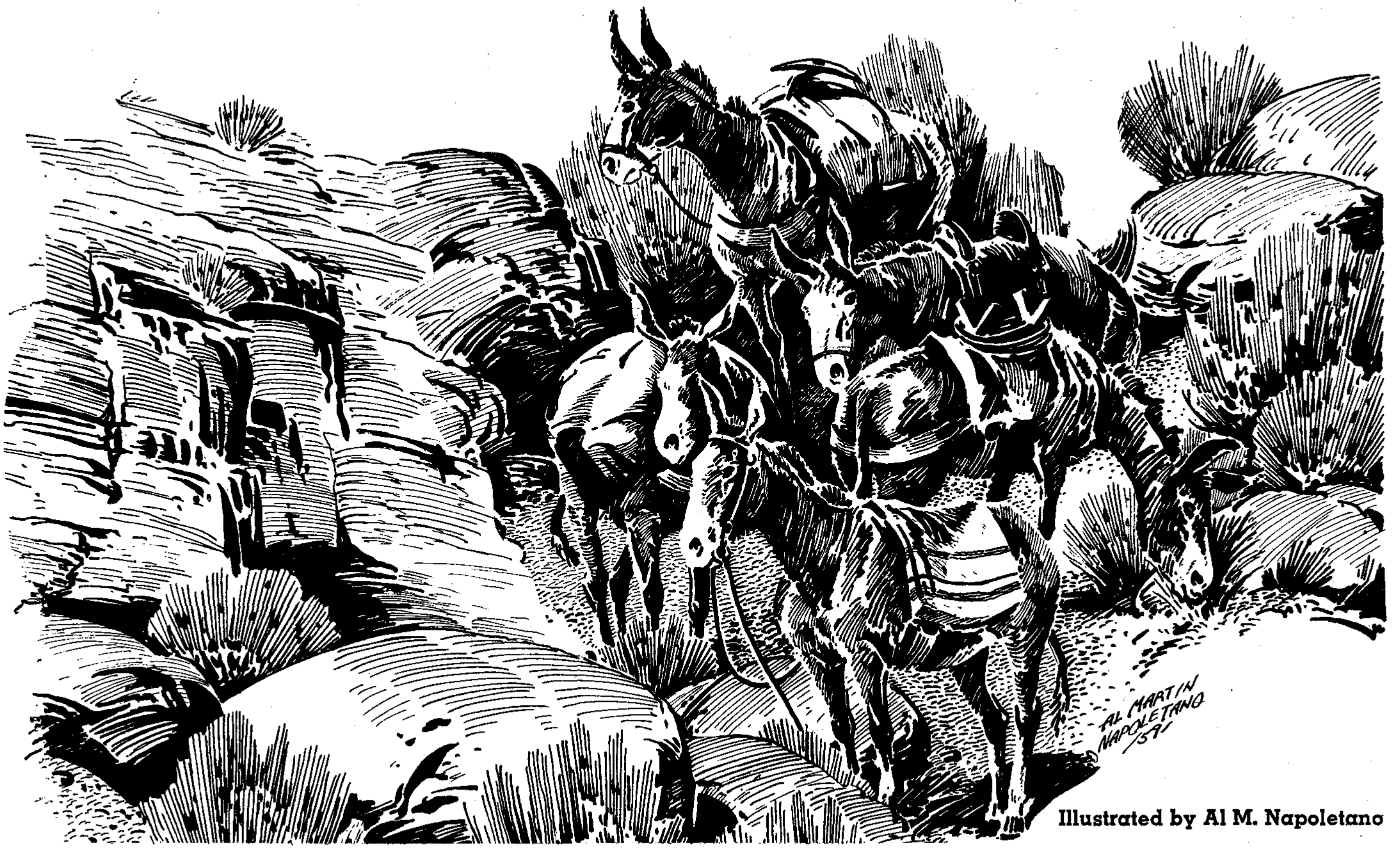
I clearly remembered the day he had said good-bye to us boys. "I'm going to Texas to punch cattle and ride broncos," he'd said. He'd done just that. A quiet, unassuming bronc rider, not a rodeo man. Jobe was delighted when I shook hands with him. I then introduced him to Secretary Richards as my old Arkansas schoolmate. The Secretary smiled and said, "I didn't think Arkansas could turn out a rider like you."

Jobe replied. "I sure thank you. Arkansas made me an ambitious boy, but Texas made me a bronc-buster."

By this time the other boys had come up with their added purse, one hundred dollars in change. Jobe filled his pockets, then handed the balance to the other boys with him. Turning to me, he said, "Milburn, I sure am tickled to see you once more. I'd love to stay and have a good visit with you, but it's a good hundred and fifty miles to the Red River Ranch. That's a hard ride and we must be on the way. Our horses will have to have rest and feed before we get there."

I tried to persuade him and his buddies to come to the house and let Mrs. Harper fix them lunch before leaving, but he declined with thanks.

Nowadays, my family likes to take in all the rodeos. They wonder why I am not so enthusiastic as they about the bucking horse events. They can't realize I can never get the thrill out of them that I did back in the summer of 1901, when Jobe Smith made—in my opinion—the greatest ride in history.



Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

Is a burro an ornery, stubborn critter or just plain smart? Opinion is divided—but in Fairplay, Colorado, folks have erected a monument to a

GENTLEMAN JACKASS

By A. M. HARTUNG

BILL, an old-time prospector sort of worn thin at the edges, sat in his little mining shanty one day talking to Joe, a drifting prospector he had known years before.

Joe was down on his luck. Bill was working a claim that was bringing grub money and a little extra.

"Yes sir," Bill said, "them burros done it for me—found the gold. You take that Jack, best damn gold-finding burro in Arizona. And that Jenny, they don't come no better."

"Let me borrow 'em for a spell," Joe begged. "For about two weeks, say. With them burros I could get around these mountains and mebbe find something. Then we'd split . . ."

"Hell no!" Bill shouted. "I ain't lending Jack and Jenny to nobody."

Joe was hurt. That was rough talk, entirely too rough, from an old-time prospecting friend. Bill didn't need the burros right then.

"I guess I'll be moseying along," muttered Joe, getting up.

"All right, if that's the way you feel," Bill replied.

"I don't want to stay around an old friend who won't even lend me his burros," Joe said, walking out the door and heading down the hill.

Bill followed him. "What's your rush?" he called.

"I know when I'm not wanted," growled Joe, and kept on walking down the hill.

"Hey, wait a minute," Bill called, walking faster. Soon he caught up with Joe, who had stopped.

"Hell's fire, man, I'll lend you them burros," Bill said, talking low. "But they was listening back there—they was right outside the cabin. If I'd said I was goin' to lend them to you, why they'd a lit out and I wouldn't a had no burros and you wouldn't either."

That is part of the legend of the burro—or the jackass, or the Arizona nightingale, or the California canary, or whatever you choose to call him. The legend built by the oldtime prospectors for gold and silver had it that if a man owned and worked one burro for as long as six months, why the burro not only understood everything the man said, but could read his mind. But no man, the old-timers said, could ever read the mind of a burro.

THE burro is passing from the scene in this nation. He is part of a past that he helped make glorious—he figures so prominently in the story of gold prospecting in the West that the story would be entirely different without him.

Of course, there are still burros in this country. In fact, thousands of the tough-skinned, long-eared little animals live in the wild throughout Arizona, and in some parts of Mexico.

But the burro has passed from the scene as a work animal except in a few remote mountain areas where prospectors still prefer them to any other animal, and in some of the towns along the Mexican border.

But the burro will never pass from memory—and, oddly, that memory is a mixture of humor, high adventure, faithful labor, and incredible hardship, with the burro figuring in every part of it.

This odd-looking, odd-acting little animal came originally from Asia, was domesticated in Spain, and was brought from Spain to the New World by the early Spanish missionaries and the Conquistadores. Oddly enough, few historians ever mention him—they concentrate on the romantic horse, the animal that frightened the Indians so much.

Yet the faithful, uncomplaining burro accompained Cortez to the capital of Montezuma, he was close behind when Balboa first viewed the Pacific Ocean, he was with De Soto at the discovery of the Mississippi River, and he accompanied Ponce de Leon on his search for the fountain of youth.

He's been on hand ever since, and in Mexico and much of the rest of Latin America except Argentina he still is the main beast of burden.

He is literally that—he seldom pulls loads, he carries them. He can carry an incredible load. A burro so small that his owner must sit way back, on the animal's rump, to keep from bending its spine out of shape, still can be loaded between rump and shoulders with all manner of stuff, and he will plod slowly along.

But if he is over-loaded, the burro simply lies down. He knows his capacity.

(Continued on page 65)

I Still Dig for Buried Treasure

(Continued from page 43)

We dug for a week, and my father, who was a practical man, gave up. He had always been the kind who felt that nobody got anything without working for it. Besides, he was a prosperous rancher and loved ranching. The lure of $31,000 in buried gold couldn't keep him from his cattle. He never looked for the gold again.

However, I have been a more adventurous soul. For the past thirty years I have spent many rugged weeks in the Wichitas, looking for Cousin Bob's gold. I know Cousin Bob was neither dreaming nor lying about his treasure.

I still remember the expression on his face as he told of that treasure. It was the expression of a dying man, but a man with all his wits. He may have forgotten many things while he was in prison, but he hadn't forgotten where he had hidden that gold. One doesn't forget an incident that he thinks about every day for thirty years.

While I was attending the University of Oklahoma, I spent most of my summer vacations digging in the Wichitas. I knew every peak and every trail in that whole range better than any white man in the state. Nobody got wise to what I was looking for until 1941. Someone who had been in prison with Cousin Bob had probably heard him raving before he died. Anyway, in the summer of 1941, two characters followed me when I went treasure hunting.

I led them to the wrong mountain and dug a day and went home. For two weeks those two characters dug frantically on a peak ten miles from the peak where the treasure was buried while I sat back and laughed.

Shortly after that, I went on another hunt and two college students followed me. I pretended I hadn't seen them and led them into the wildest part of the Wichitas and lost them. They found their way out a week later, half-starved and petered out.

WORLD War II interrupted my treasure hunting for four years. I spent most of that time as an infantry officer in the South Pacific. My years of roughing it in the Wichitas proved to be an asset when I was leading combat patrols in the mountains of Luzon.

While leading my platoon against some Jap tanks, I was hit by a shell that blew off my left hand. After several months in army hospitals, I retired from the army and returned home. Somehow during the war word had gotten around that I knew approximately where Bob Herring had buried his gold. Several local characters started watching me like hawks.

After lying around my father's ranch for a few days, I took a pack and tools and disappeared in the mountains. I hadn't been hiking an hour before I discovered I was being followed.

I set up camp several miles from the treasure and dug around for two days. To my surprise, I could handle a pick and shovel fairly well with my artificial hand. After I pulled out, a dozen chumps dug in that vicinity for almost a month.

Since I came back from the war, I have spent more time leading snoopers on wild goose chases than I have looking for Cousin Bob's gold. Hundreds of people know that gold is somewhere in the Wichitas. I am the only one who knows which mountain it is buried on but so far, I haven't located the exact spot. It stands to reason it could be several inches deeper than it was when Cousin Bob buried it or nature could have moved the rock it was buried under. However, I have been bracketing in on the spot and I should find the gold within the next year or two.

I will be almost sorry when I find it, because I enjoy roughing it every few weeks. I have had several thousand dollars worth of fun leading chumps on long hikes and causing them to put callouses on their hands digging for gold miles away from where it is hidden. Certainly, none of them have found anything, but the exercise has been good for them.

MOST of the local boys have given up trying to follow me when I go into those hills. Occasionally, some greenhorns from out of the state try following me, but few of them make the chase interesting.

Some people may think I am a chump for writing this, for some adventurous outdoorsman or sportsman will try to locate that gold before I do. I don't fear competition. In fact, I challenge anyone to try to follow me.

My search has been slow because I must fill every hole I dig and sprinkle small rocks and leaves over it. It seems that everyone who finds a man-made hole in the Wichitas digs for days around the spot looking for Jesse James or Bob Herring's loot. To puzzle my competitors even further, I dig holes all over the Wichitas and carefully cover them up.

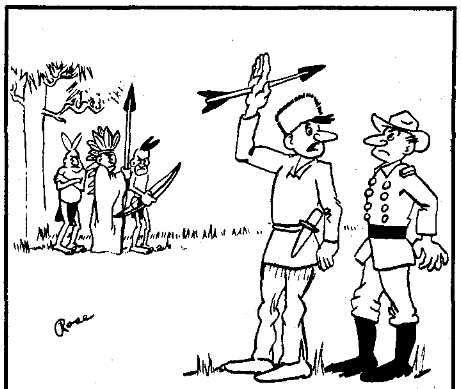
I have a feeling that my 30-year treasure hunt will soon come to an end. However, my father said that Cousin Bob was loco and if I didn't stop digging around in those hills, I would be loco, too. I will never give up because I know it is there. But if I never find it, I won't have any regrets, for I have had one hell of a lot of fun looking for it.

Devil's Grin

(continued from page 46)

citizens walked out while Smith was talking. For once, Soapy failed to grin.

So many citizens showed up at the town hall, at meeting time, that the scene of the proceedings was shifted to Juneau Wharf, where there was plenty of room for all.



"It means they refuse to accept our friendship."

SOAPY sent ten of his strong-arm men to attend the meeting and break it up. The big boss waited in his saloon for his henchmen to report. Time dragged, and Soapy took one of his rare slugs of whiskey to bolster his nerves.

"Ice Box" Bolton, in charge of the break-up-the-meeting detail, walked slowly in, followed by his dejected men. Bernie stared at Soapy without saying a word.

"Well, what happened?" demanded the boss. "Say something, you idiot! *What happened?*"

"Boss," whimpered Bernie, "we didn' bust up the meetin'."

"Why not?" Smith bawled.

"They got men with shotguns patrollin' the wharf. They wouldn' let us in. Said we was crooks, an' they'd shoot us down if we didn' leave."

Soapy Smith, the Big Chief of Skagway, did not like what he heard. He went behind the bar, picked up a rifle and ran out the door. "Ice Box" and the other boys sat tight.

As Soapy, Winchester in hand, drew near the wharf, he heard the barked command. "Halt! Drop that rifle and hold up your hands!"

In the dim light of the summer evening, Soapy recognized city engineer Reid, doing patrol duty on the approach to the wharf.

"Get out of here, Soapy," ordered Reid, aiming his cocked six-gun at the intruder. "You aren't wanted here."

Soapy grinned. "Why sure, Frank," he said easily—and whipped the rifle up and fired.

Reid fired at almost the same instant. Both men fell. Soapy was dead, drilled through the heart by Reid's slug. Reid was dying.

The citizens gathered on the wharf came running at the sound of shots. The words "Soapy's killed!" rang through the town. The reign of the Lord of Skagway was over.

The newly-formed law and order committee immediately swept through every hangout of Soapy's men. The frenzied mob, with orders to shoot to kill any and all crooks, went hog-wild. With their leader dead, the gang lit out in all directions; along the river bank; down into the valleys and up into the mountains; anywhere to escape the vengeance of the howling mob.

Seven of the hunted men were shot down. Forty crooks were captured. Ropes were brought out, guns loaded. It looked like a deadly, bloody night in Skagway. But word of the situation had reached the ears of Captain Yeatman, stationed in nearby Dyea, with a large unit of U.S. Infantry. The Captain and his troops came on the double-quick, reaching Skagway just in time to halt the bloody program of wholesale killings.

By the following morning, Skagway's angry citizens had cooled off. The survivors of the Smith gang were held for legal trials by newly appointed policemen, who had quickly replaced Soapy's hand-picked "officers of the law."

Two days later Soapy Smith was buried, unmourned.

But the ex-cowboy was not unremembered. As a warning to all criminals, a thirty-foot high human skull was carved from a huge white rock atop a hill above the town and inscribed in big white letters, SOAPY SMITH.

It was, of course, a grinning skull.

Gentleman Jackass

(Continued from page 63)

THERE was a time when literally thousands of burros ranged wild all along the north bank of the Rio Grande in its lower reaches. Some hunters used them to sight in their rifles—to get a little shooting in preparation for the deer season. The burros didn't seem to mind—that is, the ones that didn't get shot. They just stood and looked.

But when the battle against the Mexican fever tick started, all these burros were rounded up and driven across the Rio Grande. Some still roam wild there—most were captured and put to use.

The burro would drive most Americans stark crazy in a short time because they cannot adapt themselves to his tempo. He is geared low, and he moves in his lowest gear. He thinks in that gear, responds in it.

But to many people below the Rio Grande, where time isn't considered as important as merely being alive and realizing that fact, the pace of the burro fits the pace of human life.

It is literally impossible to hurry a burro. Most people who whip them do so merely for company—to let the burro know he is among friends. If a burro is beaten hard, he may move into a little jog trot. But he won't hold it for more than a few feet. Let horses run—maybe they've got some place they want to go. The burro doesn't care.

There is only one kind of punishment that seems to really rack the little animal all the way to his inner soul, and seldom is it used since most burro owners learn to love their ugly little critters and never beat them with anything heavier than a small club.

But to twist a burro's tail sends a terrible wave of pain all the way up his spine, and brings him to sudden and unexpected life. Sometimes when a burro gets cranky, his owner will do that. And burros get cranky—one might just decide he's had enough and lie down right where he is. No explanation—he just lies down. Then if beating won't get him up, tail-twisting is the ticket.

FEW Americans know the important part this little beast played in the development of our own West—and mainly because the historians prefer to mention the horse, a more glamorous animal. But the fact remains that a large part of the gold-prospecting in the old West was done with burros. And to this day no finer animal has been found for the most rugged of gold hunting.

For the burro is the surest-footed of them all. He can live on just whatever happens to be around—bark or roots or anything else that has juice in it. He can stand any kind of weather. He can carry a mighty load for long hours, and without complaint.

He can do more—he can always lead his owner to water if the owner has enough sense to let him. He can always find his way back.

And he can find gold—so the old timers believed.

Yet he remains the butt of jokes in our literature and in our conversation. Only rarely has he received the honor he deserved.

In the town of Fairplay, Colorado, the people have played fair with the burro. In 1930 they erected a monument dedicated to Prunes, a burro. Prunes was brought into the South Park area in 1857, and he worked in every mine in the Fairplay-Alma district. He finally got his reward—his glory.

One old-time prospector, a man named Robert Sherwood, was so touched by the honor given Prunes that he decided he wanted to be buried right at the rear of Prunes' monument. He got his wish—he was buried there in 1931.

The burro is a remarkable little animal—and he's going where the old timers go, into the land of memory.

Outlaws Never Die

(Continued from page 61)

cities of the State. Accompanying the head in death, as in life, and adding to the authenticity of it all, was the mutilated hand of Jack Three Fingers. Superstition began to build up as the head and crippled hand were seen by thousands.

The repulsive display came to a close finally when Sheriff Harrison was ordered to seize the withered head and sell it at public auction to satisfy debts incurred by the promoters exhibiting it. In spite of a frenzied cry during the auction by one man who shouted, "Is it possible that you are going to sell the head of your fellow creature?" the head brought $63.

You'd feel pretty confident that Joaquin Murietta was dead—that there would never be any stories about his living on.

Well, you'd be wrong!

Not too long ago came a letter from the Republic of Chile, and, according to the story, it was written by Joaquin Murietta himself. He was still alive. He lived on, to the ripe old age of ninety.

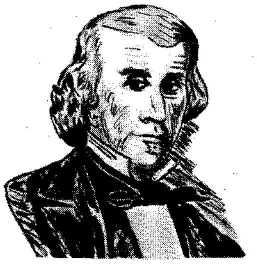
"Joaquin is not dead," the superstitious among the Mexicans will tell you.

In Hollywood there lived until recently one Don Ygnacio Plummer, survivor of the turbulent days when Los Angeles echoed to the sound of barking guns. "I knew Joaquin Murietta well," said Don Ygnacio, "and I saw the head they displayed as his. It was not Joaquin's head, but that of an Indian. Joaquin escaped, fled over the border into Mexico with his beloved Carlita and settled down to a life of peace and luxury among his own people."

And so it goes—and so outlaws never die.

Maybe, like old soldiers, they just fade away.

PROFILES



"Two little doves sang on a laurel— How lovely Dona Arcadia, how homely Don Abel."

By L. L. LeBaron

THIS was a ditty in southern California soon after Abel Stearns wooed and won the 14-year-old Bandini daughter, Dona. The wedding was one of the most magnificent social events of the Alta California years and the marriage was the talk of the Golden State until Stearns was suddenly and fatally stricken in 1871—even though he was older than Dona's father.

Stearns was derisively known as "Old Horse-Face." An orphan from Massachusetts. this shrewd Yankee sold and traded in Cuba as a young man, then moved to Mexico and became a naturalized citizen in 1828, when California was under that nation's rule.

He knew shipping and merchandising and readily made fast friends among the leading people. He was clumsy in politics and more than once headed for trouble when one of his friends would intervene and calm the situation. Stearns was too rugged and independent.

In 1833 he went into business with Don Juan Bandini and was a guest and caller at the Bandini ranch home on many occasions. In the course of these business dealings he met and fell in love with the youthful Dona. Sterns was an outstanding success in dealing with the Yankee schooner captains and their cargoes in the harbor at San Pedro. He bought hides and tallow from the ranchers which he traded with the captains for the finished products and materials they brought.

For his child bride Don Abel built the beautiful El Palacio, a sprawling one-story Spanish style ranch home with a patio and garden that were breath-taking.

Stearns incurred not only ridicule but cunning enemies as well. Rival traders conspired to press smuggling charges against him. He was tried, found guilty, and ordered to leave Alta California, which he refused to do. Occasionally, he went to San Francisco for business deals, and he was forbidden to do this. When the showdown came with Governor Victoria, it was the Mexican executive who boarded the boat and left California, not Don Abel.

He built up an impressive fortune rapidly and readily loaned money to other ranchers. When lenders defaulted on payments, usually spelled out in terms of hides and tallow, he took over these ranches. In 1858 he was recognized as the wealthiest man in the Los Angeles area, with three ranches of more than 40,000 acres each and nearly 100,000 head of cattle. This was the year when he built the Arcadia Block, which was the business section of Los Angeles.

California was destined to become a part of the United States and Stearns felt that much of his political troubles grew out of his incessant efforts to push the state in that direction. The drought of 1863-64 fully tested Stearns as a business man. In this epic disaster he lost more than 50,000 head of cattle and horses for lack of feed. He sacrificed small parcels of his sprawling ranches, to be sold by the sheriff for 25c to 50c per acre. But he did manage to keep much of his wealth intact and was able to avert the ruin that was visited on so many ranchers around him.

After his death Mrs. Stearns had their lavish home torn down and Baker Block, an outstanding business area in downtown Los Angeles, was built. She married U.S. Senator Baker. Dona dutifully managed capably the property that Stearns had left her and won her place in Golden State annals as one of its leading ladies.

Beef On The Move

(Continued from page 48)

Just a little after sundown it hit. There was a fierce gust of wind driving big drops of rain. Thunder crashed, and hailstones the size of hickory nuts came slanting down. You couldn't see a thing, it was so dark. The noise and roar of the storm was terrific.

BEFORE the storm hit, that bunch of steers all had their heads up smelling the air. Their long horns and tails were up, their eyes bugging out. They were scared stiff.

The jagged, forked lightning and the crash of thunder touched them off, and the hail kept them going. There was nothing we could do but try to protect ourselves. We were on a flat, where there wasn't any protection whatever. We never tried to stop the spooked cattle, just jerked our saddles off our horses and put them over our heads.

The hail didn't last over thirty minutes, but it was followed with a heavy rain and the twilight turned so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your eyes. We had a tent stretched with our beds in it, but the wind blew the tent down, stampeded the saddle horses, wet our beds, tipped the camp-stove over and filled it full of hail, blew the stove-pipe away, and raised merry hell.

The horse-wrangler managed better than the rest of us. He had a slicker. He got his horse in a plum thicket that gave a little protection. The horse herd headed toward a little canyon, and the wrangler figured that they'd hump up and stay there. As soon as it quit hailing, he started after them. He'd look ahead through the darkness and get his bearings when the lightning flashed. When he found the horses, he stayed with them till morning and was in camp before breakfast.

The cattle had gone down a ridge. There was a coulee on both sides of the ridge. The coulee was full of water and the cattle didn't try to cross. When they struck South Fork, it was bankful. We found most of them on the bank, scattered very little. They had picked up a few odd head in their run, but it didn't take long to cut the strangers out.

When we got back to camp, the whole crew went on night guard, as it was the last night out and we weren't taking any chances of losing them. We were a dirty, tired, sleepy bunch of cowboys when we finally got them safely corraled at Orin Junction.

Wash Barker and the Rock Pens

(Continued from page 47)

walking to the ranch cabin he passed a shed under which a woman was grinding corn on a metate. As he came even with her, she said low, in Spanish, without looking up, "They will kill you."

He was rolling a shuck cigarette. He paused to stoop over to light it at the fire on which the woman was cooking tortillas. He knew that he was being watched. As he stooped, he left a five dollar gold piece for the woman. He had to go on to the house. It was now dusky dark. The two men appeared to be expecting him. They were hospitable, of course. They said that a drink of tequila would be good between a long ride and supper.

"I always favor my horse before I favor myself," Wash Barker told them. He feared one or both of them would insist on accompanying him. To his relief, they did not. He judged they wanted to consult. The motte of trees and the darkness hid him while he resaddled. So as not to make noise, he led the horse a short distance before mounting. Somehow the horse seemed refreshed by the cool excitement that had put new life into his rider. Wash Barker rode for hours until he came to a waterhole in a well-grassed prairie. He unsaddled, watered his horse, staked him, and fell asleep.

WHEN he awoke the sun was high. He saw an Indian off maybe a hundred yards standing immobile and looking at and beyond him. He went up to the Indian and asked him in Spanish. "How long have you been here?"

"Since you arrived in the night."

Without saying so, the Indian knew the two Mexicans whom Wash Barker had ridden away from. He took Wash Barker to his camp, and for over a year Wash Barker lived with these Indians.

I have followed him far away from the Rock Pens. On the day he told Jim Nichols about seeing the Rock Pens, Jim Nichols went to see his Aunt Maggie Fitzpatrick. She was a very old woman with a remarkable memory and a lively interest in affairs and people. Jim Nichols asked her if she knew anything about the Rock Pens.

"I have never seen them," she said, "but I have been within stepping distance of them. More than once while your Uncle John Fitzpatrick and I were driving to our ranch from the lower country, he flicked his buggy whip towards a motte on the north side of the Nueces before we got to the old Mud Crossing and said the Rock Pens were right over there. This was in the Mike Carroll pasture, which later became part of the Shiner Ranch."

She told Jim Nichols to bring Wash Barker to see her so that they could compare notes on the Rock Pens. Within less than a month Wash Barker was dead. John Fitzpatrick, from Ireland, was a stonemason by trade. He became a sheepman but retained his interest in stone masonry. He said the rocks were solidly mortared together. Others have said the rocks were loose.

Men are still looking for the Rock Pens. Bulldozers are knocking down and chaining up mesquites and other growth down in the brush country by the hundreds of thousands of acres annually. I hope the brush that hides the Rock Pens never will be disturbed. **They are just one of the secrets the brush hides, and this is a secret that ought to stay secret. I hope what I have written won't betray it.**

"Smartest young steer I've ever seen!"

JOHNY SONTAG

ON THIS DAY . . .

by W. C. Carter

1868, March 20—Bank robbery: Russelville, Kentucky; by Cole Younger, Jesse James and four others. Haul: $14,000.00.

1869, Dec. 7—Killed: Sheets, John W.; bank-cashier, murdered by Jesse James, during a bank-robbery by Jesse and Frank James and Cole Younger. Haul: about $700.00, Gallatin, Missouri.

1870, Nov. 2—Killed: Smith, Thomas J.: the lawman who tamed Abilene, by Andrew McConnell and Moses Miles, while attempting to arrest them, near Abilene, Kansas.

1871, June 3—Bank robbery: at Corydon, Iowa, by Jesse James and gang. Haul: $40,000.00.

1872, April 29—Killed: Martin, R. A., bank-cashier, during bank robbery by James outlaw gang, at Columbia, Kentucky. Haul: $1,400.00.

1875, May 10—Hanged simultaneously: Edmund Campbell, Daniel Evans, Sam Fooy, Smoker Mankiller, James Moore and William Whittington, for separate killings, by order of Hanging Judge Isaac Parker at Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

1876, Sept. 21—Killed: Pitts, Charlie; a member of the James-Younger outlaw clan, during a battle with a citizen posse, in a swamp in Minnesota.

1878, April 1—Killed: Brady, William; sheriff, ambushed by Billy the Kid and confederates, in Lincoln, New Mexico.

1878, April 9—Killed: Masterson, Ed; City Marshal, Dodge City, Kansas.

1878, April 10—Train robbery: Texas and Pacific, at Mesquite, Texas, by Sam Bass and gang. Loot: less than $200.00.

1881, April 28—Killed: J. W. Bell, guard, and Robert "Bob" Olinger, deputy sheriff, by Billy the Kid, a prisoner in the jail at Lincoln, New Mexico.

1881, Oct. 25—Killed: Billy Clanton, Frank and Tom McLowerey (brothers), by Morgan, Virgil and Wyatt Earp (brothers) and Doc Holliday, at O. K. Corral, Tombstone, Arizona.

1882, March 18—Killed: Earp, Morgan; from behind in Tombstone, Arizona.

1882, March 20—Killed: Stilwell, Frank; presumably by Warren and Wyatt Earp (brothers) and Doc Holliday, at Tucson, Arizona.

1884, March 28—Hanged: Bill Delaney, Dan Dowd, Tex Howard, York Kelly and Red Sample; robbers and murderers, in Tombstone, Arizona.

1884, Nov. 28—Died: Payne, David L. (Capt.); Cavalry officer, Indian fighter, and politician, at Wellington, Kansas.

1887, Nov. 27—Killed: Dalton, Frank; brother Bob, Grat and Emmett Dalton (bank and train robbers), deputy U.S. Marshal under Hanging Judge Isaac Parker, while attempting an arrest near Ft Smith, Arkansas.

1889, Sept. 16—Died: Younger, Robert (Bob); brother of Cole and Jim Younger, in prison of tuberculosis and/or pneumonia.

Warrior's Pledge

(Continued from page 33)

usual. Judge Moody will never grant it."

"Tell Judge Moody what I have told you," replied the Indian impassively. "He is a wise man. You do not know what he will say unless you ask him."

"No, I guess not," Plowman murmured dazedly. "All right, I'll ask him."

Crow Dog smiled. "Good!" he said in his deep, slow voice. "If *Wakan Tanka* speaks to the judge's heart, I will go home!"

JUDGE MOODY listened quietly as Plowman made his startling request on behalf of his client. "You are aware, Counsellor, that this request is—to the best of my knowledge—without precedent?"

"I am so aware, Your Honor," replied the lawyer firmly.

"Are you prepared to risk your professional reputation—as well as mine—on the pledged word of a self-confessed, convicted murderer?"

The stocky little attorney looked Judge Moody straight in the eyes. "Your Honor, if this man doesn't come back for execution of sentence or otherwise disposition of his case, I'll take down my shingle and never practice law again!"

Moody's grave judicial countenance cracked slightly in a smile. "Obviously this client has made an extraordinary impression upon you, Mr. Plowman. Request granted—and I sincerely trust that he will not let you down."

Early the next morning, Crow Dog left the Deadwood jail for the Rosebud Reservation. He had less than one month to bid farewell to his friends, pass out all his earthly possessions once so dear and now so worthless, and make his peace with *Wakan Tanka.*

The first three days passed quickly and almost pleasantly for the doomed warrior, days spent in riding about the reservation visiting friends and dividing his personal belongings among his relatives.

To his wife, Fawn Woman, he gave his best horses, his cherished Winchester repeating rifle, his bear-claw necklace won for valor in killing the "great white bear" (grizzly), and his fine wool black-and-scarlet Nor'west blanket.

"Do not weep," he said gently to Fawn Woman. "It is not given to many men to know when they will die and so be able to prepare for it. In that way, I am luckier than most men."

The rest of his worldly goods were distributed until the last distant cousin had been duly remembered.

At each lodge he visited, Crow Dog punctiliously invited people to come to his lodge to smoke a pipe with him, eat and drink, sing and pray, and wish him well on his forthcoming journey to the Shadow Land. On the fourth day of his travels, Crow Dog visited the remote *tipi* of Yellow Wolf, the *wichasha wakan,* for the solemn, secret ceremony to smooth his path to the other world. On the fifth day, his heart at rest, he headed back for his own *tipi,* where the first of his invited guests awaited him.

About the middle of November, Marshal Raymond at Deadwood decided to send a deputy to the reservation to check on the absent prisoner. The deputy, Bill Wilson, accepted the mission reluctantly, so convinced was he that Crow Dog would keep his pledged word. He arrived at Crow Dog's lodge near sunset. Ground-hitching his horse before the *tipi,* he called out, "How, *Kola,*" above the snarling uproar of the camp dogs, and entered.

A low fire smoldered inside the lodge. The dusky interior was fragrant with the pungent aroma of burning sweetgrass. A dozen braves squatted cross-legged in a tight circle against the buffalo-hide walls, feathered, reed-stemmed, stone-headed pipes in hand. Crow Dog, dressed in ceremonial white buckskins, stared inquiringly at his unbidden visitor.

"Sorry to disturb you, Crow Dog," apologized Bill. "The marshal got a mite worried and sent me out to see if you'd run into any trouble."

"Do you see any trouble?" asked the Indian. He went on, before Bill could answer. "My friends come to wish me well on long journey to Shadow Land. I will come back to jail on the first day of the Moon of Popping Trees, as I have promised the Little Man with the Big Voice (Plowman). Marshal has forgotten that Crow Dog gives word and does not lie. Tell him again what Crow Dog says."

Wilson looked at the expressionless faces ringing the smoky fire — and felt a chill ripple down his spine. It was like looking through the veil of the centuries and catching a startling glimpse of the dim barbaric past.

The deputy backed out through the lodge-flap, mounted his horse and quirted it into a dead run, with the dogs yapping at its heels. Not until he'd put a good mile between him and those grim-faced warriors in the condemned brave's lodge did he slow his mount to a lope.

"It was the damndest thing I ever saw—like somethin' out of a nightmare!" Wilson reported to Marshal Raymond. "Crow Dog wearin' his burial suit and them bucks lookin' like he was already dead! Man, it spooked me plenty."

Raymond nodded somberly. "I know what you mean, Bill. This is a mighty strange case. I'll be glad when those judges in Washington get around to makin' up their minds, so we can finish it up one way or another."

AT THE END of the second week devoted to prayer and song and preparation for the Shadow Land, Crow Dog carefully painted his face black, and climbed the low hill behind his *tipi* just before sunrise. Facing the reddening Eastern sky, he flung wide his arms and chanted:

O Thou Who lights the earth
In the blue robe of morning
Make strong my heart!

Silently, then, he watched the sacred Sun burst forth upon the world in a flood of radiant light. When the glowing orb had cleared the horizon, he prayed again:

Wakan Tanka, I come
Make smooth the path for my moccasins
Mighty One, I come.

Descending the hill, Crow Dog hitched a team of horses to a wagon and motioned to his wife to come along. No word passed between them; none was needed. Though her "heart was on the ground" in sorrow, Fawn Woman knew that she must accompany her husband to the white man's town to bring back his body after they had put a rope around his neck and strangled him to death. She must give him a proper Sioux funeral; must see that he was dressed in his quilled and beaded white buckskins, and that his face was painted red and a piece of suet placed between his lips for sustenance until his spirit finished its long journey and reached the hospitable lodges of the Ancient Ones in the Shadow Land.

Crow Dog and his wife reached Deadwood at noon on November 29, 1883. He returned to jail as calmly and unemotionally as he had left it nearly a month before. Fawn Woman pitched her small "traveling lodge" on the wooded hillside near the town cemetery to await the execution.

The citizens of Deadwood knew, by this time, the strange story of the warrior's pledge. Public opinion had veered in Crow Dog's favor. Even the hardened skeptics, the confirmed Indian haters, were confounded by the personal integrity and sheer courage of the brave who had kept his word to come back and be hanged.

In the saloons and over the gambling tables the verdict was unanimous: "That redskin is a murderer sure enough—but, by God, he's a *man!*"

Each day the townsfolk watched in respectful silence as Fawn Woman went faithfully to the jail to visit her husband; each evening they heard her keening chant as she made humble supplication to *Wakan Tanka* to grant her doomed mate a quick and painless death and a swift journey to the Shadow Land. She had no hope at all that the all-powerful and mysterious white *akicitas* in far-off Washington would set Crow Dog free.

The cold, gray days dragged by with no word from the Supreme Court. Finally, on the morning of December 19, Fawn Woman arrived at the jail to discover that Crow Dog was not in his cell. Deputy Wilson gently informed the timid Indian woman that the Little Man with the Big Voice and Marshal Raymond had taken Crow Dog to the home of Judge Moody to hear a message brought by the Whispering Spirit (telegraph) from Washington. Fawn Woman shyly bowed her thanks and turned to go.

"Wait here," said Wilson. "Your husband will be back soon."

Submissively, Fawn Woman accepted the deputy's offer of a chair and sat down to wait, modestly covering her face with her blanket.

At Judge Moody's home, Crow Dog stood rigidly before that official's desk to hear his fate. Attorney Plowman stood at his side, his hand on his client's shoulder .

Judge Moody donned his spectacles and picked up a telegram from his desk-top. "Crow Dog, I now read to you and your attorney this ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States, just received:

"'We, the Supreme Court of the United States, unanimously find that the First District Court of Dakota is without jurisdiction to find or try an indictment for murder committed by one Indian upon another *on* Indian Reservations. Therefore, conviction and sentence based upon such indictment is illegal and must be declared immediately null and void.'"

Judge Moody looked up from the message and spoke directly to Plowman, "As duly appointed judge of the First District of Dakota, I accept this ruling of the United States Supreme Court and hereby declare the conviction of murder and sentence of hanging found against your client, the Indian known as Crow Dog, to be immediately null and void. Prisoner discharged!"

Befuddled by all the legal phraseology, Crow Dog turned uncertainly to Plowman. "*Kola,* what does this mean?"

Plowman fairly bounced in his jubilation. "It means you're free!"

The Indian smiled, comprehending at last. He took Plowman's right hand in both his own. "It is good to get back my life," he said simply. "My brother, I thank you."

"Tex Banta" Mountain Man of the 1880s

(Continued from page 15)

the big thick slabs of bark have fallen off in pieces that would make a pretty good canoe. After I got through laughing at his remark, I began to show him our beds. We got one big slab, stood it up before the fire, dried it out, then got another, and so on until we had two for each of us. One was laid on the ground, hollow side up, and the other was over us to keep the rain off, and all we had to do when we would play freeze out, was to get up and warm our slabs of bark by the fire, and go to bed again. I laughed at poor Lafe that night till I was almost sick. But he was made of good stuff, and took his training all in good humor, and made one a good pal.

LAFE BANTA got hungry for a trip—back to Tacoma, where he could get a few long schooners and a square meal. So we went down to Montesano, sold our jerky and hides, divided the spoils and he started for Tacoma. I got some more chuck, and went back up the river to my lonely cabin in the big woods, feeling pretty blue. It seems as if it was out of the question for me to get a partner that would stay with me. These woods was too much for them, but I—being of an Indian nature—I loved the wild rough mountains—the wilder the better.

I got to camp but things looked too lonesome, after having good lively pals all the time before. So I put some chuck, blankets, and such as I might need, into the canoe, and pulled out up the river. Got up about ten miles to what we called "the box." This box was a narrow place in the river with rock bluffs on each side, and full of rapids. It was almost impossible to pull a canoe up through it, so I made camp at the lower end. That night while I was preparing to eat supper I saw a man coming down on the other side of the river.

I wondered who he could be. He got just opposite my camp, and I saw a Siwash, an old outlaw that I had seen before. I knew him by the name of Heighmann. He had killed another Indian several years before on Grays Harbor, and was living in the woods like a bear. It was easy for a Siwash to live, as he could always get salmon by means of a spear.

I yelled at him, "Hello, High."

He looked at me for a moment, then said, "Hello, Texas. Are you alone?"

"Yes," I said. "Come over and camp with me. I will bring you over in my canoe." So I went and got him.

He was a pitiful sight. Told me in broken English that he had swamped his canoe up in the box, and lost all but his gun. His clothes were torn and wet, his feet bare and no hat. It was amusing to see that poor old Siwash eat. He ate enough for several men. After he got filled up, he began talking, asking me about my partner, and said, "You live here. Go lone like me. You go with me to Quinault. Heap cloachman (he meant squaws), have good time. No sheriff over there. Plenty elk, plenty salmon and wild fruit."

This just struck me right as I wanted to see them Quinaults, and the country. So we agreed, and the next morning we put things together and loaded my canoe, and went down to my cabin. I rigged old High up with clothes and shoes. I asked him how many days.

He said, "Maybe five. High logs. Heap water."

I got all the ammunition we needed for a month or so, and gave him a pair of blankets and we started out, High in the lead.

The weather was fair. High was a big fellow, and very strong and good in the woods. So I loaded him up like a burro—fifty pounds of flour, plenty of bacon, lard, coffee, tobacco, and everything we needed for a month. Then I made my pack some lighter. Every day we made good time. We would camp early so as to get things fixed up for a rainy night.

We had no trouble and old High kept straight ahead. We would travel all day without speaking a word to each other. About the fifth day we came upon the bank of a great lake surrounded up to the water's edge by heavy timber and brush, just as we had seen everywhere in the Olympic Mountains. There old High stopped and threw his pack down.

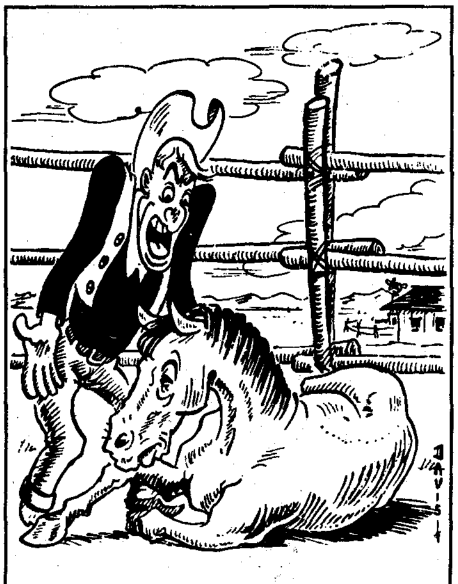
"Quinault Lake," he said. "We camp here."

It was early in the day, but we was always ready to eat. So we soon had a fire and got dinner. I went down on the beach, amusing myself by looking over the lake and different points of land covered with heavy timber that extended far into the lake. I could see some small alligators over near one point, and what looked like some kind of fowls, or small animals, swimming in the water.

Then I noticed that High had built a big fire near the edge of the lake out of pitch and brush. The blaze and smoke went straight up a hundred feet or more. I saw High standing to one side looking over the same direction I had seen the small objects in the water. Then I knew what it all meant. The objects I saw was Quinault canoes and High had built the fire to beckon them over to us. We had not spoken a word since we had eaten dinner.

AFTER an hour or so, I could see them begin to trail out, one by one, and could see they were headed our way. Old High came up to me grinning, slapped me on the shoulder and shouted, "All good old pals! Pretty soon we go see pretty squaw."

His actions and few words was just as good as a whole history to me. I knew we was all right as the Quinaults was friendly. The small objects kept getting larger and closer to us. There was about twenty of them and from two to five Indians in each canoe. High said we should pack up and be ready.



"Get wise to yourself. One mare's just like another. You can't trust any of 'em."

We got our stuff all together, and was on the beach when they came up, all of them looking at us. The nearest ones stopped still, about 400 yards out in the lake, until all had got together. They held their powwow for awhile. Then High took off his hat, that I had given him, pulled his long hair out at arm's length and said to me, "Heap 'fraid!"

After seeing High was an Indian, they came on all abreast. They got up in speaking distance and old High spoke to them in Indian language. Told them that there was only two of us, and that I was his friend and the white man of the woods—that we had come to live with them.

They then hove ashore and every one of them took our hand in friendship. They gathered around us as close as they could get in order to hear what High had to say, and to look at me. I might have been the first white man they had ever seen. Then they loaded our stuff into a big cedar canoe and told us to get in. Two Indians managed the canoe, and one sat in the middle talking to us. Pretty soon we was out in the big lake, the others following all in a line about twenty feet apart.

When we got to the place where I had seen them start from, I could see quite a bunch of small huts and tepees upon a high point. Some of the tepees was made of skins, stretched around poles in the old Indian style so as to have a fire in the center with the top open in order to let the smoke escape. The whole beach was covered with Indians, mostly squaws and young ones. We landed and got out.

We had to go through the same preamble—to shake hands with every one of them and they all huddled around to hear what we had to say. After the powwow was over, the chief told us to go with him. He showed us a nice tepee near his own and told us to be at home, but the other Indians followed up and kept crowding around us so thick we could not get a chance to cook our supper. We soon had a fire going out in front of our tepee, and it seemed that there was a hundred squaws around it in a very short time.

My Indian guide had told me that they had no guns. So I decided to scatter them in order to get supper. I took a handful of cartridges from my pocket and dropped them in the fire. The Indians kept getting thicker and crowding nearer, when all at once the cartridges began to shoot, and the fire scattered all over the whole bunch. They yelled and began tumbling over each other, rolling and kicking, and in two minutes there was not an Indian near. And my pal High had gone with them!

After it was all over, old High came back, looking wild, and had lost his hat.

"What happened?" he said.

"Don't know, High. Maybe so Stick Siwash come." Stick Siwash means the Great Spirit among the Indians. They are very superstitious.

Then I got my fire going again. I told High to be contented, and we would get supper, as I thought it was all over. But he seemed to be nervous. By this time the old chief had come out and was talking to High about the excitement. High told him what I had said. Maybe Stick Siwash? I could see he was badly worked up over it. It just so happened there was one cartridge that had not fired, and after I had made the second fire, it went off and that spoiled it all. The chief and High jumped straight up and bounded off like two old bucks. Then I had the whole thing to myself.

I ate my supper alone. Poor old High stayed out with the Quinaults all night. Next morning he grunted and began looking around and picked up some of the shells. Then he began to laugh and said, "You have got those Indians ready to leave this country if they knew any place to go."

All that day they would peek at me from their tepees. It seemed that we were left in full charge of the village. I told High to keep still and let it go as it was. The chief called High in and had another talk with him, but would not come near. There was not an Indian around our camp. They called me the Stick Siwash, but that busted up the friendship with the squaws. If I started toward a squaw, she would run and hide. I killed a few elk while we were there, and gave most of the meat and the hides to the Indians. The old chief was about the only one that was friendly with me. The others was shy, but would do anything I told them to do. When I would kill an elk, they would pack the meat in. The elk were very gentle as they had never been hunted.

The way the Indians hunted elk is this: some of them would get in their canoes with spears. Others would get around the elk and begin yelling and throwing clubs at him until he would take to the water for protection. Then those in the canoe would get between him and the bank and the battle would begin. But the elk would always lose out.

The spear was made from elk horns. The Indians would take a long straight point off the horn, sharpen it on rocks until one end was like a dagger, and make the other fit the end of a straight pole. Then they would take small sinews from animals and wrap them hard to the stick which made a complete spear. They could kill anything they could get up to.

They make skinning knives from horns and bones. The fish spears are made in the same way except they are made of small points of horns—short at one end with a v-shape at the other, so as to fit on the spear end of a stick. A deep groove is cut around it for tying a string or leader tight onto the spear point. They shove the spear into the fish over the point; the fish flounders and pulls the point off at the stick and it turns crossways in the fish. The string holds the fish to the pole which the Indian holds in his hand. By this means they catch fish in deep and swift water. I never saw one miss a fish.

This was all very interesting to me. I took several trips around the lake in a canoe with an Indian guide, and explored all the lake and the streams that empty into it from the mountains.

I stayed there for about a month until our chuck began to run low. Then I said to High, "Now, as our chuck is running low and I have lost out with the squaws, I am ready to start back to my happy home, the lone cabin."

I told him we would start on a certain day. The chief planned a big feast for us on that day. When we started they got every canoe on the lake together, and put us in with the chief in front, then started all in one line making turns across the lake like a big snake swimming and every Indian was singing at the top of his voice. As we landed they gave us a hearty yell and wished us good luck.

After we got back to my cabin on the Wynoochee River, old High left me as he was afraid to stay there. I was alone again. I went out and killed two elk, prepared the hides for market and went to Seattle to see my old pal Sam. I got him to go back with me, but our contract was filled for elk specimens and things had changed all around. We soon become dissatisfied and decided we would quit the Olympics. Sam went back to Seattle and I went up into the Cascades to a place called Easton.

"Now let's see. Powder of bat's wing, owl's eyes. Ah! here it is—Penicillin."

I TOLD SAM if I found anything worthwhile, I would write him. I located at Easton, a point on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It was high up in the mountains on the east slope, surrounded by very rough mountains. The country was a beautiful sight to me after living in a dark cloudy wilderness for two years. I put in two or three weeks exploring.

Three miles west up one prong of the Yakima River lay Kachess Lake, about six miles long and two wide, with snowy peaks on three sides that came down to the lake very steep—sometimes it was a perpendicular bluff, small streams coming in from the high mountains with many beautiful falls. At the upper end of the main lake was a level body of land covered with fine timber, about 300 acres all in one body. Just above this was another lake. The two lakes was connected together by a small river. On one side at the upper end of the small lake was high bluffs. I thought it was a sportsman's paradise and that if I only had a good pal, we would build a house on the level land and live and die there.

After talking with an old trapper, I decided to write Sam as there was plenty of fur bearing animals there such as marten, fox, beaver, otter and so on. I wrote Sam and told him what the prospects looked like for trapping. After a few months he came over. We built us a cabin near Easton, so we could get our supplies without packing or poling a canoe. We soon learned the art of catching beaver and other animals. Done very well for a start.

One day we had been over on Goat Mountain and on our way back through a big swamp a big brown bear bounded out and ran through the brush. When we got up to where he was when we first saw him there we found he had been eating on a deer. It was about two miles from camp, so we decided we would come back early the next morning and kill him. Next morning we got up and planned to hunt him down, each one to go a different way. The timber and underbrush was very thick, so we started creeping and watching. Sometimes I would be half bent in the brush, thinking all the time of meeting him and wondering if my nerves would stay with me in a bear fight in such a place, or if I would drop my gun and climb a tree.

I had been out about an hour in this nervous strain, but never saw anything that moved or looked a little strange. Sometimes I was hoping to find him and then I'd be hoping Sam would find him. I was a little in doubt of my nerve as I was young and had no time to be killed or crippled by an ugly old bear.

I thought of all the mountain country I would like to explore before I died; then I would shake that off and say to myself, "I have come 2,000 miles to explore these mountains and to hunt big game and have a good gun, so what's the use of showing the white feather to a darned old bear?"

Then I saw him coming my way. I stopped against a tree, just as he was crossing some small logs. I whistled and he stopped, raised to his haunches to look and listen. I shot him just behind the shoulder and he fell back and began to bawl and moan. The fear had all left me and my nerves was cool. I loaded my gun and went up to him. He rolled from side to side, groaning, and kept his little black eyes on me. I sat down on a log in front of him and watched him die.

Then my heart grew sick with pity. I felt if I had had the power I would have given his life back to him. It hurt me. It made me think I had done a great wrong. I had taken advantage of him and had committed murder. Had broken up his free happy life for no other purpose than just to kill a bear.

Sam came up but I never told him how the poor beast acted, and moreover I never boasted of killing that bear, but Sam would often speak of it.

One day he mentioned the bear killing, but I never made any reply. He studied for a while and then said, "Tex, what is it about that bear killing that seemed to weigh on your mind? Anytime before when you killed a big animal, you took great pride in telling about it."

Then I told the whole story and he agreed with me that it was nothing to boast of. That was my first bear and nearly thirty years ago. I often think of it now. I have killed close to a hundred since then, and have never had one to act that way again.

ONE DAY the next Spring we decided to go up to the head of a certain canyon and look for sign and kill deer for meat. We went up about four miles to the divide. One of us was to come down on one side, the other on the other side. As it happened, my big dog followed Sam and the pups followed me.

After awhile I heard the old dog start and could tell he was coming my way. I thought he was after a deer and I got ready to shoot in case it came in sight. A short distance from me was a small deep canyon with a log across it. To my surprise a big brown bear bounded out of the brush and hit that log coming straight to me. Just as he left the log on my side of the canyon, I shot. I hit him behind the shoulder and the bullet ranged back through his entrails and he went on and was soon out of sight. I followed the trail and found plenty of blood.

Then the dog came up about winded, so I caught him and held him until he got his wind again, expecting Sam to follow up. I gave a few yells, but got no reply, so I turned the dog loose. He hit the trail full speed roaring at every jump. He soon went over the divide and out of hearing but the pups and me kept on the trail. Plenty of blood made following it easy. When we got over the divide, I could hear the old dog barking down in another bushy canyon about a mile away. I turned and yelled for Sam again, but no answer came. I went on down to where the dog was barking.

He was in a great thicket of small pines and drifts of snow some three feet deep. The small brush was still bent over and covered with snow. I started into where the dog was.

The bear was sick from the shot and was lying down behind some brush that was covered with snow. Just as I put my left hand on the bended brush to climb over it, there lay the bear in three feet of me. He raised to his feet with his bloody mouth open, his ears back against his head and his little black eyes sparkling, almost in my face. He had made his last run and was ready to fight.

Now I realized that I was up against the real thing, no time for thinking, no time to run. It was all up to me. I had a good gun, a .45-70. I shot him in the head and he fell, but was up again in an instant. By this time I had loaded my gun again. I shot him again and he fell but it was the same thing all over. I was all the time backing to get where I could get a better shot or run, either one would do.

By this time he had got through the snow drift and I gave him another shot. That time he did not fall but gave me a slap on the ribs and I went down and lost my gun. I fell with my shoulder in a ravine where the melting snow had made a small running creek of mud and water. The bear kept advancing with his slow but murderous intentions. Before I could get up he was on me with his bloody mouth open and his eyes sparkling with rage, just as if to say, "I have you now."

About that time, the old dog seemed to realize my predicament and rushed to my rescue. It was up to him to do something and to do it quick. He sprang onto the bear from behind, got a hold on his ham and the bear turned to bite the dog. I managed to get my pistol from the belt, a .38 caliber Colt, and as his head was turned I shot him in the ear. He sank down on top of me all in a heap (I felt like he would weigh a ton) in all that mud and snow, but he was dead.

Sam had struck the trail and came up just as the bear fight closed. It was hard to tell which of us was the bloodiest, me or the bear. After I had scrambled out from under him, I looked myself over and found the only damage he had done was to break three of my ribs. We rolled the old ugly brute out and skinned him, then I began to get sick from the effects of the broken ribs or the excitement or both. It was several days before I was able to go out again. Since that time I have held a great dislike for bears. I often think of the first one I killed and how he acted, then think of this one and how he acted and I decided it had just about evened things up.

Now I will give you a little advice. Be careful how you go about handling one. My experience has taught me not to trust one in any way, or at any time, for they are dangerous. When raving mad they will hunt you and, if you come in contact with one, it is a fight to the finish without a draw. Death to one or the other.

NOT LONG after, there were four of us in camp just across the Yakima River from Easton. Just below us a man by the name of John Cedrick had a cabin, holding down a homestead. About a mile from him was another man by the name of Richard See. Both was about sixty years of age and both widowers. Their children was all grown and the two men was holding down their claims alone. It seems that there was an old grudge between them of many years' standing, but they had agreed to pass it by and live as neighbors and friends, people not being plentiful in that country at that time.

One day three of us was at camp and the other had gone to Easton for the mail. We heard an extra loud gunshot down the river toward John Cedrick's place, but thought nothing about it. After awhile Jake Marr, the one that had gone for the mail, came in from Easton and said, "Old Dick's dead as hell. John Cedrick shot him with that goose shotgun."

As there was no officers there, I told the boys we would go down and put him under arrest and wire the sheriff at Ellensburg. So we went down to his house, and in the yard in front of the door lay old Dick very dead and just inside the door stood John Cedrick, acting as cool as if nothing had happened.

He spoke and said, "Tex, I had to do something that I did not want to do, but the man broke up my family thirty years ago and my life has been nothing but trouble ever since. And now he comes out here and tries to be a friend and neighbor. It's more than any man can stand. So I give you my gun and look to you for protection until I can get to Ellensburg."

We held him until Sheriff Joe Banks and the prosecuting attorney came. The next day they held an inquest, then buried Dick See and told John to go his way, but told him to come down to Ellensburg the next term of court, and that was the end of it.

I met a man in Ellensburg that had been out with a surveying party around Old Mount Rainier and Bumping Lake 150 miles from Easton, back in the interior of the Cascade Mountains. He gave a great description of that country and the game. He said almost anywhere he went he could see herds of mountain goats on the bluffs, and on the lake was plenty of beaver, otter and mink. This all went down me like good whiskey. I got a description of how to get there, and how to go to the old landmark, Mount Rainier.

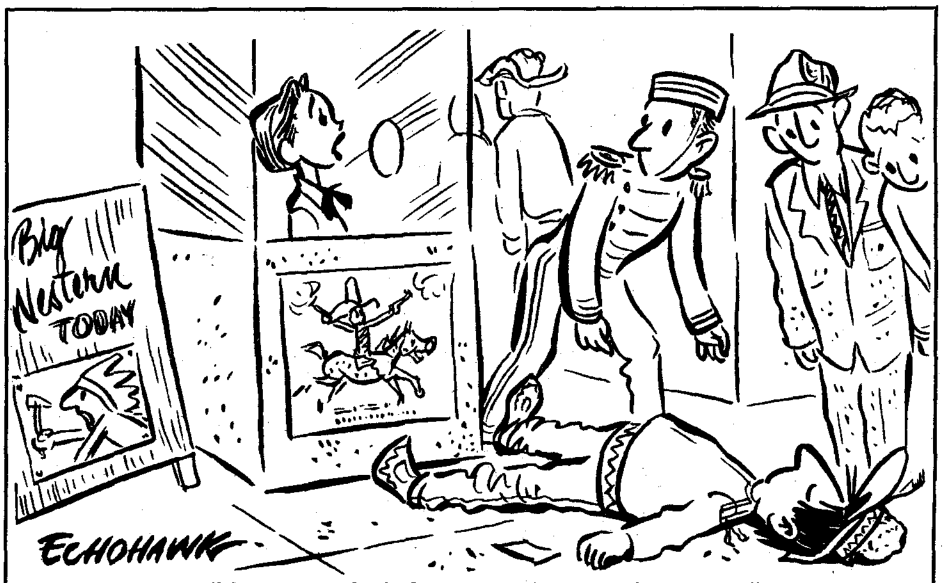
I told Sam about it and he was very anxious for a trip to that country. Also saw a man that offered me $600.00 for a pair of young goats in good condition that I might deliver to him in Ellensburg. Then we began planning for the trip. Another fellow by the name of Fred Seymour wanted to go with us.

ABOUT 140 miles through the mountains we went without trails or guide—Sam Kelsey, Fred Seymour and myself and my two dogs. We fitted out with such as we could carry on our backs over and through some very rough mountain country. Each of us had a pair of blankets to roll our stuff in. We made the old Hudson's Bay pack so that it would fit our backs with straps over our shoulders to leave both arms free.

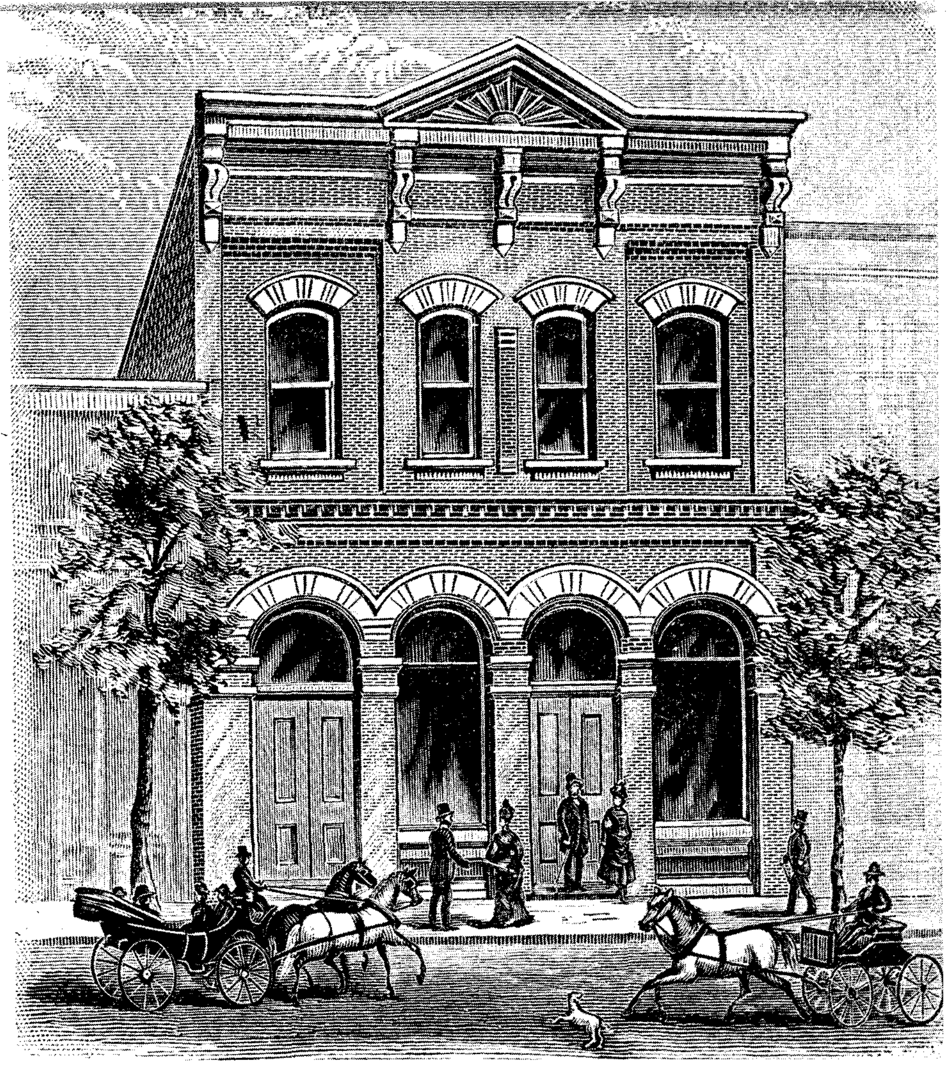
We went up the Ahtanum River to the head; there we topped a divide where the waters run south. We had traveled three days and was getting hungry for fresh meat. We was traveling down a beautiful creek in the pine timber and it was about camping time when all at once an old buck came bounding out and I killed him. There we spent a good night, roasting and eating venison. We took all that was left along with us the next day. It made our packs heavier, but we knew it would soon decrease in weight. Time was worth but little to us so we could rest at any time we felt like it.

The next morning when we got ready to start on our journey it was cloudy and drizzling rain, so dark we could not see old Mount Rainier, our guide, or the place we was headed for. After we got on top of the divide, we started down another canyon. In going down the canyon with its many crooks and turns we suddenly came upon the bank of a river. We decided to camp there as we could not see the sun and did not know just where we was going. There was no roads or trails to follow a hundred miles deep in the rough Cascades.

While eating dinner I noticed some



"All I said was the Indians win a battle in this picture."



Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

The Howlett Block, North Yakima

chips floating down the river. I called them to the attention of the other boys. There must be someone else in the mountains. We had no idea how far up the river they was, but we made up our minds to find out who they was, and what they was doing there. We was lost and wanted to find out where we was ourselves.

We got our guns and started up the river. After awhile we saw a tree fall, and looking across the river we saw some Indians. One sprang to his feet and gave us a wild look. The others went for their guns. Then I shouted for them not to get excited, that we was only hunters and wanted some information as we was lost.

They began to answer questions but still seemed to be a little nervous. There was about twenty of them. They would keep moving around getting nearer to where their guns was stacked against a big tree. I told the one I was talking to to tell the others not to get excited or to make a gun play with those guns as we was their friends. He turned to them and spoke in the Indian language and they settled down. We found out that they was Yakimas out on a hunt without a permit, and thought we was after them. They told us that this was the Naches River and about fifty miles from Mount Rainier. We had crossed the same river a few days before, close to the same place.

We left our friends and went back to camp, packed up, and in three or four days pulled up at Bumping Lake. We made camp at a place called Pleasant Valley, just across the divide from the lake and but a few miles from Mount Rainier. The high rough mountains surrounded the little valley on American River. It was a most beautiful sight and a paradise for hunters. As my chief motive was to capture some young goats for the World's Fair at Chicago, this looked to be the place for us to accomplish our undertaking.

Each one started out in a different direction. My dogs and I had gone about two miles, up high on a bench, when I saw some goats lying down on a rock bluff—two old mother goats and some kids, the very thing I was looking for. I shot one of the old ones, and as they got up to leave I shot the other one. Then I saw I had a chance to catch the kids. I put the muzzles on the dogs and started after them. Round and round we went and pretty soon I had three of them tied. The other boys came in with a goat each. We knew that we had found the place that we was looking for.

A FEW DAYS later we saw tracks of shod horses going up the river and, of course, we thought it was more Indians. But one day to our surprise, a man rode into our camp, leading three pack horses. It was Tom Fife. He and four other men was camped a few miles above us, prospecting for gold. Tom was as badly surprised as we was to meet each other there so far from civilization without pack animals. We gave him a welcome invitation to camp with us, which he willingly accepted.

He told us he was going out to North Yakima after grub and I got him to bring out supplies for us. He said his party had no guns and that there was not a hunter in the party, so we soon made a contract to furnish his camp with meat and he was to pack out supplies for us, including a case of canned milk to feed the young goats. Tom said it made no difference if the goat meat was fat or poor or if it was venison or bear meat—that they would eat anything we killed and would come down after it.

The next day I went out about the same route I went before.

By the time Tom Fife got back, we had meat enough to load his three pack horses. Up at his camp there was deep snow, so it was no trouble to keep meat. By getting our supplies packed out it enabled us to stay as long as we wanted to.

Some people know but little about the mountain goats as they are natives of the extreme northwest part of the U.S. and Canada, mostly in the Cascade Mountains. There is a great difference in them and the big horned mountain sheep. The goat is larger than the tame goat, has long white wool or mohair and small black horns. They live high up in the roughest parts and are very watchful and wild. This was in the year 1893.

By this time Sam had got hungry for a trip to Seattle and I had got another pal by the name of John Willhite, a big husky fellow about twenty-two years old. We put in the winter trapping on the Ahtanum up near the head, in sight of old Mount Rainier. From the high points and the surrounding country that I had prowled over during the summertime, it looked as if I could get in there in winter. I could make a big haul catching land animals, as it was virgin country and a hundred miles from any other trappers. The more I thought about it the better I liked it. The snow was still deep and well crusted, so it was an easy matter to get over it on snowshoes. I remembered what Tom Fife had told me in the early fall—that his party had left some chuck in the cabin on American River—and I knew if we could make it to the cabin we could hold out until the trapping season was over.

I THINK it was in March, 1894. The weather was fair and we had caught about everything there was around there. After talking it over, we decided to leave all of our heavy stuff and try it around. We had good snowshoes and a toboggan to haul our stuff on. One fine morning we loaded our sleds with chuck, blankets and traps. It was a warm day and the sun was shining bright.

The first day was to get to the top of the divide, then on the other side which was very steep with many bluffs. We got to the other side easy but it was difficult to take the toboggan down the mountain. We decided to leave everything except what we could carry on our backs, go down the mountain to the bottom and camp for the night. Then the next morning while the snow was crusted we could move our outfit down.

We taken two pairs of blankets, a few traps, our guns and ammunition and what furs we had. We went skiing down the mountains on our snowshoes, dodging trees and rocks, passing around bluffs at the rate of about thirty miles an hour and was at the bottom and in camp by the middle of the evening.

The steep mountain was facing the west, the sun shining very hot and, as it happened, we had left our stuff in the first bench from the top, never even thinking about a snowslide. In about an hour after we got in camp we heard a great crash. It sounded like an earthquake. We saw the side of the mountain moving and I jumped to my feet and shouted, "Earthquake, by golly!"

By this time it had got well under way and was stripping the whole side of the mountain of everything in front of it. Thousands of tons of snow came in one big crash into the canyon. We saw it had swept our stuff along with it. So there we was, sixty miles from home and about eighty miles from where we had started. Then we began to plan whether to go back or to go on. We knew if we went back we was done trapping for the season, but if we could make it to the Fife cabin and find chuck, with what traps we had we might make a big haul as we had about two months yet in that high cold country. So we decided to tackle it.

We had about two days' travel to get to the Naches River. Everyday the sun shone hot and the Chinook wind blew and kept the snow melting on top; it made hard traveling. It got so bad that we would have to pick up our feet with the wet heavy skid and could not slide them at any time. The traveling was very slow but we went on in hopes that the weather would change so as to cause the snow to freeze on top. We put in about eight days like this without food, and every night about a dozen hoot owls would gather around us in trees as near to us as they could get, hoot and squawk all night—and the next night the same thing. I believe the same owls followed us the whole trip; anyway, they hooted at us every night.

We finally landed at the cabin, thinking to ourselves that we would have one more fill up. But to our great disappointment someone had been there after Tom had left and had taken every bite of chuck he had left. Now just stop for a moment and try to imagine how we felt. Eight days without food except two pheasants we had killed on the way and 140 miles to the nearest place to where food could be had, and in six feet of wet snow. Just think this over.

We thought of all the good eats we had ever had. A bear fight was tame in comparison to this. Well I knew there had been plenty of goats in the mountains in the summer when I was there, so there would be no trouble in getting meat. Yet the next day I went out and hunted all day and not one was to be found. Then things began to look fearful blue and dangerous. We was sick and I could see no hopes for us. The only thing for us to do was start back down the river but we really had no hopes of ever getting out unless the weather turned colder so that we could travel.

There we left the few traps we had and everything of any weight except our guns and blankets, then started on this hazardous trip. We had gone but about a mile when poor John laid down and told me that if I thought I could make it out, to go on, that he was done. I tried to raise his courage but it was of no use. Then an idea struck me. I told him that we would go back to the cabin and I would make another round for a goat and if I failed to get one, I would kill the little dog, Bob, that was lying there in the snow but did not look to have two pounds of flesh on him, and that dried in the bone. That seemed to brace John up and we went back to the cabin.

I gathered some wood and made John as comfortable as possible and started for the high bluffs. On top of a high divide I saw a goat across the canyon looking at me but it was too far away to shoot. I worked my way around to where it had been when I last saw it, but it was gone. Then I saw it over on another divide looking at me as before. The poor little dog wanted to go after it as he was as hungry as I was, so I told him to go. He took the trail and went down the side of the mountain like a black streak and I stood watching the goat. Pretty soon the dog got right up at him; then the race started over the hill and down the point. I still kept watching to see if I could see them come in sight, but had about give it up when all at once they bobbed up on the same ridge I was on, headed toward camp. Bob was circling around a bluff barking for life, acting as if he knew he had to catch him or starve. When I got under the bluff I saw him about fifty feet above me standing on a narrow ledge looking down at me and the dog. Then it was easy. I shot him in the neck and he plunged off and fell within ten feet of me. Bob was on him by the time he hit the snow.

John had heard me shoot and came out on his knees to meet me. I was dragging the poor thing in by the horns. That gave us courage. We stayed there three days and ate everything about that goat that was eatable and then ate the entrails before we made another start. Weather conditions was just the same and the hoot owls was just the same—hooting at us every night. Almost every day we would hear a snowslide. It would sound like thunder, but we went on down the American River to where it emptied. Again we began to fade and get sleepy. Once in a great while we would kill a pheasant or spruce squirrel. We had a can to boil the stuff in so as to get all the good there was in it.

We got well down on the Naches River and one day I saw an old shed which some trappers had been using in the early part of the winter; they had left some traps hanging in the shed. On the jaws of one trap was a blue jay that had got caught and they had left it there. I took Mr. Blue Jay out, cut him in two parts, gave John one and myself the other. We ate it and it was good, too.

The next evening we came to a hill about one hundred feet high, and rather than climb the hill we made camp. We had got to where we was so drowsy that we would hardly speak a word all day. We had been out, if I remember right, eighteen days.

By morning the fire had melted the snow down to the ground and we was down in a hole wallowing around the fire in mud made from melting snow. We rolled our blankets and started up the hill. When we got on top, we went plodding along about half a mile to the hour. I was in the lead. I looked off to my left about a hundred yards and there was a big campfire—tent stretched, and two men sitting by the fire smoking their pipes as happy as they wanted to be. I turned and looked at John, and we turned to their camp.

THE MEN did not see us until we was within twenty feet of them. One of them got to his feet and shouted, "Where in the hell did you fellows come from?"

By this time I had my belt knife out and my eyes on a big ham of venison hanging on the tent pole at the corner. The other man rose to his feet and spoke but we paid no attention to them. We sliced off a slab of that venison and went to eating it like starved dogs. I divided up my piece with Bob. The men stood staring at us for a minute, then seemed to realize that we was crazy from hunger.

One of them said, "Great God, boys, don't eat that raw stuff; we have a pot of it cooked," and began to rustle the pots. But we kept on eating until they shoved out a pot of boiled meat and a oven full of sourdough biscuits. Then we planted ourselves on the dry ground and went after it. They set out plates, knives and forks, but we had no use for them.

After a while they began to say, "Don't eat any more, for God's sake. You will kill yourselves!"

Up to this time we had not spoke a word. Then it seemed that I had just awakened from a sleep, and began to tell my story.

They finally got us to quit eating by telling us that there was plenty of it and to rest awhile, then eat more. We fell asleep on the warm ground and after two or three hours we woke up and lost all we had eaten, sick. After we had vomited, the hungry feeling returned and we went after the pots again. This time they made us quit before we got too much. We spread our blankets in the warm sun and fell asleep again, to wake up just in time for supper, hungrier than ever.

Next morning my mind was clear and I told them the whole story. We stayed there three days. I bought chuck enough to do us out to North Yakima (about four days' travel) but we ate it all the first day. Every time we stopped to rest, we would open the sack and eat. It taken us about a month to get back to normal and get enough to eat. One of those kind gentlemen's name was Wilkenson, but I have forgotten the other's name.

We went on down the river but as there was no snow, it was easy sailing. We got filled up, then taken the train back home. That was John's last trip into the Cascades. I prowled around on the Kachess Lake—put in most of my time fishing and hunting grouse until about June.

IN THE Casade Mountains was a place known among the trappers as "the hidden den," where a very mysterious trapper had his home. It was located in an out-of-the-way place, up in the roughest part of the mountains on the west slope. It was so completely hidden that the old-time hunters failed to find it for many years. It was an easy matter to find his tracks in the snow but he would go down the west side where the best trailer would lose his trail. They could find it most any day though, either on top of some divide or in some lonely canyon. After two or three years he became known as the "mysterious trapper with the hidden den."

It was so far that few men ever went there in winter on account of it being so rough and having so much snow. We could see where he had come and gone, but never saw him. His string of traps was many miles long and he used the old Hudson Bay's snare made of copper wire. No steel traps at all.

I trailed him one day early in the fall, and found where he had skinned several martens and fishers, but never overtook him. It got to where people became somewhat superstitious about it, to think there was a trapper in the mountains that the best of us could not overtake or get sight of. He had several trap lines and if we was on one of them, he was on another. One day Harry Lovel came to my camp to visit me and have a sociable chat, and stayed overnight.

After supper, he said, "Tex, did you ever see the sign of the mysterious trapper over at the head of the white water?"

"Yes, I trailed him all one day last

fall. Why? What about him? And if you know who he is, tell me all you know."

"Well, that is just what I am over here for, to tell what I know. I was over there for three days and just got back. I found where he had killed a bear, and had taken the hide and fat. I made camp near the place and stayed there two days watching for him to come back after the meat, but he never came. Then I trailed him down a long divide, and all at once I lost the trail, and never could find it again. His footprints was plain on the ground; I think he wears about a No. 10 shoe. He was going down the ridge and when he got on the rocks I lost his trail—went on down to where it was all dirt again, but no sign of him, but right where I lost his trail was a high rock bluff, so I know he could not have gone into the canyon as the bluff was twenty or thirty feet high.

"That fellow is a puzzle to me, for it's been four or five years since he started that funny work and we have all tried to find out who he is and where he stops. Two years ago, two old-time hunters spent several days over there, and like me, trailed him to a rock bluff, and lost his trail. It was on the same ridge—but on the opposite side. He has the right name—he *is* a mystery. Now, if you can spare the time this summer, I want you to go with me and we will hunt him out. I know his den is somewhere in those bluffs and two men of our caliber ought to find it."

"Well," I said, "it looks to me from what you have said that he must be a cliff dweller. He has a cave in some of them bluffs and it can be found. He can't keep all signs covered up. We can find his den. Now if you want to go, I will go with you just for the satisfaction of it. I am anxious to know who he is, and where he hides. When do you want to start? I am ready at any time. I have nothing to do and am getting very much interested in finding out who it is that has been hiding in those hills so long and no man has ever caught him."

So we got things together, such as bedding, chuck and some candles—cleaned up our pistols, and got plenty of ammunition. We planned for a week out.

THE FIRST DAY we got to his range and made camp, I said to Harry, "Now I want to go to where you lost his trail—for I think I can find his hole."

The next morning we went to the place. We put our packs down and began to look around. I saw a crack in the bluff about three feet wide and about four feet deep. I stood looking down in the crack for a few minutes. I could see some scratched places in the rock which I soon figured out had been made by small nails on the bottom of a man's shoe.

I said, "We have got him located. He goes down in that crack and into a cave. It is plain to me now. Get candles and plenty of matches."

By the time Harry had things together, I was standing on the bottom of the crack, facing a hole about three feet wide. I lit a candle and it was plain to see scratches where he had crawled into the hole.

"I will take the lead," I said, "and you follow about ten feet behind."

To my surprise, I went but a short distance with a lighted candle in my hand, when all at once I found myself in a big roomy cave with sunlight shining in at the other end. The bottom was level and had plenty of signs of the mysterious inhabitant. We crept along as easy as we could with our six-shooters in our hands, for about seventy-five feet. Just as we got to the outside, there was another room with one side open to the sunlight. The top of the bluff made the roof, but at the open side was a bluff about twenty feet to the bottom of the canyon. I looked up in one corner of the cave and there lay our man, sound asleep.

I went up to him and said, "Get up. It's daylight."

It excited him and he sprang to his feet and reached for his gun, but I had already moved it out of his reach. I threw down on him with my pistol and told him to stand still and to stick up his hands, which he did. It was hard to tell whether it was a man or a wild animal, with his long shaggy hair and beard.

He kept his eyes on me for a moment, and then said in broken English, "Are you going to take me back Norway?"

"No, I said, "we don't want to bother you if you will be quiet and show us everything you have in this cave, and answer all my questions. We will leave you here."

Mount Baker, Sawtooth Ridge, from Panorama Point (Cascades)

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

48312
ASAHEL CURTIS

"Then you not officers?"

"No, we are trappers, but have come to see who you are. But don't try any gun play."

I walked him out and had Harry to tie his hands behind him; then we went through his outfit and got his pistol to make sure he did not make a bad break. At the outside of the cave, at the bluff, was a rope ladder, well fastened at the top, by which he could drop and slide down into the canyon, or climb up to the cave and then pull the rope ladder up after him.

Soon I untied him and began to ask questions. "What did you do in Norway?"

"I stole some government money," was his reply.

"How long have you lived in this cave?"

"Four years. I came in here to hide from sheriff. I have been trapping more for pastime than anything else, but still I take my furs to Seattle and ship to St. Louis. I make plenty money. I brought $8,000 to this country, which I have hidden in the Puget Sound. I got it all in gold, after I came over from Norway."

Then he taken us all through the cave and showed us everything he had. He had a stove that used oil or grease for fuel. That saved him the trouble of getting wood up there. His bedding consisted of one pair of blankets and some goat and bear skins. We spent most of the day with him and he piloted us out the same way we came in. We bade him good day and went on, but that was the last of the mysterious trapper. His sign was never seen again in that part of the woods. He drifted with the Chinook wind.

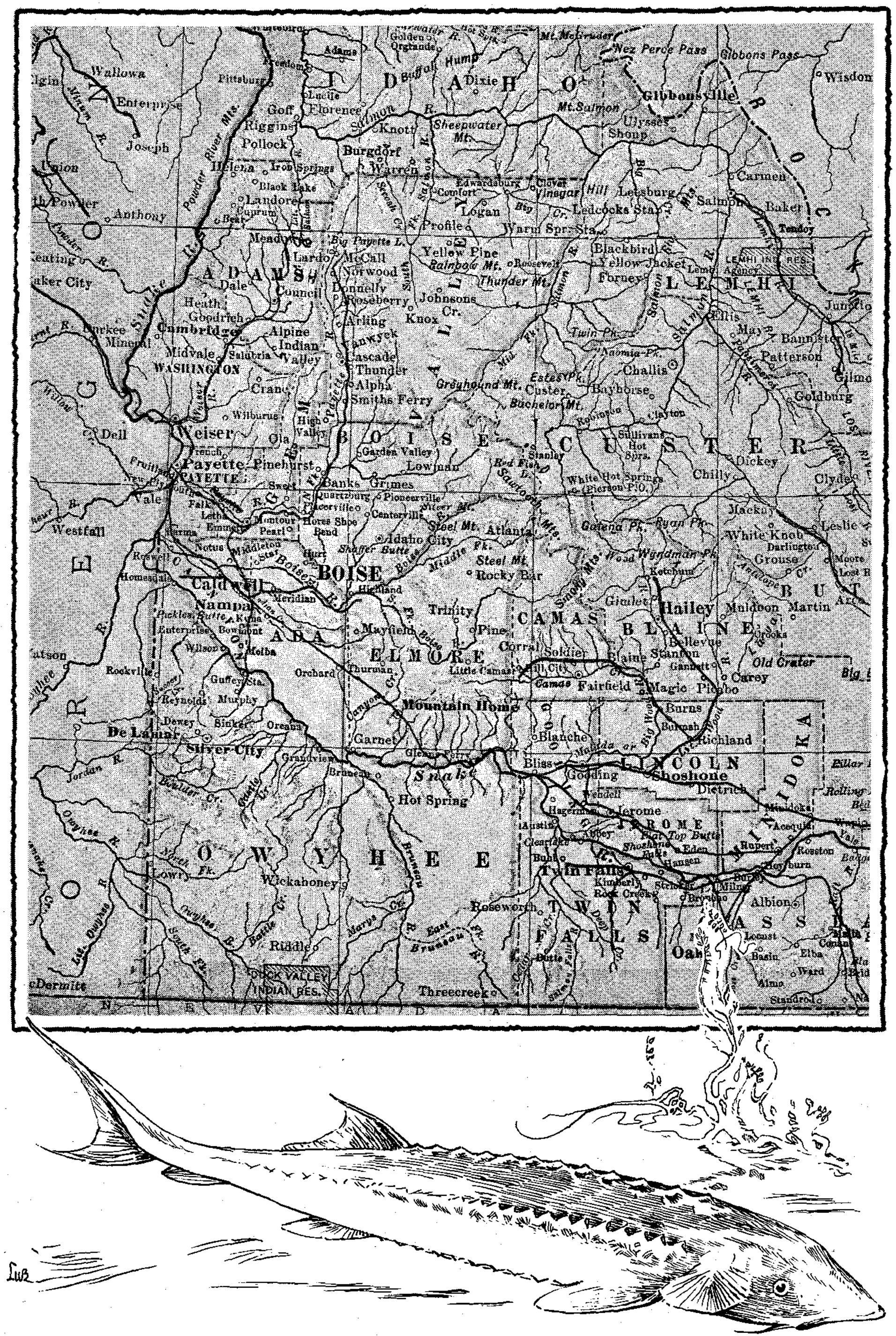
THEN I BECAME restless again and wanted to go back into that American River country while it was summertime and build a cabin so that I could stay in there one winter. I procured two pack horses and began to talk about the trip. There was four other boys who wanted to go along with me—Ace Morrison, Jim Garrison, Fred Seymour, and Harry Harington.

We got everything we needed (eatables) and started on foot, leading the pack horses. At times we would have to stop and make trail by cutting a log in two or moving a rock in order to get the horses through.

In about five or six days we landed in Pleasant Valley where we intended to make camp, but two other men was there, so we went farther up the river to a side creek where there was a beautiful waterfall. I had found this place before and named it Little Yosemite Valley. It was a pleasant camp, plenty of game and fish and good grass for the horses.

Those two men moved from Pleasant Valley to Bumping Lake, about six miles across the divide. In a few days they came over to my camp and told us that Hank Vaughn, with a party of his renegade Indians, had raided their camp and had taken all of their chuck and their guns. Hank Vaughn was a noted outlaw, lived with the Indians near Pendleton, Oregon, and would go out with a bunch of bad Indians, stealing horses and robbing camps. Anything that he wanted he would take by force of arms, if necessary. Most everybody knew him and knew that he would kill if anyone made any resistance.

Hank Vaughn was the badman of the West at that time. People knew it meant death to cross him. Those two men was on their way out to Tacoma. We fitted them up with chuck to last them through and they went off. I gave the boys orders not to take any chances with Hank and his band of cutthroats and if they came to our camp to shoot on sight—shoot old Hank, then the Indians would be easy.



Snake River area where O. W. engaged in sturgeon fishing

It was understood that as many as three of us would stay in camp at all times and keep our guns handy. Our camp was located in an ideal place, with a big bluff on one side and plenty of trees near, so they would have to come up in the open and we could get behind trees. We was all good shots and it would have been an easy job to clean up twenty men on horseback anytime. When we wanted meat, two of us would go out together and the other three would stay in camp. We held our fort in this way for three or four weeks.

One day when we was all in camp—some off fishing in the little brook near camp—and we had just about got over our scare of Hank but was still holding the fort in the same way, off but a short distance we heard a shot and then another and it kept on until about twenty shots was fired. We sprang to our feet, got our guns, and each man took a tree. I gave commands.

I said, "Keep cool, boys. We are in for a fight. Now every man shoot at old Hank and shoot to kill. Keep your nerve. We have all the best of it and we will try to get a man for every shot."

By this time I had all of the boys located but Harry. I called to him and he did not answer; we began to look around but he could not be found. Well that explained everything to me. Harry had gone out against orders and run into old Hank's party and I hoped he had made a good fight.

"Yes," Ace said, "and got old Hank."

We stood and watched eagerly to see them come in sight. I kept talking to the boys to keep them cool.

"Now when we see them coming, don't

shoot until I tell you. Let them come up close, they will not see us and will ride up carelessly, thinking the camp is vacated. Old Hank will be in the lead. I will shoot him."

Ace said that Harry might have got him. "Well, if he did," I said, "we will get the rest of his bunch. We won't want to let one of them get away."

About that time I saw a man coming, pushing his way through the brush. He came out in the open. It was Harry.

He came up grinning and said, "Have you all run off?"

"No, we are on our posts."

"Well, what in the hell does this all mean?"

"What was that shooting about?"

"It was too good to pass by. While I was standing by the bluff, I saw a bear over on that hill. So I slipped out and went up the canyon. When I got there he was feeding on berries and I shot him. Then another one jumped out and we had it all around there, but I got them both down anyway."

That broke up the Hank Vaughn scare and we went on with our hunting and fishing. After we explored all the country we wanted to see, we went out and that was my last trip into the Cascades. I began to get a little homesick to see my wife and little boy I had left in Texas six years before in 1888 and soon wound up my affairs and pulled out.

I WILL give you a few ideas on sturgeon fishing as I saw it on Snake River on my way back to Texas. In the State of Idaho the sturgeon fish is small, but of the same nature as the salmon, although they live to a much greater age. They are found in both salt and fresh water. I happened to be at Glenns Ferry, Idaho, when the big one was caught. They told me that it weighed 900 pounds. The way it was caught was this: two men was fishing near the town of Glenns Ferry on Snake River. They had a windlass on the bank, two posts set in the ground about six feet apart, then a round pole reaching from the top of one to the top of the other and fastened in a way so as to roll. Then the line, which was a small cotton rope, was tied to the rolling pole and rolled upon the pole several hundred feet long. A hook was fastened to the end of the line and then about every six feet another hook and so on.

Each hook is baited with an eel which they dig from the sand bars on the river. Then a heavy iron weight is tied to the end of the line. The fisherman gets in his boat, takes the line out in the river as far as it will reach and drops it in. Then he has a bell fastened to the windlass, so when a fish gets in a hook and makes his run, it rings the bell on the end of the windlass. There is a handle to wind the line in.

At the time when the big one was caught, they hooked him about midnight and it kept them both busy until daylight to keep him from breaking loose. When he would make a run, the line would unroll from the windlass in spite of the strength of both men, one at each end. When he stopped they would wind in line. They kept this up until morning then they got help and by 10 o'clock they had him tired out. Then they got a rope and big hook, got the hook fastened on his head, hooked a pair of mules to the rope out on the bank and by this means they landed him out on the dry sand bar. The next job was to get him in a wagon and up to town. They taken the hind endgate out, put skids up in the wagon with one end on the ground and fastened the wagon solid. Then with the mules they drew him into the wagon and fastened the head of the fish to the front end. About five feet of the tail hung out behind. It was a sight to look at.

The body of the fish made a good fit for the wagon box. Now this may sound like a big fish story and so it is, but I stand ready to prove it, by all the old-timers of Glenns Ferry, Idaho.

The big fish excitement got on my nerves, so I decided I wanted some of it myself and went to another town down the river by the name of Payette, at the mouth of the Payette River. There I fell in with a young fellow that was living on a steamboat that had been built for gold dredging on Snake River. It had got into a lawsuit between two mining companies and was held until the suit could be settled. So it was a fine place to live. We had plenty of house room and plenty to eat. Nothing to do but fish.

We rigged up our sturgeon lines, kept them baited with eels, but as it happened we never caught a big one. Every day we got all the small ones we wanted. It was fine sport for a few days, then it began to get old. So one day I thought of a scheme to have some fun. We gathered some dry logs along the bank, fastened them together so as to make a raft, then gathered a lot of dry wood (about two cords) and piled it on the raft. Just after dark we got into our skiff, towed the raft out into the middle of the big swift river, set it on fire, and turned it loose. It had to go about a mile to come in sight of the town of Payette.

The river was very swift and about a half-mile wide. By the time it came in view of the town, it was flaming up like a house on fire. The people began to shoot and sound the fire alarm and gather on the bank. Some went out in skiffs. We could see them passing through the light of the big blaze. They thought for a while that our steamboat had got on fire and was floating down the river. Then we saw we had caused an unexpected excitement, so we went to planning as to how would be the best way to clear ourselves. By the time we had agreed on just what to say, the people began to arrive to see what we knew about the drifting fire. All that we could tell them was that we saw it pass our camp out in the middle of the river and never did tell them any better.

MY BROTHER, George W. Banta, and I bought several brands of wild horses and moved most of them to the lonely Guadalupe Mountains in the southeast corner of New Mexico. It was there I settled with my wife and little boy and built an old-fashioned ranch house—dug into the side of a hill and then built up with logs. I made a fireplace in one end, covered it with split timber and dirt, and when finished the top was level with the hill. Then I built some good corrals to work the horses in. My nearest trading point and post office was Eddy (later called Carlsbad), situated on the Pecos River fifty miles away over the roughest road a wagon ever traveled. That was where I had to get my supplies.

Meat was no object as the mountains was full of blacktail deer. The mountains was very rough and covered with grama grass and scrub timber, cedar, piñon and juniper; but when on top a wagon could be driven most anywhere. It was a paradise of a country to look at and good horse country, and for a crazy hunter it was without fault. Anytime I wanted meat I could go out in any direction and kill a fine blacktail buck.

I hired my nephew, Harvey Jackson, to help me on the ranch and to be company for my family. He was somewhat of a hunter, too.

It was there that I killed the first cactus buck I ever saw. It was in January when all of the other deer have shed the velvet from their horns. I saw a bunch of fine old bucks, with one in the bunch that still had velvet on his horns. I shot him and, when he fell, he broke one horn and it bled freely. He was a stag with soft velvet on his horns, while all of the others had hard horns. They are called cactus bucks, but what causes it, I do not know. I have never met a man yet that could tell what causes this. The horns grow out in the velvet, and never sheds or hardens, but keeps on putting on more points. The beams of the horns do not get any longer than the ordinary horn, but every year have more small points.

I suppose you have seen a fly called the Buck Fly—a big silky butterfly that flies slow and close to the ground. I will tell you what I know about them. When I was a boy, I often heard my father and other old deer hunters say that a buck snorted or flowed them out of his nose, but I had some doubts of this. I thought it was only an old tall tale, but the first summer that I was on the Guadalupe, I kept hounds to run mountain lions with and when I killed a deer near camp, I would bring it in and butcher it so that I could feed the dogs the waste. In doing this I would chop the head open so the dogs could get all of the meat from it.

It was in the month of June that I split the head of a buck, and just under the eyes in the inside part of the upper part of the nose, I found some big clumsy worms, a dozen or so. I wondered how it happened that they got in there until I began to remember about the Buck Fly.

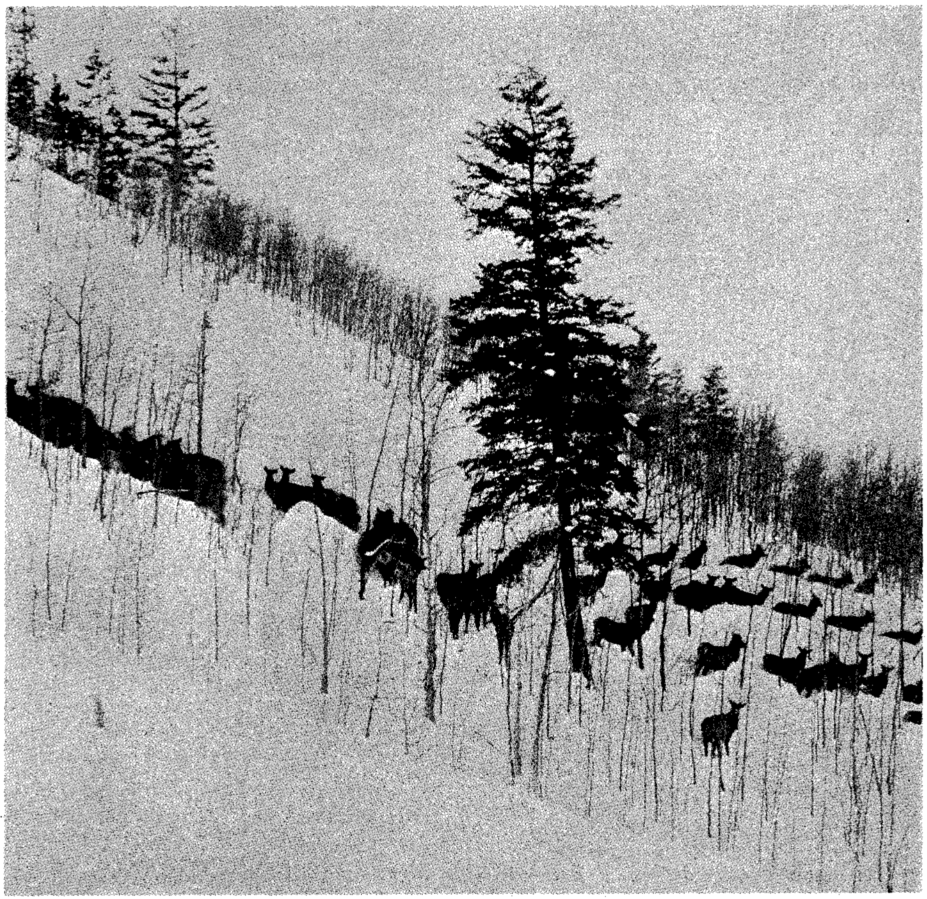
In about a week I killed another and split the head as I had done the other and found the same kind of worms in the head, only somewhat larger. I kept this up until July. About the middle of July I killed a large buck, brought him into camp as usual and when I split his head, there I found Buck Flies with wings and every part of them developed natural. There was twenty or more of them. They would crawl around in the ground until they got dry and the wings got straightened out, then they would fly away.

A MAN making a lifetime business of hunting meets up with many queer happenings, no matter how many deer and other animals he had killed. The killing of each one is a little different from others. I have killed hundreds of deer and every one of them was a little different, so the story of just one is what I am going to tell about.

I got on my favorite saddle horse and started out to get some meat—had gone but a mile or so when I saw three old bucks standing under a tree. It was too far to shoot, so I rode on until I got behind some timber, got down, tied my horse, crept up a canyon until I got in reach of them, selected the one I wanted and shot him down. The other two ran off. I went to him, cut his throat so that he would bleed, and left him for dead; then I went back to my horse about 400 yards away. When I got back to the deer, he got up and ran. I taken my rope down and took in after him. When he fell from the jerk of the rope, he was dead. He just had life enough to make a short run.

I am often asked questions about the nature of bear, such as, "Did you ever kill a mother bear with unborn cubs?"

"Well, no," is the answer that any old



S. N. Leek Photo, Scribner's Magazine, 1906

A band of elk

bear hunter will make—then it puts them to thinking.

They realize that there is something about the nature of a bear that they do not understand. Now I will explain this, so that it will be easily understood. Bears do their mating late in the fall and, as is well known, they go into their winter homes in December and stay there all winter. The mother bear is in her winter bed all this time and the cubs are born in February before she comes out. As a rule they come out in April. When she comes out she brings her cubs with her. The yearling cubs often go into winter quarters with the mother but in a case like this, just before the mother gets ready to bring cubs, she will come out in February and go to another den so that she will be alone.

One time when I was trapping in the mountains in the month of February I saw where a bear had passed through the snow. I took the trail and soon found where it had gone into a cave under a bluff of rock, but it being late in the evening, I went back to camp for the night. The next morning I got some candles and went to the cave. I found that the bear had not come out and I lit a candle and crawled in about twenty feet back and found her with a fine big bed that she had made.

Not knowing then the nature of a bear (in its den) I shot her and rolled her out. In dressing her I found two unborn cubs. In order to gain a little more knowledge concerning their habits, I took her back trail and found where she had come out of a cave. I lit the candle, crawled into the cave and found two yearling cubs curled up in bed, and I killed them. By this I learned the nature of the bear. Since that time, when I find a bear's trail in February, I take the back trail and always find one or two in their dens.

The bear is almost human in many ways and I have taken notice of their human traits. There is another mistaken idea concerning the bear—an old saying (and some people believe it) that bears go into winter quarters and suck their paws all winter. That is not true. They go in their den and stay there all winter, but do not suck their paws. They make a bed of grass and leaves and sleep like a skunk or lizard until the winter is over (in the cold mountain sections). But in case one is not fat, he is later in going to his den and every warm spell he will get out and hunt something to eat. In such cases they will gnaw the bark off of young pine trees or will eat anything they can find. They come out earlier in the spring than a fat one.

My Guadalupe ranch was located on top of the mountain about 5,000 feet above sea level and was an ideal place to live. One summer day I was in the town of Eddy and there I met two young men, Ed Dowling from Minnesota and Claud Cunningham from St. Louis. They was traveling with a wagon and team for the benefit of their health. They was lungers. They heard of my ranch and wanted to go up and spend the summer with me, so I agreed to it.

We was living at ease at the time—had plenty of milk, butter and wild meat. It was a paradise for them. We got to the ranch one evening and I told them that I would go out the next morning and get a deer. I had an old Jack that I kept to pack in meat. I saddled him up and pulled out. I had gone about two miles when I saw a bunch of deer feeding on some small brush. I got down, stepped around, and killed two of them.

I taken out the entrails, tied them both on the burro, and started him home while I went on about my business, as I had some traps to look after. The burro went straight home. He walked up to the door to be unloaded. The boys had never seen anything like this, so they got out their cameras and made some pictures of it. When I got in they had unloaded the burro and hung the deer up in a tree near the door.

That began to look like a good place to live to them. They was well satisfied and stayed with me all summer. I had gentle horses for them to ride and they would often go out with me on a hunt. One day we had planned a hunt for the next day, so I went out after the horses that I had hobbled out that night. I kept the burro with the saddle horses. I caught the burro and tied a rope around one horse's neck and to the burro's tail, then another horse to the first horse's tail and so until I had five horses and the burro all tied together. Then I got on the burro without saddle or bridle and started for home.

When I got near the house, Ed saw me coming in with the saddle horses and burro all tied head and tail, and that was another new one on him. He got his camera and made some more pictures.

THERE was a few mountain sheep in the mountains at that time, but they was hard to get as they stayed back in the bluffs a long way from water. Bighorns, as they are commonly called, are altogether different from the mountain goat. The sheep is like a blacktail deer except his horns. The horns are like those of a tame sheep except the horns are much larger. They have no wool, only hair like a deer.

Another peculiar animal is the wolverine. It is a specie of the bear but is small, about the size of a badger, has feet and head like a bear and a short tail. His home is high up in the mountains, but he lives different to the bear in winter—he stays out and makes much trouble for the trapper. He seems to take great pleasure in running a trap line. He will follow a line and when he finds anything in a trap he will kill and tear it to pieces. He is seldom caught in a trap—is about the hardest of all animals to catch. I have known one of them to stay around a trap line for a month and make trouble.

About the only way to get him is to set several extra traps near where you have one baited, so that when a marten or fox gets into a trap and he comes up to kill it, you stand a chance to get him with the blind set. Wolverines are gluttons and can eat more than any other animal of their size. They can eat most of the flesh off of an average-sized deer. They will eat so much that they can't travel much. In such cases they are an easy mark with a club.

IN the course of time this part of the country began to get old to me and I wanted to see some other, so in 1900 I moved to Arizona and settled where the town of Douglas is now located. In 1901 when the town first began to build up, it was only a small place, mostly tents.

The mining fever was running high in Mexico, so I left my family in Douglas and went in to prospect. I had met a man from Oregon by the name of John Newman and after getting acquainted I found him to be a good old-timer. We agreed to go in cahoots and prospect together. We fitted out with pack animals and everything we needed—crossed the line and pulled out for a new mining field known as the El Tigre up on the head of the Yaqui River. It was a good country for prospecting because the country was new and game plentiful. To keep meat for the camp was easy; there was plenty of the little fantail deers. An average size would run about forty pounds. Two hungry men could use one about every three or four days.

After a few months' prospecting we located some gold claims fifteen miles east of the little town, across on the east side of the Pinto Mountains. We found it to have very good gold prospects.

In a few months there was other claims located around us and we all made camp together for company and protection. They appointed me as hunter to supply the camp with meat, and that suited me better than hammering a drill. I had it easy and never let the camp get short of supplies. At one time I had made a trip out to Douglas and brought a man by the name of Lancaster back with me to look at some mining claims with the hopes of selling to him. After he had spent a few days there, he wanted to go back to Douglas. It was one day's walk across to where we taken the train. I proposed to him to climb on top of the Pinto Mountains and camp one night, and do some prospecting before we went back. The mountain was rimrock and very hard to climb afoot; I don't think a horse or cow could get to the top. We rolled our packs and started and it was a hard climb, but about the middle of the afternoon we got to the top. We found water and unloaded our packs. I told him that I would go out and get a deer for supper.

I started out and saw plenty of tracks, everywhere I went. In crossing a small creek, I saw that a bear had been there taking a bath in the water and had been gone but a few minutes. I began to step light and keep a close watch. My heart started to beat loud and seemed to be climbing my throat. It had been some time since I had killed a bear and had heard some bad stories about the silvertips in Mexico.

West of where I stood was a steep mountainside with scattering piñon brush and thickets of shin oak brush. All of a sudden I saw a big dark object in the brush; I first thought it was a wild cow, but dropped to my knees with my gun in position just in case. It was moving toward an open place in the brush. When it reached the opening, I saw it was a bear. I took good aim behind the shoulders and shot. It fell and began to roll down the hill straight toward me and as I was at the foot of the hill the nearer it came the faster it rolled. Suddenly my feet got restless and wanted to leave there.

I trotted off about forty yards and got behind a tree, so if he was not dead I would have a little the best of the fight; but when it stopped it was very dead. It was a silvertip and a big one at that. I yelled a few times and Mr. Lancaster came to me. We skinned it and taken the hide and some of the meat to camp. We guessed its weight at 800 pounds. The next day I hung it up in trees and went back to the mining camp and told the boys so that they could go and bring it into camp, as I never did believe in wasting good meat. The bear was good and fat and made our venison much better when cooked with this fat meat.

We taken the hide and some meat out to Douglas with us. I sold the hide to a real estate dealer by the name of Clay Herrick.

Poor John Newman was killed in the Esmeralda Camp as we all had come out to Douglas and he was alone. We was on a deal to dispose of some mining claims and John stayed at camp to hold it down while we was away. When we returned we found John near the spring with several bullet holes in him. It was not clear to us as to who killed him or what he was killed for. But a white man's life was not worth much then in that part of Mexico.

AFTER I had spent several years in the mining game in Mexico and Nevada my mind drifted back to the old hunting ground and I longed to get back to my old haunts up high in the mountains with a string of traps and a good gun. I had tried prospecting and most everything else, but it was of no use. I was a born hunter and was not satisfied with anything except hunting. So the next thing to do was to learn wolf trapping.

After I left the Roosevelt Dam, I fitted out with wagon and team, traps and everything I needed for a hard mountain trip. I taken my little family—my wife and, by then, three small children—and headed for the White Mountains. We wandered through the Sierra Ancha Mountains on an old wagon road that had not been traveled for years past, but there was plenty of water, wood and grass for the horses, also wild turkeys and squirrels. I began to feel like myself again.

In Pleasant Valley I met up with an old wolf trapper by the name of Ira Shealy commonly called the Cowboy Fiddler. He was a widely known musician and a wolf trapper, so here was my chance to learn how it was done. I was idle and broke and the trapping season was on. I proposed to him that I would furnish transportation and all expenses if he would go with me and learn me the secret of catching lobo wolves. We soon made terms and got on our way across the big mountains. The old lobo had got to be the worst pest that the cattlemen had to contend with. A good bounty was offered on each one killed. A successful wolf trapper who would get out and hustle could make good money. At last I had found just what I was looking for—I could make a good living and could stay in the mountains.

We drifted along on an old military road that went our way and then turned down the mountain to Turkey Spring. From there we traveled north toward the Little Colorado River and wound up at Snowflake on Silver Creek, a nice little town of Mormon people and most all of them had sheep or cattle to which the wolves was doing a great deal of damage. We soon made a contract to trap in their range.

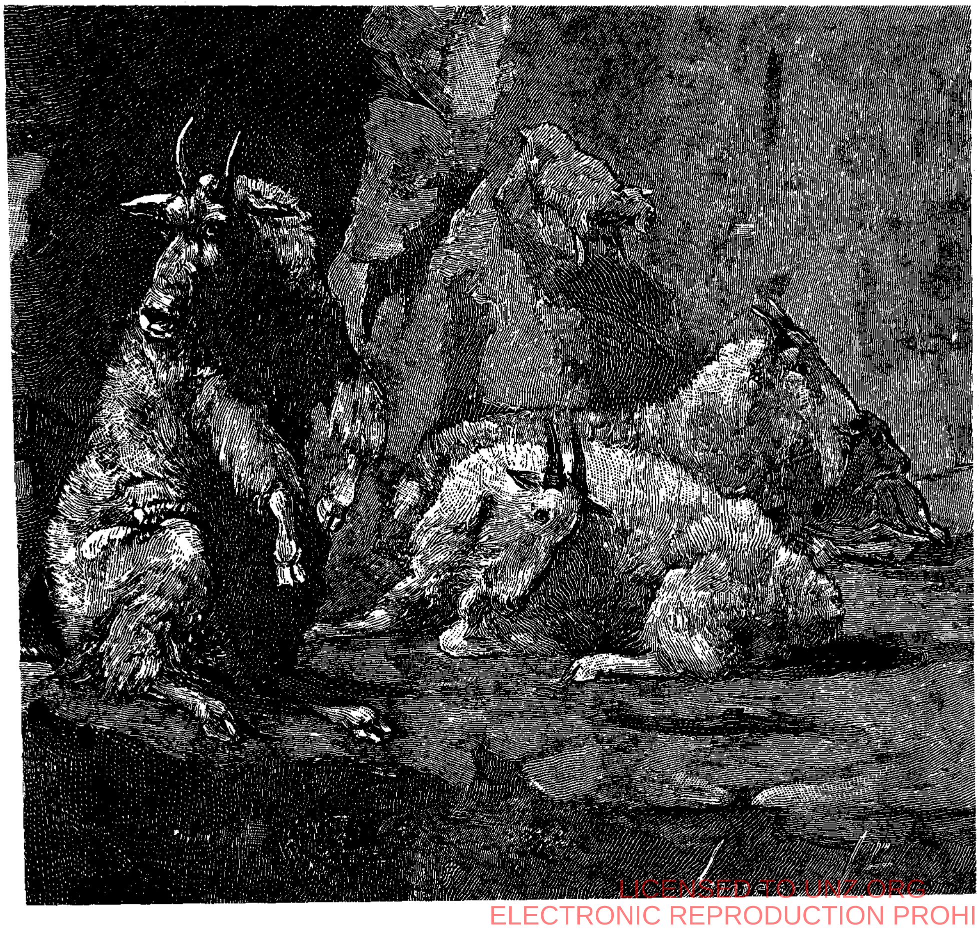
After we had trapped in that section a while, there was but few loboes left in that part of the country. Ira got dissatisfied and went on his way. I rented a house in Taylor for the winter so I could put my children in school while I put in the winter trapping coyotes and bobcats. The next spring coyote trapping got too tame for me.

At that time there was a bounty on coyotes and bobcats and I could catch a few of them anywhere I went and make expenses, so I trapped my way through the hills and finally landed at the headwaters of the Little Colorado near the line of New Mexico and Arizona. It was here that I learned about a big grizzly bear that was well known as Old Club Foot—a cow killer. The cowmen had offered a reward of $500 for him. The way he gained the name of Club Foot was: Bill Baldwin and Charley Adair had caught him by two toes and he had twisted them off and got loose fifteen years before. The people told me that it was no use to try to trap him as he was trap wise and very foxy. But I thought I was an experienced bear trapper and could out-figure him and get him.

One day I was hunting and found where he had killed a cow. I got two bear traps and set them with much care and the next morning I went back thinking that I would sure have Old Mister Club Foot. I had the trap fastened to an oak pole, had dug a pit in the ground, set the trap in it and had covered the trap snugly. But when I went there, I found that he had pulled the trap out, turned it over, had eaten his dinner and gone away. He was too wise for the trap and I began to plan some other way to get him.

An old ram on the lookout

Century Magazine, December 1884



I knew that he done all of his prowling at night. The moon was shining bright, so I located some small trees near the carcass and got some rope and my overcoat, and climbed to the top of a tree. I made a roost out of brush and tied myself to the trunk so that if I fell asleep I would not fall out. I sat up in this roost all night but he did not come back.

The next day I set my traps and stayed at home and he came back and done about the same thing. He pulled one trap out and pulled the dead cow over on the other, ate his supper and went on his way as before.

I STAYED in that part of the country three years and done nothing but trap and hunt. Out two miles from Nutrioso, I settled on a place just under the rim of a mountain.

One day I decided to pull my traps and drop down on Blue River for awhile, as the snow and ice was very disagreeable up where my trapping was at this time. The cowmen had offered me a good layout to trap mountain lions. It was much lower and warmer in the Blue and better protected from storms. So I hooked up my wagon and team, loaded my traps and camp outfit, and moved.

After making camp the next thing to do was to get out and kill a deer. I made a round up on the side of the mountain and killed a fine blacktail buck and, in butchering him, I left the offal at the root of a tree, built a pen around them in the shape of a V and set a No. 4 Newhouse trap in the big end.

The next morning I went to the trap but had nothing, so I put in that day looking for sign. The second day I went to the set and the trap was gone, all of the brush torn down all around there. After circling around I found the trail leading down a small draw. I followed it about half a mile and found a big lion in it. He was fastened to a bush by the trap hook. I had a fine Airedale dog that I was training. In order to keep my dog from getting hurt, I shot the lion in the neck thinking that would kill him at once. I broke his neck but he began to struggle and strike with his hind feet. The dog got right on him and the lion came very near killing the dog with its hind claws before it died.

In a few days Jess Burk came and told me that he had seen a small lion over on Turkey Creek. I got him to go with me and we found a dead horse there that it had been eating. I set three traps around the horse.

The next day I got nothing, but the second day I went back and had two young lions. I kept traps set there for some time but caught only a few bobcats, foxes and other small animals. Almost every day I would kill a deer and as it was cold I could save all of the meat. I put up enough to do me for the next summer.

I want to say something about an old friend of mine, Ben Lilly. I hunted in the same range with him for eight years —The Blue Range and White Mountains. He was the only man I ever met in the mountains that pretended to be religious and lived up to what he believed to be right. He was strictly a Sunday man and I believe a true Christian in every way. Lilly was a wild man in his hunting, would live in the woods for weeks without bread or anything but meat, except sometime he would carry cornmeal with him to make mush. I have known him to be gone from camp for a week at a time, without bedding or provisions. If he killed a lion or a bear, he would eat and if he did not kill, he would not eat. When night came he would build a fire or get into a cave.

He never used coffee, tobacco or any kind of stimulants. He did not use any profane language nor would he allow any used in his camp. And no matter how hot a trail he might be on, when Sunday came he stayed right there until Monday regardless of what the conditions might be.

I remember when he was out on a hard trip and coming back hungry and without water. He got within four miles of Perry's Ranch in the Blue, stayed there until Monday morning, and then came in to the ranch for breakfast.

Lilly hunted with hounds and always kept one tied to his belt in order to do the slow trailing. There was some big silvertip bears in this country, and cowmen paid a big reward on every one killed. I have known him several times to be trailing a bear for three or four days, but when Sunday came, he would stay right there until Monday morning and lose the bear.

He was a good hunter and a good rifle shot. At one time he wounded a big silvertip in the Blue Range in November and followed it high up in the snow. He had followed the trail for two days. He would often find where the bear had laid down but when the bear saw the old hunter coming, he would get up and go. After a while the bear got tired of this and sidestepped and hid in the brush. When Lilly came along he made a dash for him, but by a quick and center shot, the old man killed him. It was about one chance in a hundred that he got through alive.

There he camped and butchered the big bear. He then went in, got help and pack mules and packed in the meat and hides. That was the largest bear hide I ever saw. After it was stretched, it measured eight feet wide and twelve feet long. According to the measurement the bear would have weighed right around a ton. The skull measured seventeen inches in length. The hide and skull was sent to Washington D.C. and sold for $5,000. The last time I saw Mr. Lilly he was still hunting for the Government in the Blue Range.

AFTER AWHILE I got a contract trapping wolves and lions down on Eagle Creek for the Double Circle Cattle Company, about 100 miles southwest of Nutrioso. The next thing in order was to get a pack outfit and move my family across the White Mountains and the Blue Range. The fun started when we began to pack the household plunder on those half-wild burros. We got one packed with two trunks and two chairs and another with the cook stove and some pots and dishes. In all we had eight burros packed, and my wife and the baby on a horse, and the rest of us on foot. One burro got scared at his pack and began bucking and that started the whole business to doing the same thing.

We managed to herd them around and finally got them on the south side of the Blue Range on the old Salt House trail. It was the roughest and the most crooked trail I ever went over. It went down with a zigzag for about three miles.

We rested at the old Salt House for two days, then went on down Eagle Creek to the ranch. It was a long tiresome journey, but a beautiful country with plenty of game.

I settled a little place on Middle Prong —built a picket house out of split timber, and cleared about three acres of bottom land that I could irrigate from the creek. We was fixed up once more and could raise anything in the garden and as much as we wanted.

My two boys and I made a trip over to Rose Peak for a week's camp. One day Claud was out with the two dogs. They found a lion and made a fight with it. It got a little too hot for the lion and he went up a tree. Claud shot him out and brought the skin into camp. Of course we was all proud, as that was his first lion. He was only a small boy, about thirteen years old, and we got $25.00 for the hide. A few days later the dogs treed another and I got his hide. That made us $50 for that trip, and we had a good time, too. To say the least of Eagle Creek—it was the finest climate and the best country for trapping I ever saw and I have trapped from Texas to the Pacific Coast and in parts of Old Mexico.

AFTER WE had been in our little mountain home on the Middle Prong of Eagle Creek about a year, my oldest son, Edgar W. Banta, went to Clifton, Arizona to work. Claud and I had made a little camp about ten miles from home up under the rim of the Blue Range. It was in April, 1914, and we wanted to get a bear, mostly for good eating as they was just coming out of their winter dens, was fat, and their fur was still good. We went up on top of the rim and set a bear trap. Claud killed a deer for bait, and we made a set and went back to camp. Then I had to go back home for chuck. I taken the pack outfit and went in; Claud said he would stay at camp and kill a deer.

It was a day's travel in home and I stayed one day at home, getting back the third day. When I got to camp the boy was not there and had not been there the night before. The next morning I was off early to see if he had got killed by a bear or had tried to set a trap and had got caught in it. I thought of everything that might have happened to him.

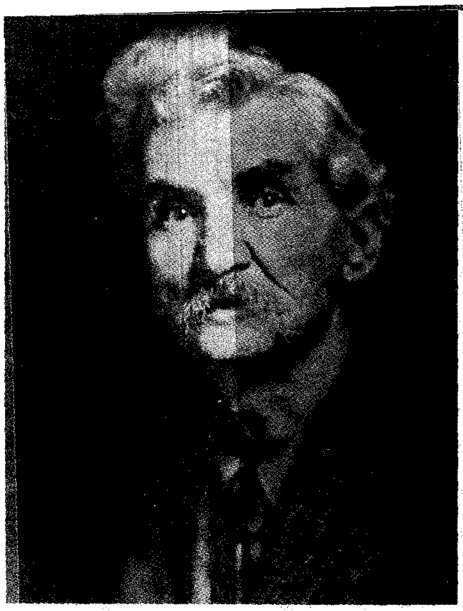
I went straight to the trap, which was about seven miles away and up on top of the mountain. There I found the trap gone and the boy's tracks following the drag. Then I knew his fate. I knew in my own mind that he had come upon a bear in his trap and his gun had failed and the bear had killed him.

The only thing for me to do was to follow the drag and find him. I followed it around and around for two or three hours. Finally I found the bear where Claud had killed him and had camped for the night. I had missed him on his way back to camp.

That was the happiest day of my life to know my boy was safe and had made a hero of himself. Think of it—a boy of his age following a bear, killing it, and camping overnight alone. I was sure proud of him and his work. When I got back to camp he was there, all right.

The next day we took the pack burros, went back and got the meat and hide, and went home for a rest and to cure the hide and meat. We was all delighted with our success. We had about 300 pounds of fat bear meat and a hide worth a good deal of money. It was no trouble to kill all the deer and wild turkeys we wanted.

"ED BROWN" showed up again in my life when war was declared with Germany and I got a job with the Gov-



Charles Albert Franklin Banta

ernment as hunter.

My two boys had enlisted and was gone. I was over on Black River feeling very blue, looking for a suitable place to camp when I saw two young men around their campfire, cooking dinner. As I wanted someone to talk to, I asked permission to camp with them.

"Certainly you are welcome to get down and unpack," they said.

I introduced myself and told them that I was trapping for the Government. One of them introduced himself as Phillips from Oregon and the other as Brown from New Mexico, but said that he had been away from there for several years.

Both names was very common with me. The boys being sociable and free in their talk, I found them good fellows. We then agreed to camp together as long as we stayed on Black River. They told me that they had been working on a telephone line, had finished the work and had decided they would fit themselves out and take a little hunt in the Blue Range while they were so close to it. I noticed that Doug Phillips was more of a fisherman than a hunter, but Ed Brown was somewhat of a mountain climber and hunter.

After we got well acquainted I taken quite a liking to Brown and I noticed this his mind was on the mountains. He told me that he had spent several years in the State of Washington and had been in the Cascade Mountains in search of his father that had left home many years ago before he was born.

He told me that his father became dissatisfied at home and went away and was gone about two years and came back home and stayed but a short time and went away again. I asked him where they lived at that time. He said Albuquerque, New Mexico. That was in the year of 1887. Said he heard of a man a few years after that in Washington that suited the description of his father. He was hunting elk in the Olympic Mountains and said his mother had got a picture of him where he had killed an elk and had his picture made with the head and horns.

I asked him what kind of a looking man he was. He said he was about six feet tall, rather bony and weighed about 160, with black hair and brown eyes. Then my mind wandered back to the time that I was in Albuquerque. I told him that I had seen his father many times in Washington.

At this time our country was calling for volunteers and those boys wanted to go and fight for our country, but Ed told me if he lived to get through, he would come back to the old Blue Mountains and make his home with me, as he loved that kind of a life and wanted to hunt with me.

One day I said to him, "Ed, if I could give you any information in regard to your father and his career, would you appreciate it and keep it as a profound secret?" He promised me that he would.

He had told me before that his older brother was out in Washington and that his mother had married again and was living in Colorado. Then I told him the story of what had happened in Albuquerque, that everybody called me "Ed Brown" and that his mother had mistaken me for her husband and would not have it any other way and so I played the part of Ed Brown there for some time.

He seemed to be satisfied about the whole situation and told me he would never tell his mother but that if he lived to get through the war he would come back and live and die in the mountains and would always keep in touch with me. I had several letters from him after he enlisted, but after he went across I never heard of him. Poor Ed, I guess he got killed like so many others. In order to make my story plain to him, one day when he was at my house, I was showing him some pictures and when we came to one of myself that I had taken with an elk head, I said, "Did you ever see a picture like that before?"

"Yes, my mother has one of them at home. That picture was the cause of me spending several years in Washington, but now I am satisfied and I know what you have told me is true."

I WOULD LIKE to say a few words about the old-timers as I think they are worthy of mention.

The first one I will name is an old relative of mine, A. F. Banta. I believe he is the oldest white settler in Arizona. For some cause or another he left his home in Kentucky when he was about twenty years old and drifted west until he came to a small Indian village. He being young and alone, the old chief had him captured and brought to his headquarters. After looking him over he decided he would make a good warrior and adopted him as his son. Then he gave him an Indian name.

This was the Zuni Tribe. They was located near the Little Colorado, near the line of New Mexico and Arizona. His Indian name was Zat and, as Zat had left his own country and people forever, he was contented with his Indian friends and their ways of living. Made them a good scout.

At one time Zat was sick for several days and the only thing they could give him to eat was some small game roasted whole in hot ashes. That was the way the Indians cooked their meat—guts, feathers and all. But this kind of diet did not suit the stomach of the young American. After he got able to get about, he taken his bow and arrows and went for a rabbit hunt. He killed two fine cottontails, brought them into camp, dressed them nicely, then cut a long stick, sharpened both ends, strung the rabbits on one end and stuck the other in the ground so that it bent over the fire to cook. When the Zunis came in with their catch for the day's food, they saw the way that Zat was cooking his dinner and they began to give him the laugh and called him a tenderfoot.

At one time the Zunis and Apaches was at war and the Zunis made a trip west as far as the Eagletail Mountains and by some means they divided and Zat headed a small party and the big chief headed the main army.

Zat's party came back through the Tonto Basin. Just as they rounded a point of the mountain, they found that they was almost surrounded by Apaches in camp. They saw it was useless to try to escape. Zat plunged right up into the camp and told the chief that he wanted protection, as the paleface soldiers was after him. So they made them welcome and put out their guards.

That night Zat made friends with the chief, signed a treaty and went on his way the next day. So that settled the war between the two tribes. When the Government got ready to explore the Great Desert and the Grand Canyon, A. F. Banta went with them as a scout under the name of Charley Franklin. Then after his work as a scout was finished, the country began to settle up. Zat taken his right name again and started a newspaper and signed his name A. F. Banta.

The Mormon people had settled a small colony on the Little Colorado River called St. John and A. F. went into business in that place. Then, after a while he lived in Holbrook, Arizona. He started another paper in Flagstaff called the *Pick and Drill*. Then later he went into the banking business in St. John and when Douglas started to build up he started a paper there called the *International*. A. F. Banta is now in the Pioneer's Home at Prescott, Arizona.

FOR MYSELF I have been a hunter. A reputation and a few pelts is about all a hunter ever gets out of his hard work. Some people will say that an old trapper is living a lazy life. He ought to get out and go to work at something in order to get good exercise, and if he kills a lobo wolf on a cow range that they promise to pay a $20.00 bounty on, it grinds the boss to the bone to pay it. Then at night around the campfire, he will tell the boys how sorry that old trapper is and how it hurts him to see him laying around camp doing nothing.

Yet the wolf he has killed has killed several hundred dollars worth of cattle and will continue that rate as long as he lives. Furthermore, if a man makes a success of trapping lobo wolves and bear, he will earn $500 in real hard work for every one he kills. But he never gets pay for his work and never gets much credit for what he does.

Now I have put in nearly my whole life in the rough mountains hunting big game, and I am here to say and swear that it takes a strong, industrious man to make a good hunter; besides, he has got to be without fear or discouragement. It isn't a lazy man's job. He has got to be a whole man in every respect to make a success.

The English language or pen cannot be given to tell the hardships I have undergone. I stand ready to say and can prove that I have traveled on foot over more rough mountain country than any man living; no matter how old he is or how many different countries he has hunted in, I challenge him for miles of rough country on foot.

I am now fifty-nine years old and have put in near forty years in the mountains. This is December, 1921, and if I could live in the mountains, I could make a record for many years more. I have met but two men that could stay with me. One of them was my son, Claud, and the other was Lilly, the noted bear and lion hunter.

The Mayor of Old Los Angeles

(Continued from page 32)

"That's a soldier's way to die," exploded Graham, "and an Indian horse thief ought to be hanged."

Finally Foster agreed to hang the Indian when Graham agreed to supply lumber for a scaffold and an Irish sergeant who would act as instructor to an appointed Indian executioner. When the sergeant showed up at Foster's office, he was in a foul mood and complained that he had joined up as a soldier and not as a hangman.

"What are you kicking about?" retorted Foster. "I enlisted three years ago as an interpreter and guide, and here I am now as an appointed judge, trying to administer Mexican laws when I don't even know anything about American laws. I have to learn as I go and hope for the best."

This statement calmed the sergeant down, and he asked Foster what the poor Indian was being hanged for.

"He had pleaded guilty to many crimes, Pat, even to stealing the communion cup from a church and selling it for liquor."

"By the Holy Saint Patrick and the Virgin Mary!" exclaimed the irate sergeant. "You can bet I'll teach your Indian hangman everything I know, shure!"

The Indian selected as hangman proved to be an apt pupil. Foster acted as interpreter during the lessons, and he couldn't help thinking how absurd the whole situation was. Seven years earlier he had been engaged as a schoolmaster teaching the "three R's" to the children of Virginian planters, and now here he was acting as interpreter to an Irish soldier who was teaching a California Indian to be a hangman.

On the day of the hanging, Juan Antonio was led up to the scaffold by a priest, while Foster stood by hoping that everything would come off well. Due to scarcity of lumber, the gallows was a rickety affair with a trap door that was supported by a post set on the ground. A rope was tied to the post, and at Foster's signal forty Indians were to pull on the rope, dropping the outlaw into eternity. Since this was the first hanging in Los Angeles history, there was a great crowd of people present, including the entire Indian population of the town.

Juan Antonio was probably the coolest person present, and when the noose and hood had been adjusted, Foster signaled the Indians on the rope. With a crash, the trapdoor fell. The doomed outlaw gave two or three convulsive leaps, and everyone held his breath as the gallows shook and quivered due to the lack of bracing. A priest yelled to Foster to have the soldiers shoot the dying Indian, but the Alcalde held back. Soon it was all over, and Juan Antonio was with his ancestors. Stephen Foster's feeling of regret was exceeding only by his feeling of relief that the affair was over.

IN LATE August, 1848, news reached Los Angeles of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in which California was ceded to the United States. By the time a Constitutional Convention had been scheduled for September 1, 1849, the state was in danger of lapsing into anarchy. Stephen Foster found himself elected as a delegate to this convention, and with his knowledge of the Spanish language and archives, he proved invaluable to the proceedings. At this time, also, Foster was notified that Governor Bennett Riley had appointed him Prefect of Los Angeles until such time as the new California laws could be put into effect and civil elections held.

Crime had become an increasing problem in the city, and one night in 1853 the city fathers came to realize just how bad things were. Don Abel Stearns, the largest landholder in Southern California, held a Washington's Birthday ball to which all of the important members of the community were invited including State Senator Stephen C. Foster. Stearns' home was in the heart of the city just a short distance from the plaza.

Several of the guests were professional gamblers, and some of their associates, who were not invited, decided that they would rectify that little mistake. They secured a battering ram and a small cannon, and when the dancing was at its height, they succeeded in breaking down Stearns' door. The first man to enter received a bullet from the dancer nearest the door, and then both sides opened fire. After some casualties were incurred, the raiders were finally beaten back into the street.

Up until the early 50s, Indian horse thieves were the principal concern of the city, but with the influx of Americans and others relative to the gold rush, criminals of every description flooded into the state. Too, many of the thugs and outlaws who were run out of San Francisco fled to Southern California. Any day of the week, newcomers to the city were invited to a glimpse of Flat-Faced Sam, Cherokee Bob or any of the dozens of killers who swaggered up and down the dusty streets from saloon to saloon.

Perhaps some sort of record for sheer violence and endurance was set by an outlaw named Pedro Urives who one day got into a fracas in town. He fought his way to his horse after having been knifed, shot and stoned on the street, and charged back to scatter his enemies. He then had his many wounds bandaged and immediately commenced riding up and down Main Street daring any officer to arrest him. By 1854, the crime rate was said to have reached a peak of a murder a day.

Enough was enough, and as had happened in so many other western towns, a vigilante committee was organized in July, 1853. A prominent group of Los Angeles businessmen met in the El Dorado Saloon, and Steven Foster was elected a lieutenant in the organization. They called themselves the Los Angeles Rangers, and their record was said to have included the execution of twenty-two men in 1854-55. Crime was to flourish in Los Angeles for some years to come, but there is no doubt but that it was held down considerably by the activities of the Rangers.

IN 1853, Steve Foster's three-year term of office as State Senator was up, and he looked around to see what next was in store for him. At this time he was at the height of his career and, according to a contemporary, "wielded a greater influence for good or bad than any other twenty men, nay fifty men, in Los Angeles County." The mayor's office looked good to him and, subsequently, in 1854, Steven Foster became the third mayor of Los Angeles.

Dave Brown was the ranch foreman of John Rains, a local cattle rancher. Brown was a typical cowboy of the era—a big, red-headed, good-natured fellow, who spent most of his time in saloons drinking up his paychecks. He seems to have had no previous police record, but one day in the summer of 1854, he got on a protracted drunk, during the course of which he stabbed a friend to death when the latter refused him a loan.

The sheriff threw Dave into jail where he languished with one Felipe Alvitre, a Mexican who was under sentence of death for killing an American. An ugly-tempered mob soon gathered in front of the jail, and talk of lynching began to be bantered about. The crowd was for the most part made up of Mexicans who seemed to feel, with some cause, that Brown would undoubtedly be freed through some legal technicality, while Alvitre, as a Mexican, would be hanged for his crime. There was some justification for the mob's concern but it wasn't wholly because of racial problems. Americans were more familiar with the law than were Mexicans and were usually wise enough to hire good lawyers to help them escape the noose.

Whether justified or not, this mob wanted Dave Brown, and before long they were brandishing battering rams and ropes. Sheriff Barton realized that he had to take some action and fast. Knowing that Steve Foster had married into the rich and influential Lugo family, he sent for the mayor hoping that Foster could influence the mob to let the law take its course.

By the time he arrived at the jail, the mob was on the verge of attacking in force, and the mayor had difficulty in pushing his way through the excited crowd. Once he had faced the mob, Foster quickly assumed control of the situation.

"My friends, Dave Brown will hang, but it must be legally. I can understand your concern, and I sympathize with you but we must put our faith in the law even though things don't always turn out as we think they should. We are a growing community in a young state, and we can't expect our civil machinery to be working perfectly yet. This is a clear case of murder, and there is no doubt but what Brown will be hanged for his crime, so I want you all to go home now and leave this matter to the sheriff and the courts."

"But what if Brown does go free?" shouted a voice from the crowd, and immediately the cry was echoed from a hundred other sources.

"Brown will not go free," reiterated the mayor, and seeing the still ugly disposition of the crowd, added, "but if he is not hanged by the law, you have my solemn promise as the mayor of Los Angeles that I will personally lead you, and we will do the job together."

While Foster and the Sheriff heaved sighs of relief, the grumbling crowd dispersed and went off about its business.

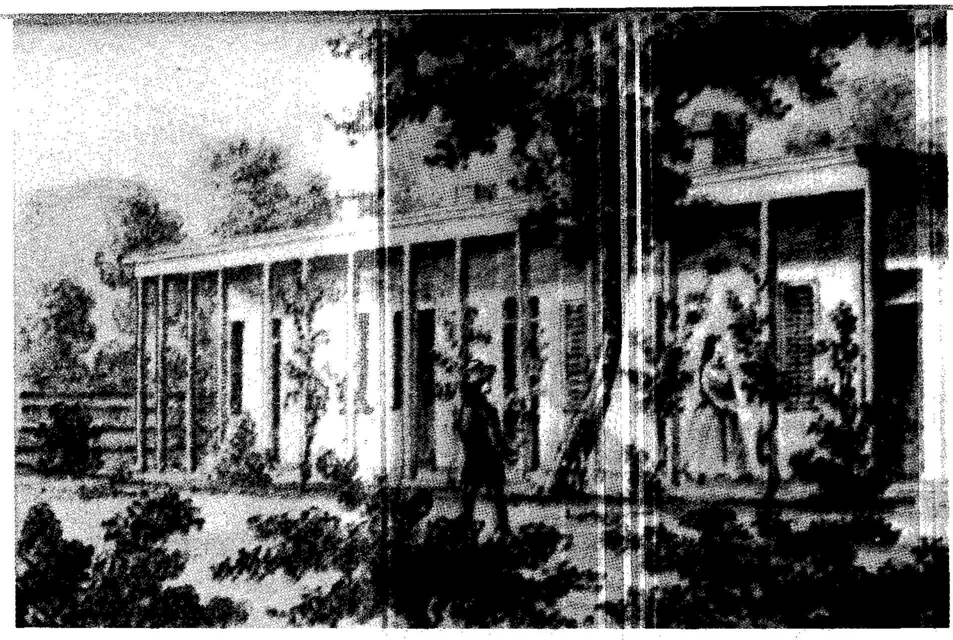
"Thanks, Mayor. They were really out for blood," sighed the sheriff. "I just hope they forget all this if Brown is spared the noose."

"In any case, Sheriff, I'm a man of my word and for both our sakes, I hope Brown hangs legally," Foster replied.

DAVE BROWN was summarily tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the same day as Alvitre—January 12, 1855. As had been feared, Dave's atorney took an appeal to the Supreme Court, and the governor granted a stay of execution until such time as the appeal could be decided.

An air of grim excitement hung over old Los Angeles as the date of Alvitre's hanging approached, and everyone seemed to sense that a crisis was at hand. Finally tht day arrived, and as Dave Brown lounged in his cell, Felipe Alvitre was taken out and marched to the scaffold.

Due to the large mob that had gathered outside the jailyard, Sheriff Barton had summoned a citizens' guard to assist him, although he had a hard time finding anyone willing to come to his aid. At three o'clock the trap was sprung, and to



The Los Angeles home of Steve Foster—from an old print

everyone's surprise, the noose came untied and the murderer fell to the ground.

At this point, the mob became almost unmanageable, and cries of rescue were heard as a shower of rocks pelted the sheriff's guards. The crowd was, as yet, leaderless, and the cocked rifles of the guards held it back until the prisoner could again be escorted to the gallows where he was hanged a second time—successfully.

It was supposed that the crowd would disperse then, and the sheriff dismissed the citizens' guard after delivering Alvitre's body to his relatives. But the mob was not to be put off, and several orators sprang up and began making inflamatory speeches. When the sheriff hastily sent out another call for help, he was answered from a surprising source.

General Andres Pico, hero of the late Mexican War, came galloping up to the jailyard with a group of Mexican volunteers. Pico had fought against the Americans at the Battle of San Pascual, but now he was siding with his former foes against his own countrymen. He galloped up and down in front of his volunteers trying desperately to turn back the mob, but the crowd was steadily growing, and he must have known what the outcome would be.

Suddenly another group was seen approaching the jail led by Stephen Foster. When it became evident that Brown would not hang with Alvitre, Foster knew what he must do, and that very afternoon had resigned his office as mayor. When Pico saw the former mayor and his well-armed group coming down the street, he disbanded his followers and retired from the scene.

Earlier in the day a dramatic incident had occurred in a Los Angeles newspaper office. The editor of the *Southern Californian* knew, as most of the citizens did, that Brown would be lynched, and he wanted to feature the story in his paper. His problem was that the San Francisco steamer left at ten o'clock in the morning, and the hanging was as yet six hours away. To get his story in the paper and on the San Francisco boat, the editor would have to take a great gamble and make the story up ahead of time hoping that his knowledge of such happenings would carry him through this emergency. He didn't have time to worry about the fact that Brown might not be lynched at all.

The editor proved equal to the occasion, and, except for a few minor details, his story was as good as those printed in any of the local newspapers. At four o'clock that afternoon when the mob stormed the jail, many of the men had their "script" folded up in their coat pockets.

Foster led the way as his group smashed down the gate to the jailyard, and surged toward the sheriff's office and Brown's cell.

"There's no use talking, Sheriff," said the ex-mayor, "Brown must hang."

Sheriff Barton must have felt particularly helpless in the face of his ex-boss and friend. His face was red with rage, but in the end all he could do was step aside as the crowd smashed down the jail door and released Brown from his irons. The prisoner was then hauled unceremoniously out to the front gate of the jailyard where a rope was thrown over the crossbeam.

Accounts differ as to just how the lynching took place. The *Los Angeles Star* stated that Brown asked to be hanged by Americans rather than Mexicans, but that his request was ignored. Major Horace Bell, a prominent early Californian, stated that Juan Gonzales, a former associate of Joaquin Murietta, acted as hangman. Other accounts state that several Americans stepped forward and hauled on the rope in place of Mexicans. Whatever the details, at five o'clock that evening, Dave Brown was left swinging on the impromptu gallows. Steve Foster hung back from the final proceedings, but according to Major Bell, "He (Foster) died morally on that day as surely as Dave Brown died physically."

AFTER THE HANGING a special election was held, and Foster was re-elected mayor of Los Angeles. The following year he was elected to a second term as mayor but his political career had crested, and he seemed to be a different man. He was to further serve his city as councilman and supervisor, but the sensitive nature and keen mind of Stephen Foster seems to have been forever affected by the haunting picture of Dave Brown dangling in the midst of a yelling, pitiless mob instead of an orderly company of vigilantes.

With his political connections and his marriage ties with the Lugos, Foster must have had endless opportunities to become wealthy. Yet, he never took advantage of these opportunities even to the slightest extent, and it was to prove his downfall. This curious facet to his personality seemed to be the result of pride and the fact that he was not a born politician. He didn't want anything that he hadn't worked for, and he refused to take any advantage stemming from his marriage.

In 1848, when he had been appointed as the first American Alcalde of Los Angeles, he returned $600 of his pay because he didn't think the job was worth his full salary of $1,200.

Foster drifted away from his wife and two sons and, although there was never a divorce, they spent most of their lives apart. His wife was beautiful but totally uneducated, and the difference in backgrounds seemed to create a breach that could not be surmounted. Foster lived in town while his family resided in the country on the Lugo estate.

Over the years Foster gradually disappeared from public life. Through his familiarity with the early Spanish laws and archives, he was able to sustain himself by odd jobs translating and arranging records, but he lost contact with nearly all of his friends. Occasionally he contributed articles to the newspapers and historical societies, but anyone who met Foster in his later days couldn't connect the palsied, gray-bearded old man with the spirited youth who had done so much to shape Los Angeles in its formative years.

On January 28, 1898, Stephen C. Foster died quietly and without notice in the City of the Angels. His passing elicited the usual tribute in the newspapers, and it was briefly noted that another colorful early Californian was gone. A reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* thought that there should be more than a few short paragraphs to record the death of such a historical personage and did a little checking. A story appeared in the *Times* on February 2, under the headline: "Starved to Death, the Cruel Fate of Stephen C. Foster, Pioneer."

The story went on to relate the utter ruin and destitution of Foster's last years. He had been living on the charity of a friend who had given him $2.00 a week for expenses. He paid a dollar a week for a room in a grubby boarding house and paid five cents each for two meals a day. With what remained of his money he bought tobacco and other pitiful trifles with which he tried to sustain his flickering life, but the burden of seventy-eight years was too much to bear.

A few days before his death, a neighbor of Foster noticed him in a weak and depressed state and gave him a dime. Hutchins, the neighbor, said the old man bought some food and ate as if he were starving. Realizing that Foster was in bad shape, Hutchins made provisions for him to be removed to the hospital, and accordingly the old man was tenderly lifted into a rough wagon driven by a Negro.

What went through Foster's mind as he made this last trip through the streets of the city that had been the scene of his greatest achievements and failures? Did his blurred vision record the enormous changes that had transpired around him, or did he perhaps think again of his triumphal entry into the city so many years before at the head of a conquering army? Whatever his thoughts and emotions, nothing mattered anymore, and he closed his eyes.

Ex-city officials acted as pallbearers and paid homage to Stephen C. Foster but, as in life, he wouldn't have wanted any more than was due him. He would have been content with a line that appeared in his obituary in the *Times:* " 'A leader in Israel has fallen' and with scarce a halt to pay brief tribute to his memory, the busy swirl of life goes on."

Secret Sorrows of a Sheepherder

(Continued from page 39)

ings seethe in the herder's bosom like the red hot lava in an overdue volcano. His anguish finds vent in language that he has picked up at odd times around stables, garages, poker games, and from autoists who were changing tires. Women not having frequented these places, would be at a distinct disadvantage. A "pshaw," a "tut," or even a "my goodness!" would be as inadequate to the situation as a phony quarter would be to apply on the national debt.

They say that a woman finds relief in slamming doors and breaking things, but far out on the prairie, away from the house, and with the dog, or cat, keeping at a discreet distance, the only relief the woman would have would be to sit down and break into tears.

BUT IT is not only the herder who is menaced by this threatened invasion of his profession, the sheepmen's wives have a very serious stake in the matter.

Do you realize that the day after women herders have been installed in the wagons, every camp tender in the State of Montana will lose his job? And his hitherto rather uninteresting work will be taken over by the sheepman or the foreman, as the case may be.

We all know how wagons are tended at present. The boss comes out every week or two just to see if the herder is still alive, and to give him a general jacking up. But with women herders in the wagons, the program will run something like this:

Right after breakfast the sheepman will slip a box of candy into the car and go out and tend wagon all the morning. Then right after dinner he will toss a bunch of flowers into the back seat and go out and tend wagon all afternoon. And unless the herder has ordered an extra supply of lipstick, the chances are he will have to take some out to her in the evening, for the new system is going to be very hard on lipstick. Why, the sheepmen's wives will be worse off than golf widows, for after all golf is a game that cannot be played in winter or on rainy days.

Then consider the sort of competition the herder will be up against in finding a new job. Supposing a sheepman advertises for a herder and there are two applicants. The first one, we will say, is a herder of the old school, with his head full of knowledge of sheep and their ways, with a ten days' growth of whiskers on his face, and with a shirt on his back that looks like an old lace curtain.

The other applicant, we'll say, is a member of the other sex, a high school graduate perhaps, a girl who doesn't patronize the wool industry of her own state, nor even the cotton industry of the South, but who gives all her patronage to the silk worm of Japan. And not much patronage at that, since it has been estimated that one silk worm can clothe one flapper for one year.

Well, here are the two applicants, one a herder of the old school and the other a radiant creature, with that schoolgirl complexion, ankle socks, and sensible high heeled shoes. Now I ask you, which of these applicants will get the job?

The trouble is that herders as a class are almost entirely lacking in sex appeal, and the more they know about sheep and the longer they have been around them, the shorter they are on this sex appeal. In other words they lack "IT"; and it would seem unfair to submit them to this sort of competition.

It seems to me that the herders and the sheepmen's wives ought to make a common cause against this menace, because if it is not checked—I don't know what will happen to the sheepmen's wives, that is their lookout—but if there is any great influx of women herders into the sheep wagons, there are going to be a lot of us old fellows who will have to quit herding and go to work.

The Sadie Bloomer Affair

(Continued from page 29)

WHEN the victims' faces turned black, they were lowered, unconscious, to the ground. Alonzo, because he was lighter and younger, fared much better than his wife. Everyone was surprised that such a heavy woman could dangle in the air for so long without having her neck broken.

After the pair revived, Martha was again questioned and told to talk. "If you don't," the leader said, "You will be hanged the next time until you are dead. Your husband will be burned at the stake."

The woman was too frightened even to whisper, but the mob assumed her silence was voluntary. She and her husband were again jerked into the air. Left dangling longer than the first time, both were nearly dead when the crowd finally cut them down.

Consciousness returned but neither attempted to speak. The game of "cat and mouse" was over. A lynching must be brought to its logical conclusion—justice must be done.

Back at the Dudleys', the farmers began to worry about what was taking place at the creek. The interrogators had been due back long ago. It seemed a good idea to go down to the creek and make sure that the Edwardses were still alive.

Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer, and a few others arrived just as Alonzo and Martha were being strung up for the third—and last time.

Dudley and Bloomer tried to reason with the mob but the lynchers were not in the mood for reason. Dudley declared that he did not care what happened to the Edwardses but Sadie's body should be produced first.

Mrs. Bloomer is credited with having saved the couple's lives. She begged the crowd to calm down and give the Edwardses another chance to tell where the child had been buried. "Dead or alive, I want to see my baby once more!" she pleaded. "If you lynch these people, I'll never know where she is!"

There was a temporary truce and, in order to prevent an "encore," the more conservative farmers rushed the couple to Butler County Jail in El Dorado. From that moment until the morning of September 22, a motley assembly that grew from 500 to 1,500 men, women and children, surrounded the county jail and demanded the lives of the accused. The sheriff refused to comply.

All the doors and windows were barricaded; the sheriff and the jailers fought hard and long—but they were not prepared to hold off such a large number of people. Little by little, they began to weaken.

Then, early on the morning of September 22, a miracle happened. A young farmer named Val Piper gave up the search and returned to his home, one and a half miles from where Sadie had disappeared. When he stepped up on his front porch, he stopped and rubbed his eyes, unbelievingly. Sadie was on his doorstep, crying and trying to push open the door. She was sunburned and desperately thirsty. The strange thing was that her clothing—the same clothing she had been wearing when she disappeared —was clean and untorn.

Piper hurriedly sent word to El Dorado that the girl had been found. The message arrived there just as the sheriff had been overpowered.

At first, the mob didn't want to accept the "awful truth" that the child had been found. They thought that Piper's message was one the sheriff's tricks. A man was appointed to go to Rosalia and find out if the girl could really be alive and well.

This messenger sent a telegram of confirmation to El Dorado—the news that no one wanted to hear but had to accept.

MARTHA AND ALONZO were released two weeks later. The scars of their nightmare were tattooed on their necks—and in their tortured souls.

An attempt was made to punish their would-be executioners but nothing came of it. Of all the 4,000 lynchings which have occurred in this country since 1899, convictions for assisting lynch mobs have resulted in less than one percent of instances. Besides, 1,500 people in jail would have emptied Butler County!

The Edwardses did sue all the people of Rosalia Township. The Rosalia farmers settled out of court. A $1,000.00 purse was collected for the couple. However, some of the old-timers told this writer that the Edwardses' lawyer was said to have kept most of the purse for himself.

The barbaric "triple-hanging," and the riddle of what happened to the little girl, has immortalized the "Sadie Bloomer Affair." Some of the superstitious settlers, including Sadie's parents, believed that the child had died and had come back from the dead. Even after Sadie had been found, the Edwardses continued to insist that they had murdered her, and that they were surprised and horrified to see her alive and well!

The more practical and level-headed believed that Sadie had wandered away and had been kidnapped by a stranger or by someone in the community. Then, perhaps seeing the savage treatment inflicted on the Edwardses, the unknown kidnapper had grown worried about his own fate if the crowd ever discovered its mistake, and had placed the child on the porch of Val Piper's home. Because of her age, the little girl could give no clue to her week's whereabouts. At the time of this writing, Sadie is alive and living in Fort Scott, Kansas. She wrote me that she has no idea of what really happened to her.

Some good did come out of the Sadie Bloomer Affair—even if it was a little short-lived. The miscarriage of justice that might have been made preyed on everyone's mind. One of the newspapers devoted an entire *paragraph* to the evils of mob rule! In fact, the frontier folks were "down" on mob rule for all of a week. The lynch mobs might have been unpopular for two weeks—or even a month—but their story, like the Edwardses', also had a "happy ending." A cowboy rapist, in another Kansas town, poured carbolic acid down his victim's throat—and then went into hiding. Once again folks forgot all about juries, courts, law and order. The *Eagle* published the story of the rape, ending the article with the classic statement that the citizens were angry and would most likely take the law into their own hands.

The venerable old man, Judge Lynch, hastily organized another mob and led his howling, "justice-hungry" posse on a mad gallop across the rolling plains.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GHOST TOWN DANDY!

Lambert Florin's *Ghost Town Treasures* (Superior, $12.50) is the fifth in the great pictorial Western Ghost Town Series. As usual, the photographer-historian had the help of Dr. David C. Mason, the Beaverton, Oregon artist-medico and ghost buff. In recognition of his help, *Treasures* is dedicated to Dr. Mason. So much has been said in previous reviews of the other volumes in this series about the high quality of the photos that it seems enough to say that those in *Treasures* are tops—for real beauty see "Wide Open Spaces," page 125. While this reviewer is sure that no reader believes that every picture made by Florin on his exploring trips finds its way into a book, the careful reading of the "Foreword" of *Treasures* is strongly recommended. Perhaps not enough has been said in the past about the informative nature of the text that accompanies each series of photos of a ghost town. The research is sound but the text dwells, for the most part, on the human interest side of history. Such tid-bits seem to this reviewer to enhance the story told by the pictures. Strongly recommended.

AND ANOTHER!

We can almost say, "Rittenhouse all the way" about *Cabezon, A New Mexico Ghost Town* (Stagecoach Press, $4.05). Jack D. Rittenhouse wrote, designed, printed and published *Cabezon*. He also drew the map, pages 56 and 57, but did call on El Paso artist Jose Cisneros for the frontispiece. Cabezon was never a boom town but a quiet Spanish-American cowtown that also served as a trading post for the Indians including the Navajos. Cabezon is a recent ghost—the last big store closed in 1948 and the county commissioners closed the road that turned southwest from N M #44 about halfway between Cuba and Bernalillo in 1964 to deter the vandals who seemed intent on removing all trace of the old town. Jack carefully researched the records and contacted old residents of the town in providing this authentic record of a remote and little known village. We are in his debt. Notes on sources and a few good photos further enhance this volume issued in the familiar excellent Stagecoach Press format. The edition is limited to 750 copies.

THE KENTUCKY TRAPPER

William Wolfskill, 1789-1866 (Clark, $9.00) by Iris Higbie Wilson is volume XII in the Western Frontiersmen Series. Wolfskill was born in Boonesborough, Kentucky but grew up at Boone's Lick, Missouri. He made his first trip to Santa Fe in 1822 and spent three years trapping and trading in New Mexico and Colorado. A mule buying expedition to Chihuahua led to his visiting Texas, Louisiana and Alabama where he sold the mules he had been able to gather after an Indian raid. In 1826 he was back in New Mexico in charge of a party of trappers organized by his Missouri neighbor, Ewing Young. Wolfskill became a Mexican citizen and in 1830 led an expedition over the route later known as the Old Spanish Trail to California. After a not-too-successful trial as a sea otter trapper he settled down in Los Angeles in 1833. His interest turned to agriculture—he became a grape grower and cattle raiser. He was a pioneer planter of Eucalyptus and made the first commercial citrus plantings in California in 1841. The Kentucky trapper had no problems when California came into the Union after the Mexican War. He was an astute trader and a successful businessman. This is a good, if not great, biography that was long overdue. There is a bibliography, an index, a number of illustrations, and this is a worthy addition to the Series.

TRAPPERS—PATH FINDERS

Old Greenwood (The Talisman Press, $8.50) is listed as a revised edition of the book with the same title written, printed and published by Charles Kelly in 1936 in an edition of 350 copies. That book became an expensive and much sought volume of modern Western Americana. The present text prepared with some help from the well known researcher and historian, Dale Morgan, bears little resemblance to the old classic of 1936. This account of the old mountain man, pathfinder and pioneer is thoroughly documented and if some of the spriteliness of the original is missing, the additional source material will please the serious students of our early Western history. A good bibliography, an index, maps and illustration plus a new preface by Kelly enhance this edition of 750 copies. For the real mountainman buffs there is a numbered, limited edition of 100 copies, signed by Kelly and Morgan, boxed at $20.00.

The Journal of Jacob Fowler (Ross & Haines, $6.75) was first printed in 1898 although the expedition described in it took place in 1821-22. Fowler was second in command to Colonel Hugh Glenn on a trading and trapping expedition of twenty men to the headwaters of the Arkansas. The party followed the river from Ft. Smith to its source with only one detour—an unusual route. On the return trip, they blazed another trail. The party had contacts with the Osage, Kiowa, Comanche, Araphaho; Crow and Taos Indians. They met a Spanish trading party from New Mexico and Col. Glen went with it to Taos. Later the entire party joined Glenn there. The men made the trip up the Rio Grande to near its source in February, but found game scarce until they got well into Colorado. They had a little trouble with horse-stealing Utes. In May the party returned to Taos and on June 1, 1822 left for the States. Fowler made careful notes about the soils, vegetation and weather. Elliott Coues edited and annotated the first edition and without his tips on Fowler's spelling it would be nigh impossible to read this entertaining account of high adventure. Dr. Coues includes a very interesting letter from Colonel R. T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky, in his introduction. Col. Durrett bought the unpublished Fowler manuscript from the great-granddaughter of the author and sent it to Dr. Coues for his Western Americana Series. Tough reading but worth it.

RANGE LIFE

An Englishman's Arizona, The Ranching Letters of Herbert R. Hislop, 1876-1878 (The Overland Press, $10) is a handsome volume about the experiences of a young Englishman on the famous Empire Ranch in Arizona. The ranch, about forty-five miles southeast of Tucson, was founded in the early Seventies and young Hislop and his partner, Walter Vail, bought it in 1876. His letters home, primarily to his sister Amy, provide many details of ranch life in Arizona as observed by an educated Anglo. Hislop's partnership only lasted two years but the Empire is still an operating ranch. The introduction by Bernard L. Fontana is highly informative. There are some good photos plus appropriate drawings by Hazel Fontana, and an end paper map. The typography and printing is the work of the El Paso maestro, Carl Hertzog, and the edition is limited to 510 copies. A collector's item all the way—don't miss it! Since the Overland Press was new to us and we are sure it will be to our readers, we are pleased to provide the address: 903 East Hedrick Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

White Pine Lang Syne (Big Mountain Press, $7.00) by Effie O. Read is a true history of White Pine County, Nevada. The author was born in Lund, a small town in the county, and became intimately acquainted with the people and events. Inspired by her father and friends, she began writing after reaching the age of fifty. From personal interviews and research of newspaper files in Lander, Eureka, Nye, Lincoln, and White Pine Counties she has compiled a wealth of information that chronicles the search and discovery of Nevada's mineral riches. Some of the richest treasure in North America was found in the bleak mountains where the weather was described by a German butcher as ". . . . . den months vinter and two months damn cold veddar." Mining was by far the greatest enterprise, but ranching found its place and continues in importance today. Many of the flourishing mining towns described in detail are now ghost towns. The humorous anecdotes and numerous pictures help bring the events to life. A wealth of source material on towns, mines, and people of White Pine Country is recorded in this book.

Solomon D. Butcher's much sought and expensive *Pioneer History of Custer County, Nebraska* (Sage Books, $8.50) is back in print thanks to the efforts of Harry E. Chrisman and the publisher, Alan Swallow. Butcher was a pioneer prairie photographer who enlisted the aid of many of the early settlers in writing the text. He supplies the pictures—nearly 200 of them—plus the descriptions of many of the important events. To the facsimile of the *History* there has been added in this second edition a facsimile reprint of Butcher's picture book *Sod Houses of the Great American Plains* first issued in 1904. Chrisman drew the end paper map, wrote an introduction, brought to light and included five photos not in the first edition and in the "Acknowledgments" tells how this second printing came into being. Another addition of major importance is the index with more than 1,700 entries. Most of the photos tell their stories. This is a good county history with much early ranch history, including one of the earliest book appearances of the exploits of the Olives, Texas cowmen who drove north to settle in Custer County. Recommended.

FOR THE CLIMBING BUFFS

Guide to the New Mexico Mountains (Sage Books. $3.95) by Herbert E. Ungnade is much more than the usual mountain climbers manual. Following the detailed climing routes to the high peaks of New Mexico, Ungnade describes some interesting rock climbs. Also included are chapters on caves, rivers, winter climbing and skiing. A selected reference list covers the geology, history, archaeology, climate, vegetation and wild life, minerals, and exploring, which makes this volume an excellent reference and guide to anyone interested in any phase of New Mexican mountain lore. Over thirty maps, plus handsome photos in both color and black and white, a list of mountains with their elevations, and an index complete this excellent field guide.

OIL HERO!

Gib Morgan, Minstrel of the Oil Fields (Southern Methodist University Press, $5.00) by Mody C. Boatright is a reprint of Texas Folklore Society Publication No. XX first issued in 1945. That volume was designed and printed by the El Paso master typographer Carl Hertzog and the demand soon outstripped the supply. It is good to have this book of tales back in print. Dr. Boatright tells us much about Gib Morgan in the introductory biographical pages. Gib was a gypsy tool dresser and driller noted for his tall tales about oil, oil fields, and his fellow workers, usually with himself as the hero. Entertaining.

AMERICAN INDIANS

The Sky Clears (Bison Book, $1.25) by A. Grove Day is a paperback edition of the book first published by Macmillan in 1951. It is a collection of the translated poems of the American Indians. More than two hundred selections taken from about forty North American tribes are presented to show various types and styles. The Indians composed poems about their gods, objects and occurrences in nature, life, death, and love. Following a general discussion of North American Indian poetry in chapter one, the author presents selections from the Eskimos of the Arctic coast, the Totem-Pole Makers of the Northwest, the Desert Dwellers of the Southwest, the Horse Nations of the Plains, the Hunters of the Eastern Woodlands, and the Mayas and Aztecs of ancient Mexico. A bibliography on North American Indian poetry completes the book and will be of interest to those who wish to delve further into the poetry of the Indians. An index also adds to the usefulness of this work. Although the book is designed to be read for pleasure, it is also a base of departure for students interested in understanding the Indian more fully.

The Alabama-Koasati Indians of East Texas are unique in being the only Indian group to survive the holocaust which drove every other tribe from Texas by 1875. *The White Path* (Naylor, $3.95) by W. E. S. Folsom-Dickerson is a scholarly study of these gentle but enduring people. How did these people who migrated from Alabama to Texas manage to get along with the Spanish, French and Mexicans? How did they escape the hatred of the hot-headed Texas settlers, many of whom were occupying Texas at the same time the Indians arrived? Why were they the only Indians in Texas permitted to live until today on their own land and by their own laws? The author lived with the tribe to search for the answers to these and other questions. His scholarly research revealed how these red men reconciled their own culture and beliefs with the white man's ideas. The all-too-familiar pattern of warpath, tomahawk, and scalping routine is absent, but quiet humor, interesting tales, and informative nature notes make the book appealing to young readers as well as students of the American Indian. This book is a refreshing contribution to a better understanding of our native brothers.

TO HELP US UNDERSTAND

Masked Gods (Sage Books, $5.75) is the second edition of Frank Waters' distinguished study of Navaho and Pueblo Ceremonialism. The first edition appeared in 1950 and has long been OP. This is not an easy book to read and in spots it is even harder to understand but it is most rewarding in achieving a working knowledge of the Navahoes and the Pueblos. The first part was always the easiest for this reviewer because it provides the traditional history of these peoples. The second part is more difficult in that it interprets the Navaho signs, Pueblo dances, Zuni Kachina ceremonies, and Hopi rites in comparison with Western science and Eastern philosophies. The third part of the book investigates the Indian religious ideology (as reflected by the ceremonies) in terms of their secular life and character. Waters, a brilliant writer, points out that our understanding of these people depends primarily on a recognition of their predominant intuitiveness and wisely infers that what we can learn from and about them will help us in understanding the needs and kinds of assistance we should provide the people of under-developed countries the world over. This is a big handsome book with decorations by Ralph Douglas, Professor of Art at the University of New Mexico, after Navaho sand-paintings and Pueblo pottery designs. An index would be helpful.

"Must you breathe down the back of my neck?"

BIG FOOT'S BIOGRAPHY

One of the many real services J. Frank Dobie did for his fellow Texans was to introduce them to the "First Texas Man of Letters," John C. Duval. His book on Duval was first printed in 1939 and until the second edition was issued recently by the Southern Methodist University Press ($5.00) had long been out of print. The book includes a biographical sketch of Duval, the son of a Governor of Florida, one of the few escapees of the Goliad Massacre and a ranger compadre of Bigfoot Wallace. Duval's *The Adventures of Big-Foot Wallace, The Texas Ranger and Hunter* is still one of the most rollicking accounts of frontier life ever issued. The printing history of the several editions of the Wallace book is clearly set forth by Pancho in the bibliographical section of John C. Duval. It was a job that needed doing for the trail was tangled and the sign-posts misleading in part—many dealers have listed the revised fourth printing as the first over the years. The last section of Pancho's book is devoted to Duval's unpublished writing. This is an important contribution to Texas literature and should never again be permitted to go out-of-print. It is enhanced with nine drawings by Tom Lea.

"MAN AND BIRD MAN"

It was about a quarter of a century ago that this reviewer spent a memorable evening with Bob More at his office-museum in Vernon, Texas. He showed me his tremendous collection of bird eggs and told some good stories about cowmen he knew. On learning that my dad had run a few cows in Wilbarger County in the Nineties he started to dig among his books and papers. He found what he was looking for—Ross and Rouse's *Early Day History of Wilbarger County* (Vernon, 1933), and while looking for it came across Milt Good's *Twelve Years in a Texas Prison* (Amarillo, 1935). He gave me both volumes and waved aside my thanks. Naturally, I was interested and pleased when J. Frank Dobie sent me a copy of his delightful booklet, reprinted from the autumn 1941 issue of *Southwest Review*, about Bob. The supply of this first separate printing was soon exhausted and it became one of the scarcest of all Dobie booklets.

Bob More, Man and Bird Man (The Encino Press, 1510 Forest Trail, Austin, Texas 78703, $7.50) is a reprint of that Dobie booklet in a handsome format. The binding is cloth with a title label on the front cover and the edition consists of 550 numbered copies, each in a light cardboard slipcase. There is an introduction by Bill Wittliff, the publisher, that tells of his contacts with Dobie. This is the first volume in the "Southwestern Profiles" series and if the others are as well done as this one, Bill is due a long run.

LETTER RIP!
Britz

Dear Sir:

The first time I ever heard of Milt Hinkle was back about 1919. I remember he had headlines around the country when he slipped out of a hospital somewhere (don't remember where) with a plaster of Paris cast on a freshly broken leg and entered the bull-dogging contest at some rodeo. Then after that I'd hear about Milt every once in a while, either through some rider or in some other way. I don't think I ever met him but I'd surely like to. We'd have a lot to talk about, although Milt would probably say I'm still a kid and can't know too much. I'm only seventy and Milt must be ten years older.

Milt surely knows and can tell you how broncs were broke by a good man. I'll bet he has broke a thousand. I've broke a lot too but one thing I learned that a good many horse breakers did not, is how, after tying up a foot (and you bet he knows how to do that, too) and sacking the horse out, to teach him manners and make him know you are boss and that he'd better do what you say and want. I learned how to do this without abusing him. Then, after the first ride in the corral, I learned how to quickly bridlewise the horse so that when you pulled correctly on the reins (either hackamore or snaffle) he would not only stop but would "give" his head to you instead of pushing out with his nose and setting his jaw and head against you. When he learned this it was easy to keep him from stampeding more than thirty yards, and you could finish the ride at an ordinary walk or trot or gallop. At the same time I had taught him to turn right and left with the reins. This can be done quickly when you learn how. All this certainly saves lots of time and grief and hard knocks. I still do it (boss it) using some young fellow to do the riding; make bets on it too. Lose about once in ten times. VIVA MILT!—Charles O. Williamson, Hamilton, Montana.

Howdy, Joe:

Took one glance at the cover of OLD WEST on the newsrack and knew I'd seen that "Hot Iron" somewhere before; so invested four bits real quick. Most of my early issues are long gone and can't be replaced except from some of these "hijacking" collectors.

There's only one small detail of the cover picture that seems odd or out of place to me, but it's still a dang good cover! All the other guys in the picture have their shirt collars open, while the one with the hot iron has his buttoned.

Seems to me that working with that hot iron and around the fire all day, he'd get mighty hot under the collar by keeping it buttoned. But you know we're not all alike by no means and here's why.

I worked for eighteen years with a fellow on the railroad, and even on the hottest days when it was at least 100° in the shade, he'd have his collar buttoned, his sleeves rolled down and was wearing long underwear. And gandy dancing is harder and hotter work than branding cattle or general range work—any cowpoke who doubts this can try his luck and find out real quick. But it's still a good cover and I'm thinking of giving an extra copy to a young (?) friend of mine who'll be eighty-seven this week. As for me, I been pretty darn sick all week and feel like I'm just one jump ahead of the Big Cowboy with the Long Black Loop. Maybe I just kissed the wrong cowgirl.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Mr. Small,

I have just picked up OLD WEST at a newsstand in downtown Pasadena. Having a personal link with the OLD WEST that really was, I have been avidly reading your publications for many years. I don't subscribe to any of them, because of the fact that I am out of the country for long periods at a time.

I would like to comment on some recent articles that appeared in one of your publications, in the form of a letter from one of your readers. It mentioned the fact that Butch Cassidy died in Los Angeles in 1937 of cancer. This is probably true. I have been, in recent years, in Argentina and Bolivia, where Cassidy and the Sun Dance Kid are supposed to have been shot down by some soldiers. I have been able to find no documentary evidence in either nation to substantiate this fact, and research is still carried on by a Dr. Tornapolski in Buenos Aires.

There are many "young" old-timers still living, in their sixties, ten years more or less, who have actively participated in frontier activity. Take the case of Francisco Fimbres, and the long hard fight he made against the Bronco Apaches in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, to rescue his son, whom the Apaches finally killed. "Pancho" had already led five expeditions into the mountains of Mexico. Finally he went to Douglas, Arizona, and enlisted the aid of the Chief of Police to help him organize the sixth expedition. I know five men that signed up for that trip who are still living. The U. S. State Department stepped in and put a stop to the expedition, as far as the Chief of Police in Douglas was concerned, but this did not stop Pancho . . . I have been into the Sierra Madre several times since World War II, and it is my belief that there has been no real violence in the region since the War, traceable directly to Apaches.

What Western Publications Inc. is doing, primarily, is a labor of love, so put in some advertising and make a buck or two out of the effort, and you can labor a little longer at something we all love, good reading.—W. F. Hutchens, 1098 S. Los Robles Avenue, Pasadena, California.

Did you catch our story on Fimbres in the October TRUE WEST?

Subscription Swindles

Dear Sir:

I have just read the letter of Mrs. Victor E. Mobley, Rangley Route, Meeker, Colorado. We in Wyoming have also felt the sting of this fraud, but it was on June 12, 1963. In our area this man seemed to hit each place that did not have a telephone and he received as much as $54.00 from one person and $52.00 from us and slightly lower amounts from several others. He gave the same story as the one to Mrs. Mobley. Our subscription was for forty-eight issues of each—FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST and two other magazines.

After getting our check in his hands, he remarked that it might possibly take ninety days to process this and start receiving our magazines—which we thought rather odd but failed to check into until the ninety days were about up. At that time I wrote to the address given—International Readers' Service, 1450 Madison Avenue, New York 33, New York—and received my letter back stating there was no such address. So, like Mrs. Mobley, we took the letter, check and receipts to the sheriff and in just three days we were informed that he had been picked up on forgery and car theft and is serving a ten-year sentence in the Idaho State Penitentiary at this time. When that sentence is completed he will be brought to Wyoming to face charges here. He had three aliases that we know of. This is apparently an organized ring with a very legitimate looking identification.

In case this fraud has not been broken up and with the hopes it may help you in your investigation, we are willing to send the subscriber's receipts but would like them back as we will need them later, we hope. We are only sorry that you were not informed of this sooner as apparently it has gone further than realized.

We went ahead and subscribed through Western Publications, Inc. and have renewed again for this year and will continue to as we think FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST are TOPS.—Mrs. John H. Auer, Rawlins Route, Box 55, Lander, Wyoming.

Here's another! This may have been a ring and if they operated from Colorado up into Wyoming no telling how many people were stuck. I am going to publish this letter in all three magazines since our subscribers evidently need a lot of warning.

Look, folks, when somebody tries to sell you a long-time subscription (like thirty to forty-eight issues of each, for instance) get wise in a hurry. Most people, after they are stuck, will never write the magazine. Yet if everybody would do that, it would stop this sort of thing in a hurry.—Joe.

Dear Editor:

The reason I am writing is that some of your readers might not have heard that the Honey Run Bridge, built in 1896 and the oldest bridge in Butte County, California, collapsed on April 12, 1965 when hit by a panel truck. The eighty-foot section fell instantly, raining timbers and planks around the vehicle. The bridge will be replaced but not restored. The bridge acquired its name "Honey Run" (as told to me by my mother) because a boy and girl were out walking, the boy saw a bear, climbed a tree and called to the girl, "Run, Honey, Run!"—Mabel Miller, 601 Pleasant Hill Road, Sebastopol, California, 95472.

(Continued)

Dear Joe:

Indian Stick Ball is one of the fastest and roughest games ever invented by man. There are no present-day sports that can possibly compare with it. The game is known to have been existing as far back as 1530, according to the Spanish explorers. Fernando De Soto and his men were among the first to make mention and give an account of witnessing this type ball game. They had seen Indians playing it while on an exploration from Florida to Mississippi.

The game is still played a great deal by the Arbeka Creeks, and they use the same methods their forefathers used. Fullblood Creeks of the Canadian Valley in Oklahoma also still train their youngsters to play the game, but they sadly fear after the older generation now living passes on to the Happy Hunting Grounds, Stick Ball will become a lost art.

Hickory sticks are trimmed quite thin on the smaller end so that when the end is bent back over the handle a cuplike depression is formed of the thin part. The cup, being flared in front, is laced with leather thongs at the back. A small compact ball, not quite as large as a tennis ball, made of animal hair and covered with deerskin, then sewn tightly with narrow sinews, is caught and thrown with the sticks. The players must handle the ball with the sticks, and not once let their hands touch it. The ball is quite elusive and very difficult to handle with the cuplike depressions at the end.

Like many of the white man's games, the tribes did a great deal of betting. However, it seems not to involve money as much as clothing, beads, weapons and livestock. One account of a particularly rip-roaring contest between the Creeks and the Choctaws, which took place shortly after the Civil War, has gone down in history. The Choctaws bet their ponies and lost. The Creeks, feeling no sympathy for the losing side, would not offer them transportation back to their own country. Instead, they immediately ran them back afoot.

Most of the players use sticks which have been used for many generations. Most of them are stained with blood from their forefathers. The only qualifications for being a Stick Ball player are honor, brawn and plenty of guts.

An Indian named Joe Sapulpa has gone down in the Red Man's history much like Babe Ruth has gone down in ours. Joe Sapulpa was considered a great pro in Indian Stick Ball during his time. Later a town approximately thirty-five miles northwest of Okmulgee, the county seat of Creek County, was named after this great and famous Stick Ball player. All Indian athletes, however, who have played this game from time immemorial, deserve to go down in the annals of great American sports as the most courageous, tough and rugged of them all! Let's have a story on them.—Loula Dickerson Arnold, 110 S. Lynn Lane Road, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Don't miss the March issue of Frontier Times. It will feature Indian athletics. And you're right, Loula, those boys played rough!

Dear Editor:

We aren't subscribers to the two "WESTS" or FRONTIER TIMES but all three are purchased from the newsstand.

"Let 'Er Rip" is a marvelous idea and members among those letter-writers could justly be arrested for impersonating an author.

Your magazines, along with others I consider as interesting, are saved and taken to a local convalescent home here, where they are gladly accepted.

Each time on leaving the hospital, I think and hope that with this very small favor, I've brought many hours of happiness and enjoyment from the outside world to these grand old-timers to whom we owe so much. I'm grateful to them and all of our ancestors who sacrificed so unselfishly in numerous ways to make this great country what it is today.—Sally Journey, 643 Third Street, Apt. #3, Woodland, California.

Dear Joe:

For the benefit of readers driving through west Texas, I'd like to recommend King Mountain, the big beautiful domain of the Comanche Indians, high in the sky, about 600 or 800 feet above the plains around it. It is truly a beautiful sight. The big flat-topped mountain is abundant with grass and flowers in the summer time, and is easy to reach. Oil field roads are all over it. It lies in a triangle of roads between Rankin, McCamey and Crane, Texas. Roads lead up on top in several places.

King Mountain is from one mile wide to four miles wide at places. Fourteen or fifteen miles long, starting at McCamey on the south end, it ends at the famous Castle Gap on the north, some five miles south of Crane. Every oil field worker in this part of the state has been on King Mountain at some time or other. Lots of them have hunted arrowheads there. I have been on King Mountain three times and I intend to go there some more.

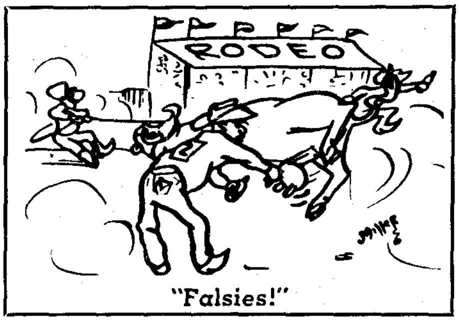
One Sunday I just drove up there for a few hours and, to my great surprise, saw the biggest Indian camping ground I had ever seen. The place is on the northeast side of the mountain. I had only a few hours to explore this vast camp and knew I would have to come back when I had more time.

About four months ago I went up there and spent the day and enjoyed every minute of it.

Near the middle of this camping ground a canyon tops out right up to the rimrock which is about twenty-five feet high at this point. I decided there must have been water in this canyon at one time so I began to explore. When I found sixteen grinding holes about twelve inches deep, I knew the spring was nearby.

Just under the rimrock I found a cave about 100 feet long and 30 feet deep; the walls are smoke-stained so there was camping there in the winter time. About 150 feet farther down the canyon was a ledge about 20 feet straight down. At the bottom was a hole in solid rock 20 feet wide and maybe 6 feet deep. The spring was under this ledge and kept this hole full of water. At the south side of the spring in a stairway—some call it an Indian ladder with steps notched in this solid rock wall where the Indians came up from the spring.

I found a grinding rock 3½ inches thick and 11¾ inches long. I can't understand how so many people have searched this place for years and missed this rock. However, I know I haven't seen every inch of this place and I intend to go back and see more. Standing at the edge of the mountain one can see fourteen to twenty miles across country.



"Falsies!"

I am a collector of Indian lore on a small scale. I have sixty-five arrowheads real nice, three tomahawks, some broken flint knives and this grinding rock.

I have also hunted in the sand hills northwest of Castle Gap. A few arrowheads and five grinding bowls were found in this strip of dunes.—A. C. Lindley, P. O. Box 151, Odessa, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I just read the attack on mules by Georgia Shiner of Leadore, Idaho, and I feel compelled to defend the mule, even though I am not certain the writer or the grandfather is serious.

Horses and mules are close to my heart. I learned something about horses first; later I learned that a mule is more reliable, anywhere, anytime, and under all circumstances. A mule never runs into a fence, slips on a trail, or falls into a canyon, and you can't run a mule over a cliff or into an open mine shaft, no matter how bad the storm or how dark the night.

I have worked hundreds of mules, and have never known one that stumbled. They stay fat on food that a horse would starve on, and they can go longer without water.

In the pack trains I worked with as a civilian, each had sixty-five animals, fifty pack mules, fourteen saddle mules, and one bell-mare, always a horse. I never knew of any outlaw mule in a pack train. They were faithful and gentle; and in all the thousands of pounds of valuable cargo we packed over some of the roughest trails in America, never so much as one ounce was ever damaged by a pack mule. The average overall weight of a pack mule's load was about 400 pounds, which took in the ropes and equipment, plus the cargo.

On two occasions we pushed the whole train, fully loaded with 15,000 pounds of cargo, sixty miles, with but one stop which was for water, but the mules were not unloaded, and every one of them made the distance, over rough country without a stumble. Fully loaded we normally made about thirty-five miles a day.

All of the packmasters I worked under were as smart as the mules, and don't ever believe that is not the secret.

I suppose I'll get an argument, but I believe a mule is more intelligent than a dog. Certainly he can detect fear in a man more quickly than a dog, and he is just as alert in warning you of danger. I know of but one man who was kicked by a mule; in fact, he was kicked almost every day, but he was deathly afraid of any mule and, of course, all mules knew it. Like some men I have known, they showed contempt for the man because of his fear.

In stories I have read, packers were supposed to be so tough that they cursed their mules from morning to night, and if one swelled up when the rigging, or *aparejo*, was being cinched, the packers would kick the wind all out of them. Under a good packmaster there would have been but one outburst of cursing and but one kick. The man would have been fired on the spot. In the early Twenties a civilian packer had everything furnished him, which included good food, and he was paid $100.00 a month in gold—a rough, hard job, but a darn good one, too—Bob Keil, 2501 Goyette Avenue, Tucson, Arizona, 85716.

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LOST AND FOUND;

OR

Three Months with the Wild Indians

A Brief Sketch of the Life of

OLE T. NYSTEL,

Embracing his Experience While in Captivity

TO THE

COMANCHES,

And SUBSEQUENT LIBERATION from THEM

Reflections and Religious Experience.

1888.
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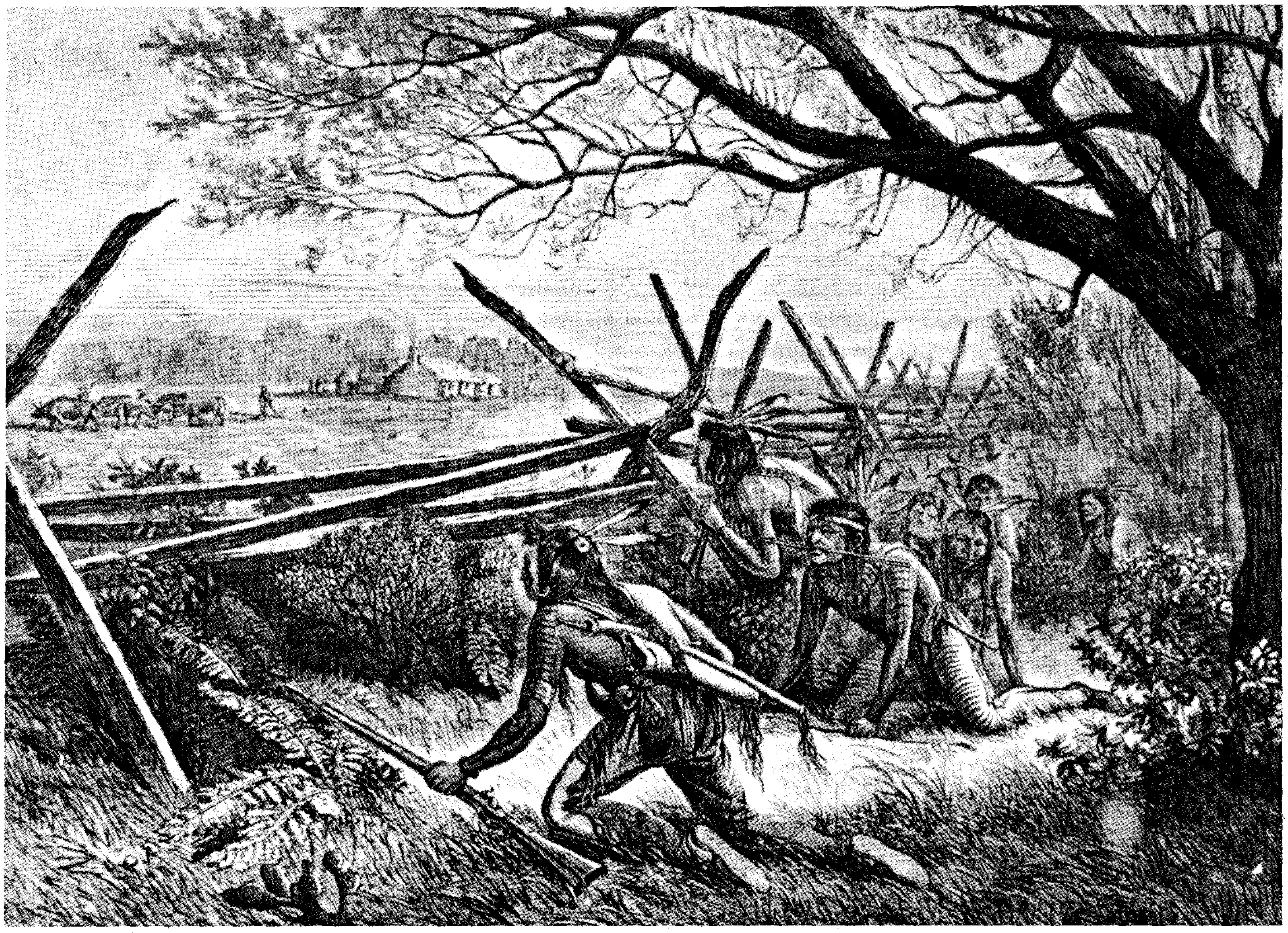


Harper's Weekly, May 2, 1868

Indians preparing to attack settlers

THE AUTHOR of this work, Ole Tergerson Nystel, was born in Henderson County, Texas, January 4, 1853. My parents immigrated from Norway, Europe, to this State (Texas) in the year 1848, first settling in the above mentioned county. Here my mother died at the age of twenty-eight; I was six years old. Father then moved to Van Zandt County, this State, where we resided during the late Civil War, removing to Bosque County in 1866, the place of my present home. My father followed farming for a livelihood, and like most Norwegian immigrants, possessed but little means, and being in a strange country, depending solely upon his daily labor for a support, it required the strictest economy to furnish even the necessities of life for his family, consisting of himself, wife and three children—myself and two sisters, I being the older of the three. So I took my first lessons in the school of adversity, if enduring hardships and privations may be so called. But perhaps it was best, as it develops traits and characteristics that are much needed in our battle of life.

Norwegian immigrants, as indeed most all immigrants from the Old World, on coming to this country, or in going to any new country, settle together, forming colonies, thereby preventing to some extent that feeling of isolation and homesickness which, more or less is the case with all foreigners (for the feeling of loneliness is never so complete as when surrounded by people speaking a strange tongue in which we can take no part, neither to give or receive a word of encouragement or expression of kindness and sympathy). So to gratify the desire of our social natures as well as for mutual assistance, we sought out our countrymen on coming to America.

The Norwegians, like the Germans, are an eminently social people; are never so happy, as a rule, as when at their gatherings for any festive occasion. Feasting, song and dance being their delight, they enter into these amusements with a zest that few other people manifest. But I do not wish to convey the idea that they are unfitted for serious thought. I was merely giving a prominent characteristic.

Now, as to myself, my youth was spent as most country lads of the poorer class, in helping to make a support for the family. In disposition I was headstrong, self-willed and mischievous, though, withal, I think, kind at heart. I do not think there was anything low, cunning or cruel in my nature, my mischief generally taking the form of jokes, pranks etc., for the purpose of having fun, the result of youth, good health and exuberant spirits. As an instance, when very young I had some calves for playfellows and when I lacked one I would yoke myself up to complete the team.

My first serious trouble, which occurred in the eighth year of my age, was the death of my mother of whom I was very fond. But I was too young to realize my great loss, than which there is none greater. She besought my father on her deathbed to look after me carefully, as I was so willful, and prayed that God might guide me in the way of righteousness. My welfare seemed to be the burden of her thoughts. I suppose she thought that I, being a boy, was exposed to more snares and pitfalls than my sisters.

All this had but little effect upon me then, but the time has since come in which I have felt its full power. And I would here earnestly impress all parents to pray for their children daily, for we have the promise that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," Jas. 5:16; and again we are commanded to "pray without ceasing" 1st Thess. 5:17. We never know when a kind word, a sympathetic look or an affectionate tear may reach the heart. Parents, pray for your children.

TIME PASSED on with no particular incident in my life worth noticing until I reached the fourteenth year of my age, when an event occurred which had a marked effect upon my after life. It sobered my thoughts and gave a more reflective cast to my mind.

I wish to remark here that many seeming troubles and afflictions are but blessings in disguise, as my experience in this case has fully demonstrated, showing the truthfulness of Paul's language "that all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28. There is an All-seeing One who guides us—our Helmsman, if we will but commit ourselves to His care. And as the poet has it: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them as we may."

When about fourteen, a neighbor of ours, Mr. Carl Quested named, stopped at my father's on his way to a cedar brake to chop and haul some poles. He wanted my assistance which was readily granted, although I was needed at home to drop corn, my father having commenced to plant that morning. It was the 20th of March, 1867, and the day was rather warm for the time of year, as I remember well, for everything connected with that day and a few months thereafter is indelibly stamped upon my memory. We started and soon reached our destination about five miles distant, among the hills and mountains, surrounded by dense thickets of cedar and other scrubby growth.

I was at the wagon and Mr. Quested had gone off about fifty steps to commence work, when I heard a noise, and on looking up I saw two Indians, made hideous with war paint. At about the same time they saw me, and giving a few blood-curdling yells, started towards me. It appeared to my excited imagination that they were devils who had come for me and I really thought I could see great streams of fire issuing from their mouths.

Having been taught that the "devil would get me" if I was not good, and having been described to me in such a horrible light, it is not very strange after all that I felt as I did, under the circumstances. But I take occasion here to enter my hearty protest against making such erroneous impressions upon the minds of the young.

But to return. I really thought doomsday had come. I started to run, and had got about forty yards when an arrow pierced my right leg, passing entirely through the flesh part, just above the knee, which still bears marks of the wound. At this I fell, and one of them leveled a pistol at me and motioned me to come with him which I was not long in obeying. My companion started to run about the same time I did. In his course there was a bluff about twenty feet high but on reaching it he never stopped to measure the distance—he had no time, for his pursuers were close at his heels. He leaped at once down the precipice, landing safely below, none the worse save a few scratches and bruises. During the chase he was fired at several times, one shot taking effect in his right arm. I never knew his fate until I was liberated, but I supposed from their broken English and gestures that he escaped, which on my return home was happy to know was so.

Mr. Quested told me afterwards that a third Indian ran to intercept him, but fear lending additional speed to his heels, he finally escaped. Still he says one Indian could easily have caught him, but as he still held to his axe he was afraid to get in such close quarters for fear the axe be used on him, and the brush was so thick he could not shoot to any advantage and so let him go. He did not stop until he had run about four miles, arriving back with nothing but his underclothing on, and they torn and bloody, the axe still in hand. His bloody condition and wild, excited appearance greatly alarmed those to whom he returned, but it was all soon explained and a party started in pursuit to rescue me, but to no avail, though they were close to us sometimes, camping one night only half a mile away from us as I have learned, but soon lost our track and turned back.

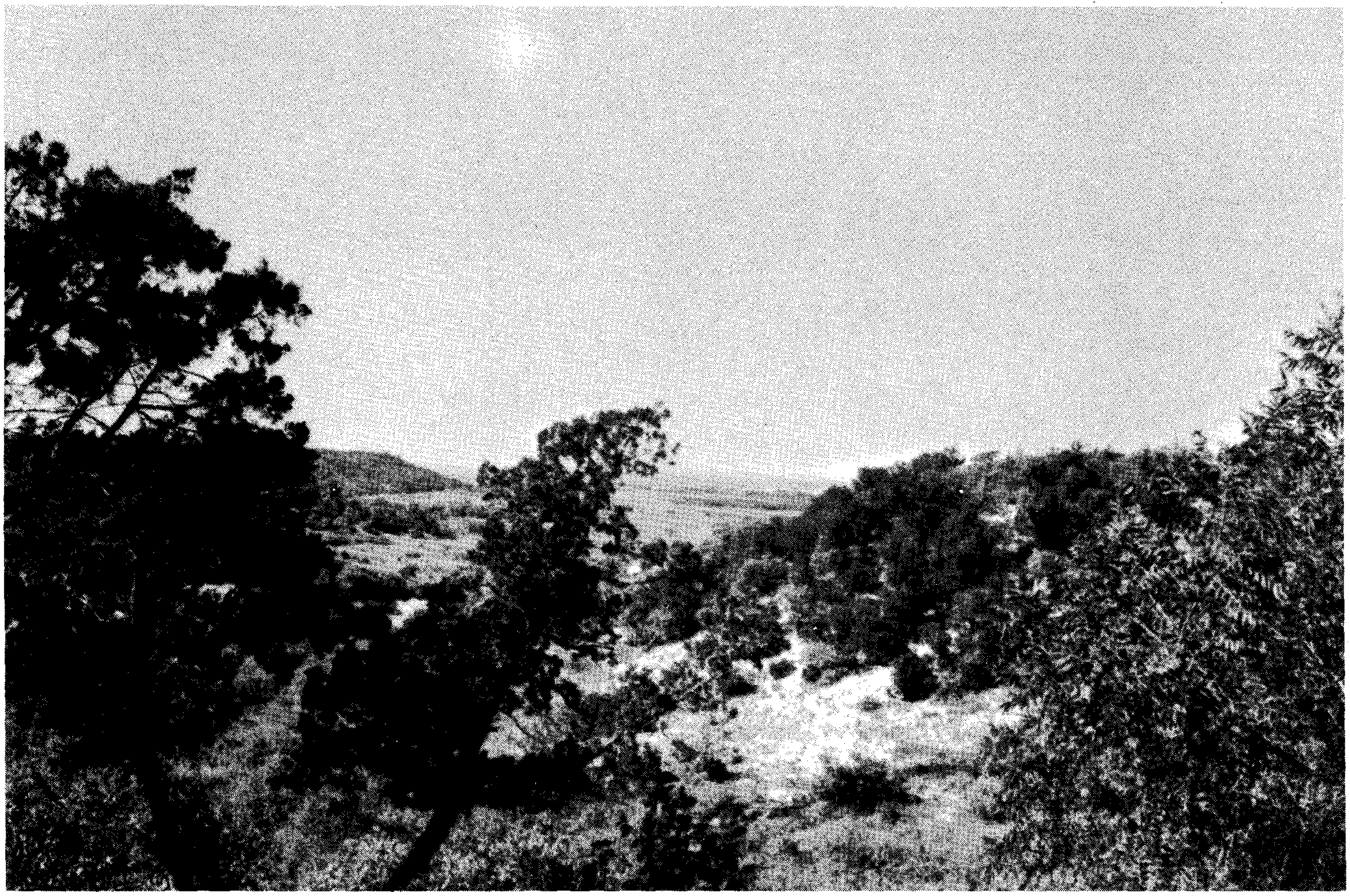
The Indians who took me in charge led me off to their camp about forty yards distant where they had a fire. There were six in the party, three of whom were engaged in cooking a meal, consisting of broiled horse flesh and crackers. They had just killed a horse, the carcass of which was lying nearby, the choice portions being cut out for steak. I was offered some but refused it. They then offered me a cracker and when I extended my hand to take it, one interfered by saying brokenly that I got enough of that at home; then it was withdrawn.

It is needless for me to say that I was almost scared out of my senses, but tried to retain my self-possession as much as possible. Seeing that I was in captivity, I tried to decoy them down into the settlement by giving them to understand as best I could by words and signs that there were plenty of horses in that direction which they could get, but they would shake their heads as if they understood I was trying to get them into danger.

COMANCHES! Dreaded name. Synonym of all that is cruel and barbarous. What terror that name inspires along the defenseless frontier. And it was amongst these monsters in human shape that I had fallen a helpless victim. By this time I was suffering severely from my wound, but to this they paid no heed nor applied anything to alleviate the pain, but after a day or two when

A view of the untamed frontier in the vicinity of Nystel's home in Bosque County, Texas

Courtesy Harold Whittington



it had gotten thoroughly sore, they would carry it through a process of twisting and wrenching every now and then, I suppose to increase my already excruciating pain. They would kick and knock me about for pastime, it seemed, whip my bare back until it was perfectly bloody, and with frequent repetitions fire their pistols so close to my head that the caps and powder would fly in my face, producing powder burns and bruises, until I was very much disfigured. In fact, I was used so roughly that when I got loose from them my head was a solid sore, and the scab had risen above my hair. Oh, horrible condition! The Lord deliver any of my countrymen or anyone else, for that matter, from ever being brought into it as I was. But I must return to the march.

After finishing their meal of horse flesh and crackers, they went to one side and held a consultation in regard to myself, this I knew from their gestures. The result was, I was committed to the care of one of their number. We then left camp for the journey, but before starting they took off my overshirt and gave it to one of the party. I was placed upon a poor, bony horse without a saddle, and you can imagine, better than I can describe, my discomfort. We took a northwesterly course, as they were then on their homeward march. They avoided the public highways, skulking through the brush to prevent being seen.

We had traveled about three miles when we came upon a man and his son by the name of Fine who were hunting a horse that had been stolen by these Indians. When they saw us they ran to a live oak thicket nearby, tying their mules and concealing themselves in the dense brush. The Indians immediately surrounded the thicket and commenced firing into the brush. They both finally escaped, but the old gentleman received a wound in his hand or arm.

The Indians took the mules which were tied and we resumed our march. Just before sundown we came upon a Negro man with a wagon. He saw us when a half a mile off and came running toward us begging for his life. At first they seemed disposed to heed his petition, but the thirst for blood triumphed over their better nature and amidst his cries for mercy they stabbed him in the heart. He sank to the ground without a groan save the death-rattle in the throat. One of them pierced him through with his spear, it coming out at his breast. They left him unscalped and showed by signs and grunts their disgust for such a scalp, and pointed to my head as if to show by contrast the difference; and that to possess such a one would give them great pleasure.

They commanded me to laugh at this horrible deed, but you can imagine what a sickly effort it was, thinking every moment that my time would come next. However, they seemed satisfied with the effort, for the time being sparing me, as I suppose, for some future occasion.

They killed a calf before starting again, cut off some of the flesh and ate it raw, offering me some, which I refused, not having any appetite, especially for such food as that. On starting they placed the calfskin on my horse, the flesh side up, for me to ride on, which I had cause to regret as the future will disclose.

One of the savages now detached himself from the others and struck out diagonally across the country, towards what are now known as the Twin Mountains, Hamilton County. He returned about dark with the loss of an eye. I did not know how it happened then, but afterwards learned that he had killed another Negro, and I suppose lost it during the encounter.

That night we made a short halt till the moon rose. In the meantime it had turned very cold, and while here they took off the remainder of my clothing, shoes, stockings and all, leaving nothing at all, and in their place gave me Old Man Quested's overcoat which he had left upon the ground where I was captured. This left my legs perfectly bare, and so they wrapped them up with the calf skin on which I had been riding, the flesh side next to me.

The moon rising, we started at once, going at a trot or gallop, which we had kept up from the first, day and night. We traveled this way continuously until the fifth night, and during all this time I was never off my horse, except as I was lifted from one horse to another to rest the horse, having ridden with the flesh part of the calf hide next to my skin as mentioned above, which, while no doubt a great protection from the cold, yet when taken off, brought my skin with it.

In the afternoon of the fifth day we came to a mountain which, from the description of the country as now surveyed and divided, must be in Stonewall County, this State, where the Indians had some arms, a tent, blankets etc., concealed, which we took with us.

ON THE fifth night we stopped and went into camp for the first time since I was captured. They erected the tent for their own benefit, it seemed, as I was denied entrance. They knew there was no danger of my getting away by leaving me out during the night, for my wound was too severe. I could not walk, and though I had to get wood, water, etc., I could only do so by crawling and pushing it before me on the ground. It became very cold during the night, having commenced to sleet and snow. I was almost numb and stiff from cold, having no protection but the old overcoat before mentioned. What should I do? I must find shelter or freeze, that was certain. So on looking around, I saw an embankment near the tent and went down to it and found a small cave which I entered. I found my new quarters comparatively comfortable. I lay down against something warm and hairy, perhaps some wild animal; I never investigated. I was soon asleep and did not awake till late the following day.

A view along the trail of Nystel's return from captivity

Courtesy Harold Whittington

I heard some commotion in the camp which aroused me, and on coming out I discovered that my dusky companions were gone, the last one disappearing just as I came out. I went into the tent and sat down to await their return, for as I supposed they were looking for me. They soon returned from their fruitless search, and on entering the tent and seeing me, they appeared mystified, not knowing from whence I came, and made signs as to where I had been. Being always ready to answer a question on the spur of the moment when I understood what they wanted, and seeing that the snow had filled up my tracks or path made in coming into the tent so that they could not tell where I came from I pointed up indicating that I had been to heaven.

At this they showed signs of wonder and amazement, making quite a demonstration in their way. As they are very superstitious and ready to relegate anything not easily accounted for to the supernatural, this may have been of unmeasured advantage to me, as it doubtless made them believe that I was under the protection of the Great Spirit. However, it seemed that they easily forgot such impressions and would return to their acts of cruelty.

We soon mounted and were on the march again, this being the sixth day of my captivity. We traveled all that day and camped at night again, as they now considered themselves out of danger of any pursuers. That night they allowed me to sleep in the tent, as I suppose they did not want me to make another ascension.

The next day we were up and off early as usual. Late in the day after traveling hard we came upon a pond of water, and stopped to water our horses. The mule I was riding being very thirsty and tired was slow about getting through taking his water and did not want to start when the others were ready. They punched it in the sides, but all to no avail, when finally one of the savages became so angry that he drew his pistol, placed it close to the mule's ear and fired. The mule dropped, and I, also,—on my head in the water and mud. They dragged me out and threw me on another horse with no more ado than if I had been a sack of corn. In a little while my coat was frozen to me, but I dared not complain.

ON THE following afternoon I was set to digging roots for food. One Indian stood near me who ate the roots as fast as I could dig them. I had no tool to dig with, but had to scratch them up with my fingers. (It was a root that grew in the edge of ponds and pools of water, from whence they were obtained. It being a very cold day, my fingers became so numb that I could scarcely use them. I finally grew desperate and jumped up from my work, feeling that I could dig no longer even if I was killed. At this the Indian knocked me into the water. I then arose and gave him such a blow that he fell to the ground, and I started to run. I did not think it possible to do so before this, as my leg was stiff and sore from the wound, but it was about the best time I ever made before or since. The Indian jumped to his feet and started after me, but soon found that I was too fast for him, so he got a pony and I was soon overtaken and carried back. This again seemed to awe them, to think I could outrun them, and probably brought to their mind my former feat of ascending to heaven.

The following day, which was the ninth from the time I was captured, they gave me a little broiled beef, it being the first food I had eaten since leaving home. Doubtless it was well that they did not give me all I wanted, for it would probably have made me sick after doing without anything for so long. It was several days before I got as much as I wanted, and after that I had to eat raw meat all the time.

From here our course was still northwest. I still suffered greatly from my wound and from a lack of sufficient clothing. Our line of travel was now over the Staked Plains. We soon same to a steep and rugged mountain, and as it was about noon we stopped to rest and get our dinner. I sat down near a heap of leaves and dry brush and was moving the leaves about with my hands when there was disclosed to my view a great ball of shining yellow metal, about as large as a man's two fists. It was about as much as I could lift. I am confident now that it was gold, almost if not wholly in a pure state, for I bit it and it was soft enough for me to make dents in it with my teeth. That is said to be true of gold before its mixture with any other metal. The Indians saw me lift it up, and came and made me put it down again. From their signs and gestures I think some of them were in favor of taking it off and burying it, though they finally concluded to leave it where found.

At times I have since thought of trying to find the place, but concluded that it would likely prove a vain search, although I found a rock bearing my initials a few years ago in traversing some of the country we had traveled over. I had marked the rock with my knife while with the Indians nearly twenty years before.

But I have never been out as far as the supposed gold was found, and even if I could find the place, the precious metal (if it was gold) has no doubt long since been appropriated by someone else and so I am dismissing it from my mind.

WE HAD been traveling about three weeks, as near as I can remember now, when we came upon the Indian wigwams. We had been there but a few days when several girls were brought me from whom I was to choose a wife according to their custom, but this I refused to do at which they did not seem to be offended. One of the girls pressed her case and annoyed me greatly by her attentions. She was rather homely and not very young, and I suppose her chances' growing rather slim, called for bold measures. In this respect it reminds me of some of her white sisters.

She annoyed me so much and so constantly that I had to resort to force by giving her a sound thrashing before I could get rid of her botheration. She never troubled me anymore. This was not very gallant, perhaps, but it was the only thing left for me to do, and it proved efficacious.

The duties assigned me in my new home were herding horses, carrying water, getting wood and running horse races and occasionally joining in a buffalo hunt. I had not been with them long until they had a shooting match with bows and arrows, a favorite amusement with them. My part of this sport was to stand near the target to act as judge and collect the arrows.

Courtesy Barker Texas History Center,
Texas Memorial Museum, Austin

This young boy (possibly a Mexican) was a Comanche captive. His matted hair and overall unkempt appearance bespeaks the same general treatment accorded Nystel.

They stripped off my overcoat, the only clothing I had on. This left my skin exposed to the sun (and by this time the weather had become very warm) and I felt as if I would certainly burn up, not being accustomed to such exposure. I endured it till my sufferings became intolerable. My skin began to blister, but I knew it was no use to complain, so thought I would run out of it. I had not gone far until I was overtaken by one of them, who on coming within reach, kicked me in the back as I was running down a slope and sent me sprawling on my face. I was then led back to my post of duty where I had to remain till they finished their sport.

The skin subsequently cracked and peeled off my body from this exposure, which occasioned the greatest suffering I think I ever endured, not excepting the wound, the lashes nor exposure to the cold. You can imagine somewhat how constant burning, as if the very fire were all in your body, with the additional torture of the burning of the sun pouring its power down on your unprotected raw flesh, would feel—though you can never have any just conception of it until you experience it yourself. And on lying down to rest or sleep, that very effort to secure rest only increased the agony. But to stand up always was impossible. And one bad feature of it was, I must lie on one side all the while and give the other a chance to get well, for if I turned over, that side would be made as bad and pain me as severely as the other. I had to go it "one side at a time."

Occasionally the Indians would move their camping place. I remember one of these occasions quite well. They had a bear cub which they had caught on one of their hunting expeditions, and on this migration, as usual, they had it in a sack tied fast on a horse with ropes. Upon this horse an old woman was placed in front of the bear to ride.

As we were traveling along, a storm was seen approaching. Great, black, ominous clouds were gathering over us, the lightning playing hide-and-seek among them, accompanied by deafening peals of thunder. In the distance was heard the march of the storm king. They wished to reach a certain spot to erect tents before the storm broke upon us, so we began to travel at a fast speed.

The bear became frightened at such a hub-bub and the shaking up it was getting, and began to sink its claws into the horse's back, at which the horse began to squeal and increase his speed. By jumping, rearing and kicking, he tried to unseat his ferocious rider, but to no avail. When I took in the situation, feeling sorry for the old woman, I immediately started in pursuit and, being mounted on a fleeter animal, I soon overtook them. On coming within reach, I drew my bowie knife with which my captors had previously supplied me, and made a thrust at the rope holding the bear, which let His Bearship drop to the ground, not much the worse for the fall.

We had only time to get our tents ready when the storm burst upon us with all its fury. It was a hailstorm and appeared to come down in buckets. I think it was the most severe one I ever witnessed. The old tents were completely riddled and afforded but slight protection, the new ones standing the storm very well. The Indians appeared to be frightened out of their wits. Although brave and daring enough when threatened with danger from man or beast, yet let them be brought to face danger that they do not understand and they manifest that which is common to most people—fear. On the contrary I did not feel the least uneasiness or fright, for I had ever felt, since my wonderful experience of the eighth day, that I had God's protection.

My life from this onward was as one of them. I joined in the chase and participated in all their amusements, such as feasts, dances etc. I was soon initiated into the mysteries of the war dance. This consisted of forming a circle, with hands joined, of young bucks and maidens and moving around in pretty quick time with a jumping, jerky motion (the farthest removed from the graceful) accompanied by the beat of a kind of drum. Such vigorous exercise was too much for my wounded leg, so I thought I would perform in a more civilized step, but it did not do justice to the occasion, I suppose, as they did not adopt it.

IT WAS the custom of the chief when he got hold of a supply of coffee and sugar to have a grand feast. I have a very vivid recollection of the one held during my captivity. He did me the honor to invite me to the one in question, I being the only guest at his table. A large kettle full of strong coffee, some seven or eight gallons with plenty of sugar, constituted the bill of fare. This was enough for two, you no doubt think, especially as one was no great drinker of that beverage.

It was a peculiarity of the chief that he never allowed anyone to leave his board until he got enough; and the worst of it was, he was to be judge of that. He insisted that the sugar and coffee should be in certain proportions viz: two cups of coffee to one of sugar thoroughly mixed.

I soon got enough of this mixture and was anxious to be excused, but he would not hear of it. I suppose it would have been a breach of Indian etiquette. My stomach, not being accustomed to such treatment, rebelled by vomiting freely. This in no way disconcerted my companion. I thought he might have let me off then, but he didn't, his rules being very rigid. So from early morn till late in the evening we held one position with no change, except when I was vomiting, which was quite often. Thus ended the feast of coffee and sugar, an honor paid me which I shall never forget.

THE IDEA of escaping whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself, never left my mind. This long-looked-for time, as I thought, came at last. It was one evening just after nightfall, and a very favorable night too, dark and threatening rain. I proceeded cautiously, procuring one of their fleetest horses and started, directing my course eastward. I had traveled but a short distance when it commenced raining and continued to do so all night. I put my horse to about all he could stand and hold out any length of time—in a gallop a good part of the time—but I was doomed to another disappointment and not to gain my freedom this time.

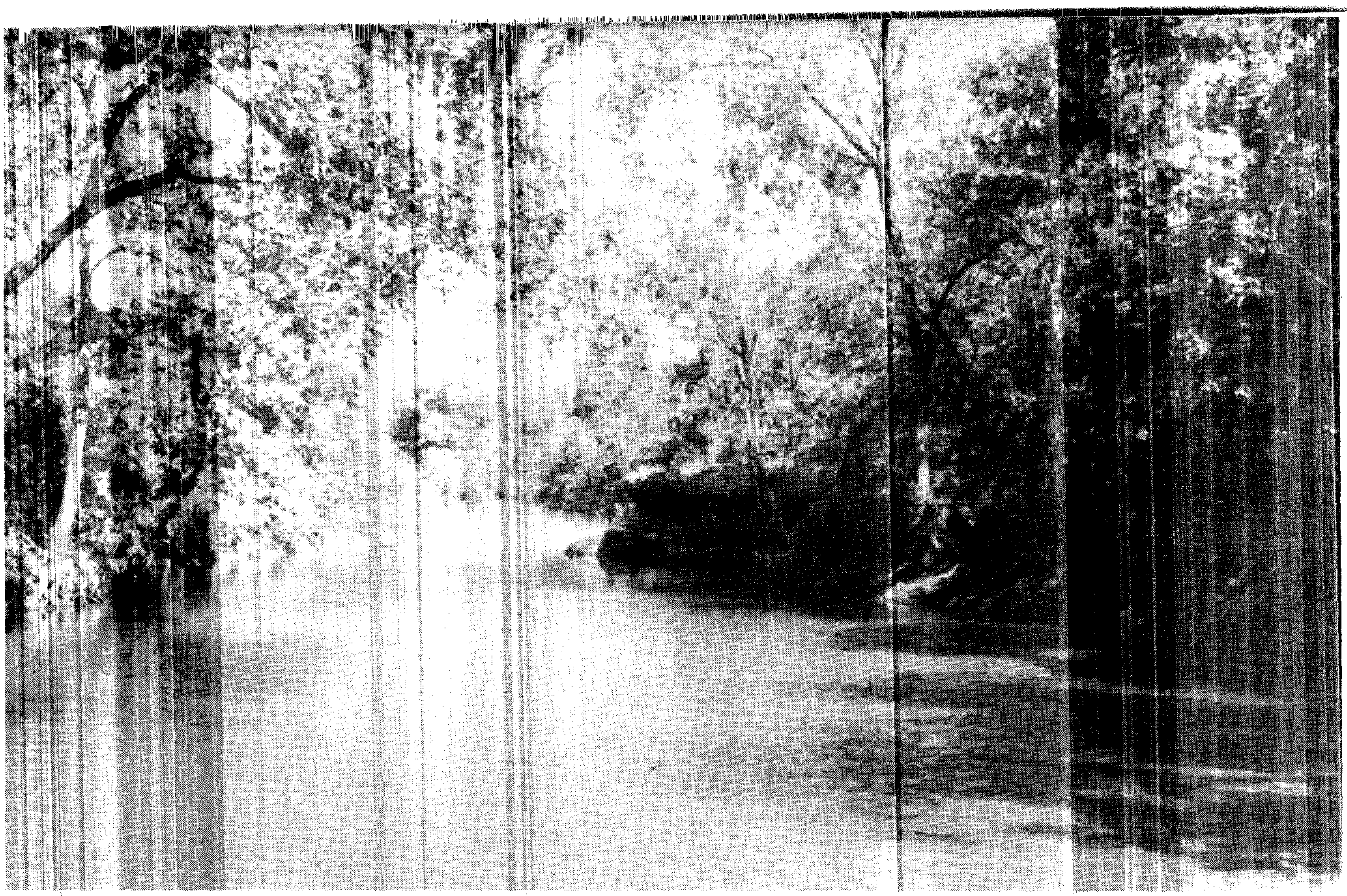
A little after daybreak, I found that my pursuers were close at my heels, having somehow discovered my flight shortly after I left. When I found that they would certainly overtake me, my horse having given completely out, I dismounted and lay down in the grass. I was laughing when they came up. I tried to treat it as a huge joke so as to disarm them of anger. They asked me if I was trying to run away, and the only reply I made was a laugh, having learned that that was the best way to get out of trouble. If I manifested sadness by crying or showing other signs of grief, it only made it worse for me.

On catching me this time they seemed to make up their minds that it would be best to get rid of me, as I was giving them considerable trouble and appeared determined to get away. They could get a ransom for me by taking me to a trading post or Indian agent and that would be better than to let me go free.

We were now at the Big Bend of Arkansas River, Kansas, which we crossed and found a trading post kept by one Mr. Eli Bewell and his family, to-

Another view of the vast expanse near the Scandinavian settlement in Bosque County, Texas. This recent photo depicts well the almost unchanged appearance of the terrain since the Indian raids of a hundred years ago.

Courtesy Harold Whittington



Courtesy Harold Whittington

Brazos River country near the Nystel homestead

gether with two other men for protection. They occupied a little adobe house surrounded by a stockade in which they penned their horses at night. Here they kept such supplies of clothing and provisions as the Indians needed which they exchanged for peltries, furs and sometimes for prisoners the Indians had captured. As well as I can remember this was near Smoky Hills, Kansas. Mr. Bewell proposed to redeem me and after some parleying it was agreed that $250.00 should be the price, to be paid in brown paper, blankets, tobacco, flour and sugar and perhaps some money, but as to the latter I am not certain. I was perfectly naked at the time and very much embarrassed. My new-found friend kindly furnished me with a temporary suit of clothes till they could procure one of a better fit.

About a week after Mr. Bewell bought me we moved to Council Grove, Kansas, on the Neosho River. Mr. Bewell and wife took a great liking to me and wanted me to stay with them. They treated me as kindly as anyone possibly could but I was anxious to return home to my people. I did everything I could while with them to please them, always quick to anticipate their wants, and never slow about attending to all the chores that I could see needed doing, which seemed to make them love me. And let me say to my young readers who may chance to read these lines, that if you would always be respected and treated well, make yourself useful to those with whom you may be associated. Be strictly honest and do your whole duty towards God and man and you will never regret it. Faithfulness is always rewarded, both in this world and the one to come. If all boys and girls, too, would act on this principle, I believe none would ever lack for friends or a home.

Mr. Bewell became so attached to me and was so anxious to keep me that for two months he moved from place to place to evade the search of the Indian Agent, knowing that if he found me he would send me home if I wished to go. He thought that by keeping me awhile I would become reconciled to remain with him. And if there had been a man with whom I could consent to stay, it was Mr. Bewell, but I was bent on going home. Let me say to the credit of Mr. Bewell that I do not think he wanted to keep me just for selfish purposes—to be a burden bearer for him. In fact the Bewells' actions showed that they did not. They felt an interest in me and wanted to make something of me. He promised me if I would stay with him he would adopt me as his son, educate me and give me half he had (and he was wealthy), and if I would not do that he wanted to educate me and make me his head clerk and bookkeeper if I would stay till I was grown. He carried on a large business, running three stores all the time, and this position would have been a lucrative one.

During these two months of hiding and dodging, I was sometimes left at other houses. I remember quite well, while at a hotel in Emporia, Kansas, the proprietor gave me a room for occupancy which was considered "haunted" and scared everyone who tried to occupy it. They did not tell me about it, but as soon as I had retired the rapping on the wall commenced. It was in an upper-story room, and I knew no one from the ground could reach it. So I raised up, opened my window and looked to see the cause of the disturbance, whereupon I saw the limb of a tree striking the house as the wind would blow it. Having discovered the cause of the noise, I lay down again and went to sleep.

Next morning the landlady asked me if I heard any noise during the night and I soon found that they all considered it a "scary" room and I suppose thought I would not sleep in it that night but would run from the noise as others had done. They were surprised to find that I did not. I then informed her that if they would give me a saw, I would cure that "haunt." That is about the way all the "ghost tales" would turn out if we would look into them.

IT SEEMS to have been by mere accident, looking at it from a human standpoint, that I got to come home as I did. The Indian Agent, Col. Leavenworth, had heard of me, it seems, but Mr. Bewell (being so anxious to keep me) had informed him that I did not want to go home.

One day he motioned me to come to him to have a friendly chat, and during the course of conversation he learned that I was anxious to return home and promised that I should start the next day, which I did. Before starting he gave me three dollars in money, a valuable blanket, buffalo robe, and bought a fine Indian bow and arrows which cost $15.00 and made me a present of it. On my leaving, Mrs. Bewell was so grieved that she ran off and hid to keep from bidding me farewell.

Col. Leavenworth had a talk with Mr. Bewell and the result was, we all went with him to the mouth of Little Arkansas River where he reimbursed Mr. Bewell the amount he had paid as my ransom. Here I saw the same Indians that captured me. I went with them to their tents and partook of their hospitality. They wanted me to return with them but I refused, telling them I was going to Texas. At this they manifested great indignation and astonishment that I would go to such a State. They were willing for me to go to Kansas if I did not want to go with them, but would not hear of my coming back to Texas, suggesting to me that the Texans were "bad," would "kill" etc.

But I could understand the whole

Courtesy Mrs. W. T. Seay

Crumbling walls are about all that remain of early Fort Washita near present-day Durant, Oklahoma.

thing. The facts were these. Here were these Indians receiving at the hands of the government in Kansas and other points their supplies—tame Indians you know—and still the same miserable creatures going off along the frontier of Texas, committing their acts of atrocity, killing, plundering, stealing, etc., in the role of wild Indians. They knew those people of Kansas looked upon them rather in the light of civilized Indians and even if they committed crimes, were disposed to look at them as they would those of a citizen of the State. Or at any rate the Kansans would not fight them as would Texans, for they (the Texans) would follow and fight them to the bitterest end, and the Indians were afraid of them. And they were afraid too, that my return to Texas and the relation of my experience would make the Texans still worse on them. So they said if I did not stay in Kansas and remain away from Texas they would kill me.

One of them caught me by the wrist. In the scuffle which ensued, his blanket fell off revealing a bowie knife, which he attempted to use. I had a pistol which I involuntarily drew as quick as thought and fired at his head. It took effect causing him to release me at once. I then ran back to our camp, he running in the opposite direction. I never learned the result of that shot.

At this point I bade a sad adieu to my kind friends who had released me from bondage. Just before separating from them, I noticed Mr. Bewell going off down a branch and having discovered in conversation with Col. Leavenworth that he was sad, depressed and apparently much affected, I was confident that he too, like his wife, was trying to hide to keep from bidding me goodbye. I hastily asked him why he did me that way just as I was leaving, that I wanted to say farewell and thank him for his kind treatment. He sank to the ground choked up so that he could scarcely speak and said he could not bear to bid me adieu. I shall never forget this family.

From this point—the mouth of the Little Arkansas River—I went to Fort Washita in the Indian Territory with a government train in charge of supplies for the Indians, thence to Sherman, Texas, with an ox wagon, walking all the way; thence to Milford, Texas, walking most of this distance also. Here I was taken very sick, so that I became unconscious.

On regaining consciousness I found myself in a hotel, having been taken up by the landlady who was very kind to me during my sickness. A physician was attending me and everything was being done just as if I had been at home. I had been there about a week and was recovering from my sickness when some of my old acquaintances, Messrs. K. Hanson, Y. and K. Grimland, called by to inquire the way to Hillsboro, Hill County.

On seeing them I jumped up and ran out, unmindful of my weakness, for I never felt it, and said, "Yes, Mr. Grimland. I can tell you the way!"

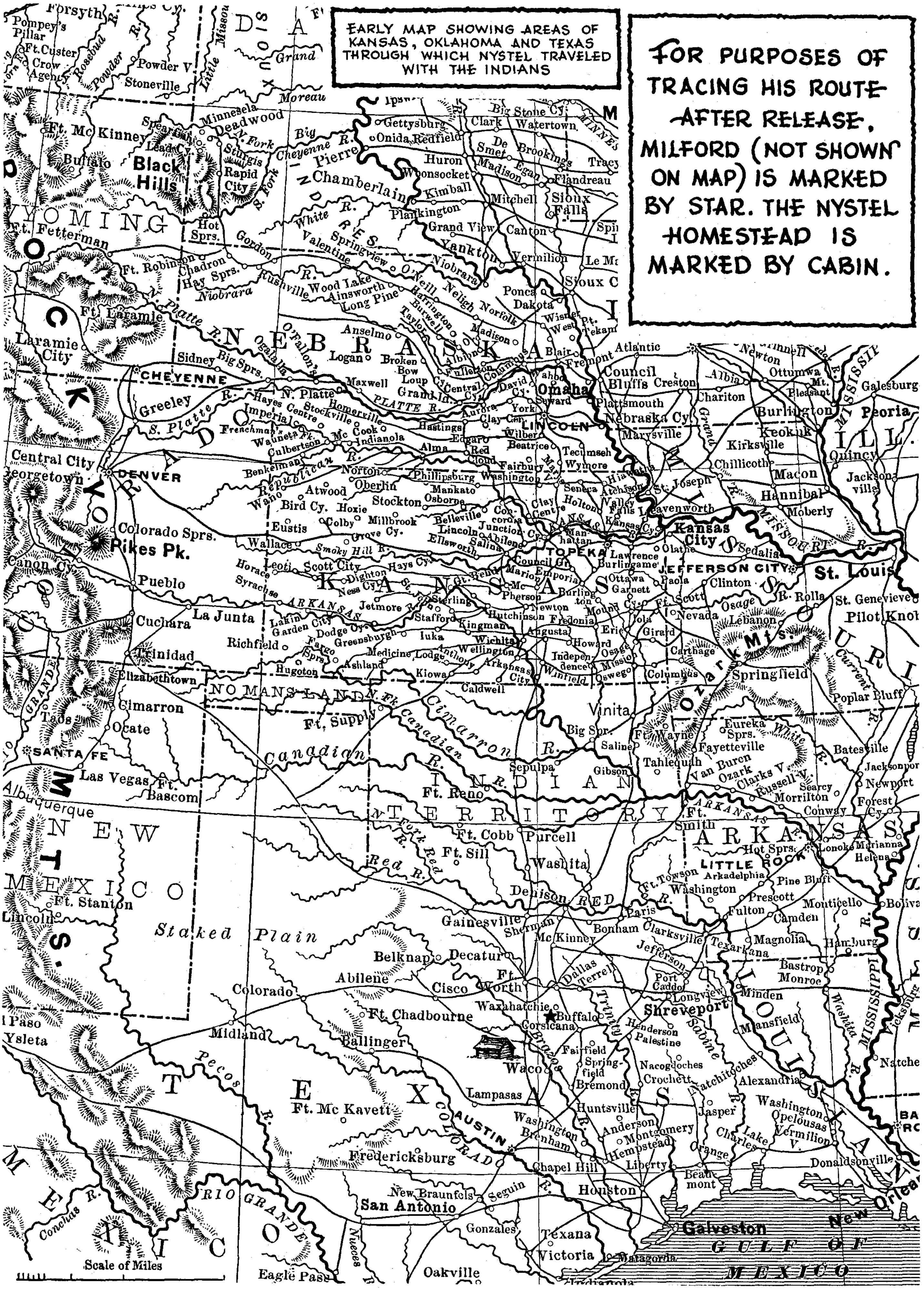
They seemed thunderstruck. Fear and surprise seemed to lock their mouths. Finally Mr. Y. Grimland spoke, asking me where I came from, etc. I then related to them my experiences and adventures with the Indians. Our excited conversation called quite a crowd of people around us. My expenses for board and medical attendance, which was only $16, a small sum as I thought, was arranged for, my friends standing surety for the amount and once more I started with them for my home.

Just before reaching home we met my father going after me, he having received word from the people at Milford that I was there. He was in a great hurry and did not notice me being with our friends and was passing by when I jumped out and stopped him. Imagine our joy at meeting after a separation of six months, a six months filled up with inexpressible anxieties, both on the part of father and myself. I reached home on Saturday, the same day in the week on which I was captured, and the same day of my liberation from the Indians. Captured on Saturday, bought back on Saturday, and reached home on Saturday—a rather strange coincidence.

My father soon sent the amount of my indebtedness to Milford and settled my bill.

THE WRITER does not claim that this little work is a book of authority upon the habits and customs of the Indians, but merely designed to mention some things which came under his observation while associated with them. Nor could this be expected of one whose sojourn with them was so brief—about three months—and should any conclusions drawn from their actions be found to be incorrect by those who may have a better chance of ascertaining the exact truth, it will be accounted for on the ground that many times my only source of information was just what I could gather from their actions, signs, gestures, etc.

As I stated before, this work does not claim to be a book of authority on these subjects. There are works which leave


EARLY MAP SHOWING AREAS OF KANSAS, OKLAHOMA AND TEXAS THROUGH WHICH NYSTEL TRAVELED WITH THE INDIANS

FOR PURPOSES OF TRACING HIS ROUTE AFTER RELEASE, MILFORD (NOT SHOWN ON MAP) IS MARKED BY STAR. THE NYSTEL HOMESTEAD IS MARKED BY CABIN.

NEBRASKA
KANSAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
TEXAS
ARKANSAS
MISSOURI
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
WYOMING
NO MANS LAND
Staked Plain
GULF OF MEXICO
DENVER
CHEYENNE
LINCOLN
TOPEKA
JEFFERSON CITY
LITTLE ROCK
AUSTIN
SANTA FE
Omaha
Kansas City
St. Louis
Galveston
Houston
San Antonio
Dallas
Ft. Worth
Shreveport
Waco
Buffalo
Corsicana
Scale of Miles

nothing to be desired in that direction, and to these many have access. These are just some actual occurrences I can mention, of an interesting nature, from which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

1. The Indians give unmistakable evidence of their belief in a Supreme Being, a deity of some kind to whom they pray. I will relate an instance. On one occasion while with them, a party of the men went off on some expedition and only one returned, the remainder I suppose getting killed. Some of the women, I suppose the wives of the killed, commenced praying. They sat with their hands upstretched and eyes fixed heavenward uttering in a pitiful tone a lot of, to me, meaningless jabber, and cutting themselves with the glass which caused the blood to fly furiously. As if to see who could punish themselves the most, they would repeat this process over and over, plowing deep furrows in their legs and arms. And strange to say, they would do it with the utmost composure, never flinching from it. It is remarkable what nerve they showed. Try to imagine how you could stand frequent repetitions of this cutting with glass and you have some idea of the ordeal to be borne.

They were, doubtless, doing penance to atone for their own wrongs which they, perhaps, thought had occasioned the loss of their husbands. Or else they were praying for the dead, a practice of some of the more enlightened and civilized brothers, which, to my mind, appears wholly inexcusable in them, though we might expect such things of the Indians.

But however wrong in their mode of worship, and however unavailing and misdirected their prayers, it showed their strong faith in the "Great Spirit," and ought to be a lesson to an enlightened people who have a more intelligent conception of God, and especially we who claim to worship Him. That a people so degraded morally would subject themselves to such torture to appease the wrath of their God certainly shows great faith in the existence of a Supreme Being, which is but the language of every other race of people, civilized or uncivilized, which even nature itself seems to impress upon the mind, and leaves no room for that belief, or rather non-belief called atheism.

2. There exists among them some form of government, though I could get but little idea of this. Still the following occurrence shows that they have some law by which they punish the offender. One day an Indian came into camp who had not seen me before, and wished to jump right on me and injure me and probably kill me, for all I know. The others kept him off, but he persisted in trying to get to me. Finally, after some jabbering among them, they took him and tied his feet and hands together hard and fast, hog fashion, and laid him out naked in the hot sand where they let him remain all day. At night they loosed him and made us sleep together. He never tried to harm me anymore.

Another instance is very remarkable, and was to me very dangerous. We were returning from a turkey hunt and came upon some Kiowa Indians just as they were getting ready to leave their camping place for another. They had a mare all packed ready for travel that was claimed by the Comanches. On seeing that the Kiowas were appropriating her to their own use, one of the Comanches ran up and cut the pack loose, which raised a difficulty between them. It was immediately arranged to settle the matter by choosing twenty men on each side to fight it out.

They formed lines about fifty yards apart, the bow and arrow being the weapons used, and placed me on a little pony which I must ride up and down the line between them while they were to shoot. I had to go full speed. The arrows were flying thick and fast, sizzling by my ears on every side, and although I ran through the line five or six times not an arrow touched me or my horse. It is to my mind a plain case of providential protection.

Kind reader, do you ever stop to consider how much God does for you in protecting you from dangers, perhaps unseen by you? Whether it is customary to have someone ride through the line of battle this way or whether they just wished to gratify their desire for my blood, I do not know.

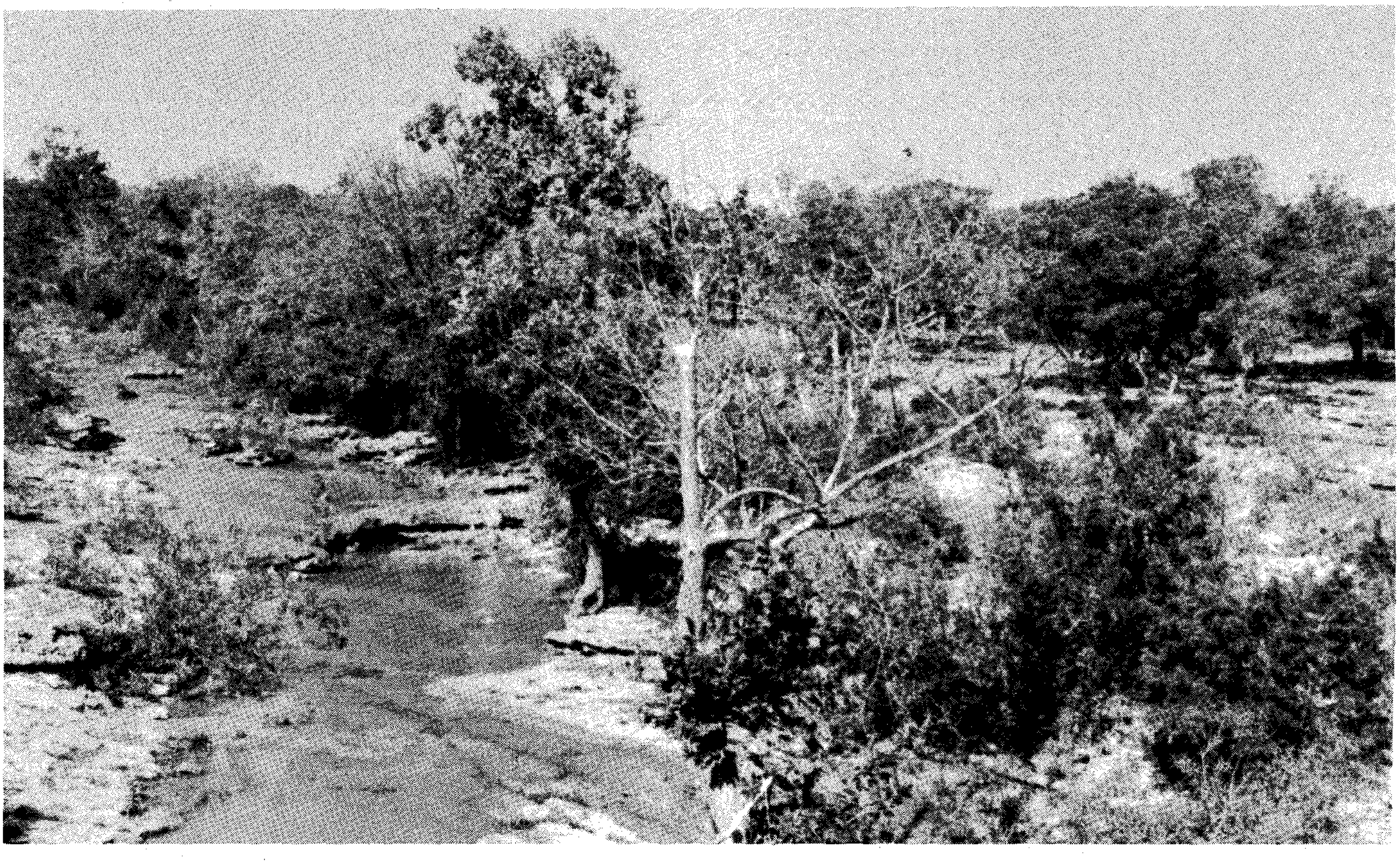
The result of the battle was the death of two Comanches and one Kiowa, but the former got the mare while they gave the latter the pony which I had ridden. They buried the dead and wound up the matter by having a grand war dance.

Their custom of choosing a wife, which they wished me to do, as mentioned in this account, is a peculiar one. The man who makes a choice of a bride, before he can count her as his wife, must lie all night on his back without moving even a finger or toe, while his chosen girl, together with other Indians, dance around the fire. The groom is watched by two men all the time, the spies changing occasionally for a rest, to see that he does not move. If he does, he loses his expected bride at this time but is granted the privilege of trying again at another time. Thus, you see some of their practices are very peculiar, indeed, to us.

I desire to be understood here as speaking only of the Comanches. What I have said in the foregoing all the way through has reference to them. Other tribes of Indians may differ in many customs, I cannot tell.

It was through such scrubby underbrush and across countless zigzaggy streams that young Nystel made his way back to Texas. At this point he was getting close to home.

Courtesy Harold Whittington



The following poem, the author of which is unknown, first appeared about seventy years ago, and recalls some of the terrors which our frontier women in the early Texas settlements experienced . . .

Whistling in Heaven

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven,
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling
Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40,
We had come from our far eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the river should come,
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
While husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand, and the clearing
And building it took many days.

It seems that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted
And husband must journey for more,
And the nearest place he could get them
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them
For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just stayed till the job was well done,
And as soon as the money was paid him
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started
I could could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, then, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared.
For the wild wolf was often heard howling
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror,
Till husband was off on his ride,
And in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried.
As I thought of the long, dreary hours,
When darkness of night should fall
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to drawing a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcly an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly far in the distance
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up dreadfully frightened
For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution
Would come without warning, and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar, dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump,
And then in another brief moment
There came a light tap at the door,
When quickly I undid the fastening,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward, and
Made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone.
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path and need scalping,
I started right down this way
And coming in sight of your cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am at your service,
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And shouldering my axe I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at the thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen.
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven?
Yes, often I said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there is whistling in heaven,
Its music will not be complete.